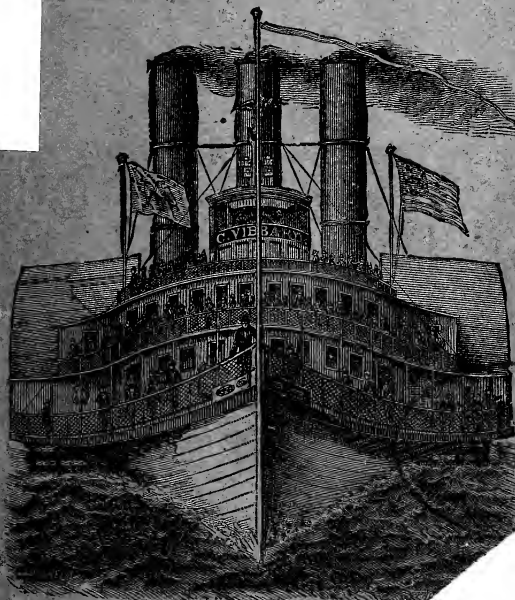


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	P. M.
Newburgh, -	12.25
Po'keepsie,	1.15
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Albany, -	8.30
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Catskill, -	11.00
	P. M.
Rhinebeck,	12.25
Po'keepsie,	1.20
Newburgh, -	2.15
West Point,	2.50
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PARAGRAPH CONTENTS.

THE Hudson River Guide Board, indicating the prominent features of the Hudson, occupy the first seventeen pages.

The Hudson River Description will be found between pages twenty-three and seventy-six, including the Tappan-Zee, the Highlands, the Catskills, towns, cities, and everything of interest to the tourist.

The route from Albany to Pittsfield will be found between pages seventy-seven and seventy-nine.

The route to Howe's Cave, Cooperstown, Richfield Springs and Binghamton via Albany and Susquehanna Division of Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, occupies pages eighty and eighty-five, inclusive.

The route to the Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, via Ilion, Utica, Trenton Falls, Syracuse, Rochester, and Cleveland, occupies pages eighty-six and one hundred and one, inclusive.

The route from Albany and Troy to Saratoga Springs, Schroon Lake and the Adirondack Railroad, occupies pages one hundred and two and one hundred and fourteen, inclusive.

The route to Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Ausable Chasm, Plattsburg, and Montreal, occupies pages one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and thirty-three, inclusive.

The route from New York to Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, the Yo Semite, and Southern California, will be found between pages one hundred and thirty-four and one hundred and sixty-five, inclusive.

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Landmarks and Residences

OF THE

HUDSON RIVER.

THE TOURIST GUIDE-BOARD.

As the Hudson River Steamboats leave Pier 39, (or any of the down-town piers below Canal Street), the following prominent Buildings and Landmarks can be seen by the Tourist;

Trinity Church Spire, about half-a-mile from the Battery—the most graceful Church spire in the City.

Western Union Telegraph Co., the next spire to the north.

St. Paul's Church, north of the Western Union Telegraph Co., two blocks.

Post-Office, a large building with heavy dome and flag-staff.

Tribune Building, high pointed tower just north of the Post-Office.

Brooklyn Bridge. The Piers of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, joined by large Cables, will be seen just north of the Tribune Building.

Old Laight Street Church, a graceful, pointed spire, east of Pier 39.

Stevens' Castle will be seen on the west bank of the River, and above this the Elysian Fields.

Twenty-fourth Street Pier, up-town landing of the New York & Albany Day Line.

Monastery of the Passionist Fathers, large building of the St. Paul (London), style of architecture, on the west shore above Hoboken.

Manhattan Market, close to the River bank on the New York side, at the foot of 24th Street, with tower and clock.

St. Patrick's Cathedral. After passing Manhattan Market, the traveler will

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see, about a mile from the River, the new Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.

Old Striker Mansion, one of the old landmarks, close to the River, at the foot of Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, a white house half hidden in the trees; the first woods or trees on the River north of the Battery.

Weehawken, almost opposite, where the duel took place between Hamilton and Burr, in 1804.

Rosevelt Hospital, Fifty-ninth Street, a quarter of a mile from the River, with a high, pointed spire.

Old Jacob Barker Place, one of the well-known names of 1812, is located at the foot of Seventieth Street, above the large Grain Elevator of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroads.

New York Orphan Asylum, at Seventy-fourth Street. Three-story building, of light-colored brick.

Guttenberg Brewery, large five-story white building, on the west bank, opposite the Asylum.

Fernando Woods' Residence, north-east of the New York Orphan Asylum, just visible through the trees.

Shadyside Village, on the west side.

House of Mercy, on the bluff at Eighty-sixth Street, red brick building with pointed windows in the roof. A line drawn east from this point will pass through the centre of Central Park.

The Old Waldo Place, in the trees near Ninetieth Street.

Striker's Bay, on the New York side, north of Ninety-sixth Street.

Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. Large building fronting the Boulevard at 117th Street.

Manhattanville, a city suburb in the neighborhood of 130th Street.

Lord Courtenay Mansion, an old building on Manhattanville bluff (south side) known for many years as Jones' Shooting Gallery. The Shooting Gallery is removed and the property is now a part of the Riverside Park.

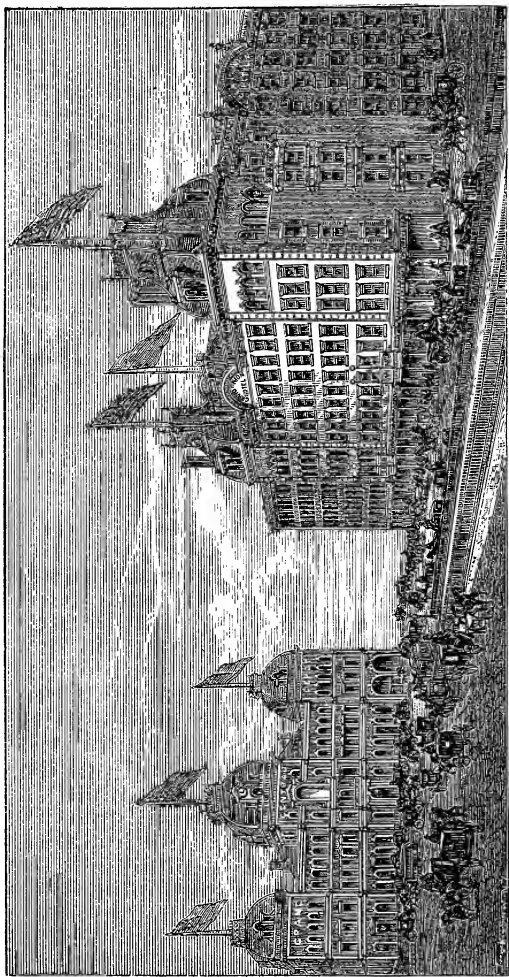
Manhattan College. Large brick building at Manhattanville.

Convent of Sacred Heart. Large building east of Manhattan College.

Os. Ottendorfer's Place, between 135th and 137th sts.

Mr. Ottendorfer's Pavilion, on the bluff, just built, in the moorish style of architecture, one of the notable landmarks on the eastern bank.

Colored Orphan Asylum, dark colored brick building in the trees, one-half mile from the River. The homes of Hamilton and Burr were in this vicinity.



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W. D. GARRISON, MANAGER.

X

Carmansville, (where Audubon, the great ornithologist lived), a city suburb at 152d Street, where you see a red building (sugar refinery).

River House. Hotel near the River, on the New York side, once called the Claremont Hotel.

Tillie Teudelem, on the west side, opposite Carmansville. Hotel, dock, &c.

Union Home and School, (for orphans of Soldiers and Sailors), red brick building with cupola, modern style of architecture, at 150th Street.

Trinity Cemetery will be seen sloping back from 152d Street Station. Here are buried John Jacob Astor, Robert Livingston, Robert Fulton, and many well known in our early and later history.

Audubon Park, north of Trinity Cemetery, named after the great naturalist.

New York Institute for Deaf and Dumb, a large building of yellow Milwaukee brick—will accommodate 450 persons. Incorporated 1817.

Fort Lee, about a mile above Tillie Teudelem. The site of the old fort is marked by a white fence on the bluff.

Fort Lee Landing. Large and new Pic-nic Houses, near the River.

Washington Heights, on New York side, between 181st and 185th Streets. Almost opposite Fort Lee.

Chevaux-de-Frise, at Fort Washington, 1776.

West End Hotel, a fine building near Fort Washington Station, a short distance from the River.

James Gordon Bennett's Residence will be distinguished among the trees, by its gilded dome. Site of Ft. Washington near the residence.

Stewart Castle, now the property of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, a large stone structure, (not seen coming up the River until the steamboat is almost opposite).

Chittenden Place. Building with tower, north of Stewart Castle.

Innwood. A little station on the Hudson River Railroad, above the heights. This place was known as Tubbie Hook.

Palisade Mountain House, large building on the Palisades. The Palisades extend for fifteen miles, from Fort Lee almost to Piermont, a sheer wall of trap rock from 300 to 500 feet high.

Spuyten Duyvel Creek, or Harlem River, meets the Hudson at this point, forming the northern boundary of New York Island. Origin of name explained in Irving's Knickerbocker.

Seaman Marble Palace will be seen to the southeast while passing Spuyten Duyvel.

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Residences of Wm. H. Appleton, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Perry R. Pine, and Robert Colgate.

Convent of Mount St. Vincent, large-brick building. The castle-like structure in front was built by Edwin Forrest, the Tragedian, (now owned by the Convent).

Joseph S. Winston's Residence, just north of lane running east and west. This lane is the boundary line between New York and Yonkers.

Yonkers, a flourishing city of residences, 17 miles from New York.

Occidental Grove, and Excelsior Grove—pic-nic grounds, opposite Yonkers, on the Jersey bank.

Alpine Grove Pavilion, just north of Excelsior Grove, built at Stapleton, Staten Island, by the late Commodore Garner, and presented by him to the New York Yacht Club. It was floated up from Stapleton in May, 1878.

Glenwood, just north of Yonkers, and a part of the city. The fine residences north near the River, are J. B. Colgate's and J. B. Trevor's.

C. H. Lilienthal's Residence, large building with square tower, half-mile from the River.

John T. Waring's Stone Mansion, owned by J. J. McComb, the next residence with tower north of Lilienthal's.

J. K. Myer's large residence, next with tower north of Waring's.

Spring Hill Grove, and Dudley's Grove. Pic-nic resorts, south of Hastings. Indian Head, opposite, is the highest point of the Palisades.

Hastings-on-the-Hudson. Ruins and chimneys of sugar factory near the River.

Dr. Huyler's Clock Tower and Windmill, a short distance above the ruins.

David Dudley Field's Residence, a stone house above Huyler's.

Dobb's Ferry, a fine village named after an old Swedish Ferryman.

Piermont, with its long pier, on the west side, almost opposite. This was once the terminus of the Erie Railroad, and marks the boundary-line between New York and New Jersey.

Cottinet Place, known as "*Nuits*," on east bank, built of stone brought from France. Easily distinguished by light shade through the trees. Cyrus W. Field's residence, not seen from the River.

George L. Schuyler's Residence, just above. A fine old Mansion, one of the pleasantest sites on the Hudson.

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"*Nevis*," Col. James A. Hamilton's Place, seen through the trees, almost east of Mr. Schuyler's.

Joseph Stiner's Residence is easily distinguished by its large dome.

David Dow's Residence, an elegant mansion of stone, with the finest lawn on the River.

Irvington, the next station above Dobb's Ferry, noted for its beautiful residences.

Cunningham Castle. High pointed tower on hill northeast of Irvington.

Sunnyside. Washington Irving's beautiful home on the Hudson, just visible through the trees close to the River, about a half-mile north of Irvington Station.

James H. Banker's Place, northeast of Sunnyside.

Jay Gould's Residence, known as "Lyndehurst"—the most prominent landmark of the Hudson. Hot-house with cupola to the north.

John T. Terry's Fine Residence, north of Jay Gould's.

Bierstadt's Residence, north of Cunningham Castle. The residence east of it is Halsted's, of the firm of Halsted, Haines & Co.

Nyack. Opposite Tarrytown. (In the channel the ferryboat connects with the Day Line.) The large building a little south of the village is the Rockland Female Seminary.

Prospect House, formerly Palmer House, large hotel on the hill back from Nyack, a magnificent site.

J. R. Bradley's Cottage. "A Bonnie Brown Cottage that stands on the Hill" just north of Prospect House.

Com. William Voorhis. Large white residence just north of Mr. Bradley's.

Ramapo Mountains. Above Nyack, on the west side, known by navigators as the Hook, or Point-no-Point. They lie in little headlands, 500 or 600 feet high, and reach most of the way from Nyack to Haverstraw. (The point is, in fact, an illusion; was once called Verdrietege's Hook; now sometimes styled Rockland Lake Point.)

Tarrytown, one of the historic and poetic towns of the River, on east shore.

Sleepy Hollow, just north of Tarrytown. The burial yard monuments can be seen through the trees.

The Old Dutch Church can be seen as we approach Kingsland's Point, following with the eye close to the River to the southerly point of Sleepy Hollow burial yard.

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Mrs. William H. Aspinwall's Residence, an elegant brown mansion with tower and flag-staff, one of the prominent landmarks of the Hudson.

Johnny Dean's and "his own Mary Ann." Near the River, below Mrs. Aspinwall's, and a little to the north, is the place where Johnny Dean met "his own Mary Ann."

Treason Hill. North of Haverstraw, where Arnold and Andre met, at the house of Joshua Hett Smith.

Sing Sing. On east side, six miles above Tarrytown. The white buildings near the River-bank, south of the village, are the State Prison.

Rockland Lake. Almost opposite on the west bank, between two hills. This is the source of the Hackensack River, and the great ice-quarry for New York.

Croton River, on the east bank, meets the Hudson about one mile above Sing Sing, where you see the drawbridge of the Hudson River Railroad.

Croton Point. Just above Croton River.

Teller's Point. That part of Croton Point which juts into the Hudson. Here is Underhill's grapery, and this point separates Tappan Zee from Haverstraw Bay.

Haverstraw Bay. Passing Teller's Point we pass into Haverstraw Bay. Here the River is almost five miles wide; the mountain on the west side is High Torn.

Haverstraw, on west side, with two miles of brick-yards, reaching almost to Grassy Point.

Stony Point, a mile above Grassy Point, on west side. The Light-house is built on the site of the old Fort, and in part, of the same material.

Verplank's Point on east shore, full of brick-yards. It was here Baron Steuben drilled the soldiers of 1776.

Tompkins Cove. Prominent Residences indicated on the Map.

Seylmakers' Reach, one of the old reaches of the Hudson. A person looking north from this point sees no break in the mountains to mark the course of the River.

Peekskill, on the east bank, pleasantly located.

Kidd's Point. Now called Caldwell's Landing, on west side. The steamer turns this point almost at right angles, and enters the Highlands.

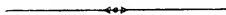


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Dunderberg, or *Dunderbarrack*, a mountain on west bank, about 1,000 feet high. *Manito Mountain* on the east.

Iona Island. Grapery, and fine pic-nic grounds.

The Race. The river channel is so termed by navigators, between *Iona Island* and the east bank.

Anthony's Nose. Prominent feature of the River, 1,500 feet high. The railroad tunnel is near the River. In front of tunnel a hole in the rock. Here was fastened one end of the chain that was thrown across the channel to obstruct British ships during the Revolution.

Montgomery Creek, on west side, empties into the Hudson about opposite the point of *Anthony's Nose*.

Fort Clinton was on the south side of this Creek, and *Fort Montgomery* on the north side.

Highland Lake, about one mile in circumference, on the south side of *Montgomery Creek*. The site is marked by an ice-house.

Sugar-Loaf. Turning *Anthony's Nose* we get a good view of *Sugar-Loaf Mountain* to the north. Cone-shaped, like *Ailsa Crag*, between *Belfast* and *Glasgow*.

Beverly Dock, on east bank, where *Arnold* fled to the "Vulture." A little boat-house now marks the point.

Hamilton Fish has a residence on the bluff under *Sugar-Loaf*. A brick house, with flat roof.

Residences, *John Bigelow*, *J. Pierpont Morgan*, *Alfred Pell*, *Col. Arden*, the *Phillipse Manor House*, *H. W. Belcher, &c.*, can be seen from the steamer.

"*Benny Havens, Oh!*" As the steamer approaches *Cozzen's Landing* we see a small two-story house, with verandah. Here still lives *Benny Havens*, the original of the *West Point* and *College* songs.

Parry House, now used as an academy, near the River. Picturesque ruins of an old mill in front.

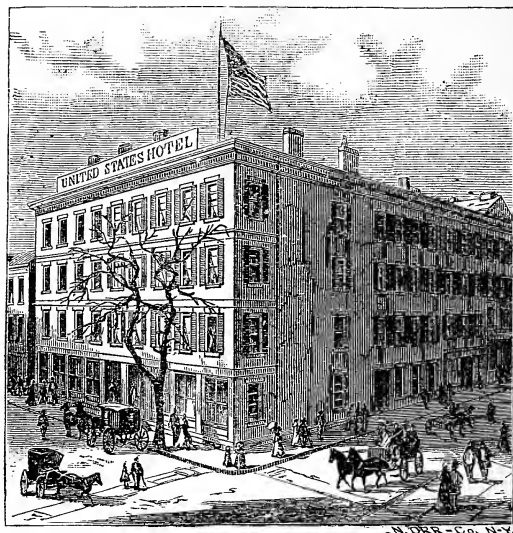
Buttermilk Falls. A cascade above the ruin.

Cozzen's Hotel. On a rock two hundred feet above the River. *Highland Falls Village* lies behind the bluff. (Not seen from the River.)

Cozzen's Landing. A romantic road cut through the rock leads from the landing to the hotel.

West Point Landing. A short mile above *Cozzen's Landing*. Academy, Government Buildings, Parade Grounds, &c., on the finest elevation on the Hudson. The building with dome is the Library.

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The excursionist, in taking dinner at this Hotel, will have opportunity to enjoy the Hudson Highland and the beautiful bay of Newburgh.

Garrison. Opposite West Point, on east bank.

The Highland House. On east side, about half a mile from the River, on a magnificent plateau, inclosed by the North and South Redoubt Mountains, Indian Falls in the vicinity.

Kosciusco's Mounment. Seen on the west side, above West Point Landing.

Fort Putnam, 596 feet high, overlooks the River, on the west side. A gray and veteran ruin of '76.

West Point Lighthouse. The Hudson here turns a right angle. West Point Hotel has a fine look off to the north. West Point Village around the Point.

Constitution Island, opposite the Point. Here are also seen ruins of '76. Near the River, home of Miss Warner, author of "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World,"—a neat white cottage, surrounded by trees, above the boat-house. A chain was also thrown across from this Island to West Point.

The Two Brothers. Twin rocks above Constitution Island, covered in high water.

Old Cro'-Nest Mountain. On west side, above the Point, 1,418 feet high. Scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay."

Kidd's Plug Cliff. The precipice fronting the River, toward the northern peak of Cro'-Nest.

Cold Spring. On east bank, opposite Old Cro'-Nest.

Undercliff. A short distance north of Cold Spring, once the home of Geo. P. Morris, on an elevated plateau above the River.

Mount Taurus, or Bull Hill, above Undercliff.

Little Stony Point. Under Mount Taurus. Named from resemblance to Stony Point, south of the Highlands.

Break Neck. Above Mount Taurus, on the east side. Here was once the Turk's Face, now blasted away. It is said a man did it in spite, and was soon after "blown up" himself.

Storm King. On west bank, above Old Cro'-Nest. It was once known as Butter Hill, and years ago as Klinkersberg. Its present name was given by Willis. This is the highest point of the Highlands—over 1,600 feet.

Beacon Hill is now seen on the east bank, after passing Break Neck—about 1,471 feet high.

Fishkill Mountains trend off to the northeast, across the southern part of Dutchess County.

Cornwall, with its pleasant Summer Homes, on west side above Storm King.

Phillip B. Verplank's Place, just above Plum Point, or the Point above Corn-

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wall Landing. Here are earth works (still well preserved) for defence of a *cheveux de frize* which extended from Pollopel's Island across toward the earth works. It was composed of a crib of timber from which extended three spans armed with iron points. The cribs were filled with stones and sunk.

Site of Washington's Head-Quarters, 1779 and 1780, just above Miss M. Miller's residence, or the second above Philip B. Verplank's.

Post Hill. The hill west of Miss Miller's has been known for many years as Post Hill.

Pollopel's Island at upper portal of the Highlands, near the east bank.

Worrygut, the river channel between Cro'-Nest and Break Neck, just south of Pollopel's Island.

Cornwall and West Point Road, aptly styled the Corniche Road of America, passes over the mountains to West Point, admirably suited for coaching, horse-back riding, or pedestrian tours.

Lake System of the Highlands, now hardly known to the general traveler, is soon to be the trip of the Hudson tourist, or the seeker after health and pleasure. Over forty lakes are clustered within a radius of ten miles.

Idlewild, made famous by the pen of N. P. Willis, will be seen one mile above Cornwall Landing, partly hidden in the trees and bordered on the north by a ravine.

New Windsor, on west side, about 4 miles north of Cornwall, once the rival of Newburgh; now a brick-yard.

Newburgh Bay. The River here widens into one of the finest bays on the Hudson.

Washington's Head-Quarters. As the boat approaches the city, we see the Head Quarters of Washington; a flag-staff marks the point. The old building is also seen with tall chimneys and steep roof almost sloping to the foundations.

Newburgh City. Rising in natural terraces.

Fishkill Landing. On east side opposite Newburgh.

Low Point, or *Carthage*. On east side above Fishkill.

Devils Dans Kammer, where Hendrick Hudson one evening witnessed the first Pow Wow, (now covered with cedars). The fine residences of Mr. River and Mr. Hall are on the east bank, above Low Point.

New Hamburg, above Low Point, on the east side at the mouth of Wappinger's Creek.

Hampton Point, opposite New Hamburg. Here are the finest white cedars on the River.

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Irving Grinnell's Residence, "*Netherwood*," just distinguished through the trees near the River bank—one of the finest residences and grounds on the Hudson.

"*The Cedars*." Residence and grounds of Dr. James Lennox Banks, with high tower, seen for many miles north and south.

The Van Ressenlaer, or *Clinton Place*, just north. The house was burned several years ago, and never re-built.

Barnegat, "the finished city."

"*Ellchorn*," residence of Prof. Richard H. Bull, on a hill east of Barnegat. Large building with tower.

Shawangunk Mountains, on the west side, reach away in the distance toward the Catskills.

Milton. The raspberry and strawberry town, on west side above Mariborough.

Relic of '76, an old gable house south of Milton, close to the River bank, now owned by Mrs. Benjamin Townsend. It is said that the British, on their way to Kingston, paid it the respect of sending a cannon shot through the roof.

Pine Hill. Residence of the Misses Johnson. The old Pine Tree, now partly broken, a landmark for many years well known by the River pilots.

Locust Grove. Home of the late S. F. B. Morse, with square central tower, and open outlook on the River.

Southwood, second residence above Locust Grove, home of William M. Goodrich. The hill to the northwest, styled Enmegobah, an Indian word, signifying "fine presence."

Poughkeepsie Cemetery, on east side; old Livingston Place directly above on a wooded point; near by a large rolling mill.

Poughkeepsie, 74 miles from New York. Queen City of the Hudson. Situated for the most part on a plateau about 200 feet above the River.

Riverview Military Academy. Large brick building on a fine eminence.

Buckeye Mower Manufactory, Adriance, Platt & Co., proprietors. Fine building, near the River bank.

Kaal Rock, near Poughkeepsie Landing. Its name signifies Barren Rock.

Vassar Brewery. Long white buildings above the landing.

New Paltz Landing, opposite Poughkeepsie. The west banks here are also fine and picturesque.

Poughkeepsie Bridge, when completed, will be one of the most prominent features of the River.

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Rosehill, Residence of S. M. Buckingham, with tower, just visible through the trees. This was the old Vassar Homestead.

The Lawn, also the property of S. M. Buckingham, adjoining Rosehill on the south.

Dr. Edward L. Beadle's Residence with a fine outlook on the Hudson.

John T. Hume's Residence, north of Dr. Beadle's, (tower and four windows in French roof.) The one nearer the River, with tower, is the property of Henry Myers.

College Hill Residence, in Parthenon style of architecture, formerly a school.

John F. Winslow's Residence, one of the finest on the River. Seen through the trees on the east side. Fine grounds and hot-house.

Thomas Newbold's Place, a prominent house near the River, above Mr. Winslow's.

Poughkeepsie Water Works. The water is forced from the Reservoirs near the River to a large Reservoir on Academy Hill, or as it is sometimes called, College Hill.

Hudson River State Hospital. Large building of red brick, on the Hyde Park Road, north of Mr. Winslow's. The Hyde Park Road, a section of the old post-road between New York and Hyde Park, is noted as the finest drive on the continent.

William C. Smillie's Residence. A cozy cottage with a square tower, seen through a glade or opening of the forest trees on the east bank.

J. Roosevelt's Residence, above Mr. Wm. C. Smillie's Place.

E. Butler's Place, above Mr. Roosevelt; also an important country seat.

John B. Garland's Residence, a short distance south of Hyde Park, on a commanding site. The course of the River seen from verandah many miles to the south.

George T. Hoffman's Residence, north of the estate of the late Daniel S. Miller.

The Pines. The property of J. A. Stoutenburgh, not seen from the River.

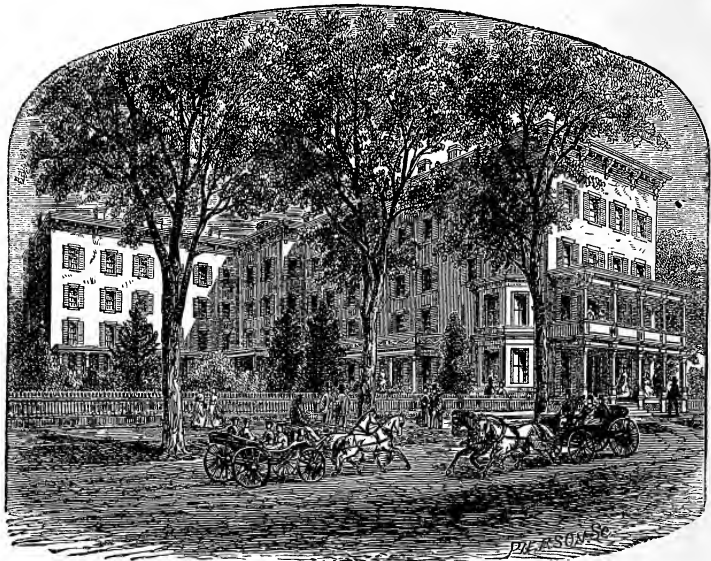
Hyde Park, on east side, six miles north of Poughkeepsie. Connected with Poughkeepsie by a succession of villas; the finest drive in the country.

Walter Langdon's Residence, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's and N. P. Rogers, are north of Hyde Park, on the east side. Mr. Langdon's place is known as "Hyde Park." Mrs. Kirkpatrick's as "Drayton House." Mr. Rogers' as "Placencia."

Manresa Institute, large building above Crum Elbow on west side.

Dylce Estate, above Manresa Institute, square house with square tower, yellowish shade.

A. R. Frothingham. Grecian Portico with columns.



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John Burrough's brown stone Cottage.

Alexander Holland's Residence, formerly residence of John Jacob Astor, English style of architecture. The name of the place "Waldorf," will be seen in large letters on the lawn.

Pelham, R. L. Pell's Residence. Roman villa style with white columns, will be seen south of Pell's dock.

Staatsburgh, above Hyde Park on east side.

Overlook Mountain House can be seen from this point to the northwest, on the highest southern peak of the Catskills, fifteen to twenty miles distant.

Catskill Mountain House can also be seen from this point, perhaps 30 miles distant, fifteen miles north of the Overlook.

William B. Dinsmore's Residence, the most prominent of the upper Hudson, at Dinsmore's Point above Staatsburgh. The first house south of Mr. Dinsmore's on the east bank is Matthew Livingston's; the second Mrs. Hoyt's, house with French roof; the next, one-eighth of a mile south, the house of J. Lawrence Lee.

Windcliffe, Residence of Edward Renshaw Jones, across the cove from Dinsmore's, a large stone villa with central tower.

Ellersie, Estate of William Kelly, above Ellersie Dock.

Rhinecliff, or Rhinebeck Landing, on the east side.

The Village of Rhinebeck, two miles east of Landing.

Fairview, Residence of Capt. A. L. Anderson, (Steamer Mary Powell), is seen from the Rhinebeck Dock, (Rhinecliff), looking south, about 1½ miles south of Port Ewen.

City of Kingston, embraces Kingston and Rondout, (terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Canal).

Old Beekman Place. As the steamer leaves Rhinebeck Landing, the old Beekman Place can be seen in the trees, a short distance above the Landing, one of the old Revolutionary houses.

Ferncliff, Residence of William Astor. Fine brown villa with pointed tower

Garretson Place, north of Ferncliff, on east bank. This place long known as Clifton Point, is now the property of Louis Ehler's.

"Leacote," *Douglas Merritt's Residence*, north of Clifton Point.

Ruins Brought from South America seen on the south point of Cruger's Island.

The First Steamboat, The "Claremont," was built by Robert Fulton in the Cove, known as North Bay, just north of Cruger's Island.

"Anandale," name of John Bard's Place, and east of this is St. Stephen's College, a training school for the ministry.

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Flatbush, known among the boatmen as Whiskey Point, on the west bank.

F. H. Delano's Residence. Brown house with square tower.

Rokeby, Residence of late William B. Astor, above Astor's Point.

Barrytown, on east side.

Aspinwall Place, north of Barrytown, formerly John R. Livingston's place.

Montgomery Place. Brown house among the trees.

Cruger's Residence, on Cruger's Island,—once called Lower Red Hook Island (Red Hook, named after a Mr. Read, who lived directly east of the north end of the Island, place now owned by Johnston Livingston).

Tivoli, on east side, 100 miles from New York.

Glasgo. A little south of Tivoli, on west side.

Chateau of Tivoli, Residence of Col. Johnson L. de Peyster. French roof house on Terrace, south of Tivoli Station.

Rose Hill, Residence of Gen. J. Watts de Peyster, well known under nom de plume of "Anchor." Residence is seen among the trees north of Tivoli Station. This house is built on what is known as the Lower Livingston manor, but in reality was the Hoffman Patent.

Saugerties, on west side. A long dock, 3,600 feet long, shows the enterprise of this lively village.

Idle, property of Miss Clarkson, better known as the old Chancellor Place. The steamer now keeps to the west of the Flats; the channel on the east is known as the Livingston Channel.

Malden. Above Saugerties, on west side. Dock covered with blue stone.

Clermont. Above Tivoli, on east side. The original Livingston manor.

West Camp. On west side, above Malden.

Four County Island. Near west bank; the "meeting point" of Dutchess, Columbia, Greene, and Ulster.

Germantown. On east side. 105 miles from New York.

Man in the Mountain. From this point we get a fine view of the reclining giant. You can trace it by the following outline:—the peak to the south is the knee; the next to the north the breast; and two or three above this, the chin, the nose, and the forehead.

Roeliffe Jansen's Kill, empties into the Hudson above what is known by the pilots as Nine Mile Tree.

Herman Livingston's Residence, on point above, looking down the River.

C. C. Abeel's Residence. Square brick house, with tower, on a commanding site south of Catskill Creek.

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Catskill. On west side, just above Catskill Creek.

Prospect Park Hotel. One of the finest landmarks of the Hudson, north of Catskill Landing. The residence of John Breasted, proprietor, is to the north.

Oliver Bourke's Residence, is seen west of the Prospect Park Hotel, and near by the pleasant cottage of Walton Van Loan, Publisher of the Catskill Guide.

Cole's Grove, north of Catskill, a little back from the River, was the residence of Thomas Cole, Artist.

Frederick E. Church's Residence, on the east bank, opposite Catskill.

B. Howland's Residence, about three-fourths of a mile north of Catskill, on the west side.

Col. O. D. Ashley's Residence, on the northern slope of Mount Merino, on east bank.

W. O. Morrison's Residence, on west bank, white house on the hill.

Gantley's Residence, a square brick house, one mile north, on west side, south of Athens.

Hudson, East Side, Promenade Hill, just above the Landing.

A. Frank B. Chace's Residence, with pointed turret, near Church spire; one of the finest in Hudson in point of architecture.

Athens. Opposite. Hudson River Depot for freight, large building near the River.

Residences of S. Du Bois and J. Du Bois will be seen above Hudson, on the east bank.

John Clough's large white house, above Athens, on the west side.

James Sanders—square house with Mansard roof.

Stockport. On east side, four miles north of Hudson, near the mouth of Columbiaville Creek. This creek is formed by the union of the Kinderhook and Claverack Creeks.

Four-mile-Point. On west side, about 125 feet high; four miles from Hudson and four from Coxsackie. Narrow channel for 2 miles close to the west shore. Average about 350 feet wide. At upper end of narrow channel Grape vine dock and a Grapery of 100 acres.

Coxsackie. On west side, 8 miles from Hudson,

Newton Hook; opposite Coxsackie; the wooded point is called Prospect Grove.

Stuyvesant. On the east side. Once called Kinderhook Landing.

Schodack Island. On east side, about two miles above Stuyvesant. The island is about 3 miles long, covered mostly with broom corn.

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New Baltimore. About opposite the centre of Schodack Island; fifteen miles from Hudson and fifteen from Albany. The government dykes begin opposite New Baltimore.

Residence of James M. Smith. Terraced grounds. Lawn extending to the River. Ornamentive boat house and private dock.

Barren Island. Site of the famous "Castle of Rensselaerstien," (vid. Irving's Knickerbocker). Four counties also meet here,—Columbia, Rensselaer, Greene, and Albany. Island one-half mile long, one-half mile wide.

Coeymans. Right above Barren Island; connected with a dyke. Above Coeymans is what is known as the Coeyman's Cross Over.

Shad Island. The first island to the westward above Coeymans; 3 miles long; old Indian fishing ground.

Nine-mile-Tree. On east bank. *Castleton.* One mile above Tree, on east side. *Campbell's Island.* On lower end a Light House.

Cedar Hill Dock. Opposite this Light House.

Staats Island. Above Campbell's Island. This was settled by the Staats family before the arrival of the Van Rensselaers', and never belonged to the Patroon. The house is about 200 years old; at least a part of it, and mostly built of stone.

The Overslaugh reaches from Van Wies' Point; (the first point above Cedar Hill), about two miles up the River.

Albany is now near at hand, and we see to the south the Convent of the Sacred Heart; to the north the Cathedral, the Capitol, the State House, the City Hall, &c.

Greenbush opposite. Connected with Albany by ferries and two fine, substantial bridges.

Troy, on east bank, six miles from Albany. *West Troy*, opposite.

The Trojan Horse. Between Albany and Troy the traveler will see a very fine representation of a horse formed by trees, about two miles southeast of Troy.

Captain David Hitchcock's Line of Steamers present the pleasantest way of going between these cities, and make a pleasant short excursion for the visitor.

Thus, in brief, we have traced the River, as it were, step by step, from New York to the head of tide-water; and we have endeavored to make these pages a practical *Guide-Board* to the various points of historic and legendary interest which literally fill our River Valley.

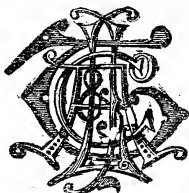
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THE HUDSON.

THE Hudson has been called the Shate-muck, the Mohegan, the Manhattan, the Noordt Montaigne, the Mauritius, the North River, and the River of the Mountains. It was called the Hudson River, not by the Dutch as generally stated, but by the English, as Henry Hudson was an Englishman, although he sailed from a Dutch port, with a Dutch crew, and a Dutch vessel. The river was called the Mauritius in a letter to



OLOFFE VAN KORTLANDT'S DREAM.

the "High and mighty Lords" of Holland, written November 5, 1626. It was called the North River to distinguish it from the Delaware, called the South River. The Spaniards called it the River of the Mountains. It was discovered in the year 1609. The town of Communipaw was founded soon after, and according to Knickerbocker,—whose quiet humor is always read and re-read with pleasure,—might justly be considered the mother colony of our glorious city: for lo! the sage Oloffe Van

Kortlandt dreamed a dream, and the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees, and descended upon the island of Manhattan and sat himself down and smoked, "and the smoke ascended into the sky, and formed a cloud overhead; and Oloffe bethought him, and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country; and, as he considered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume assumed a variety of marvelous forms, where, in dim obscurity, he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires, all of which lasted but a moment, and then passed away." So New York, like Alba Longa and Rome, and other cities of antiquity, was under the immediate care of its tutelar saint. Its destiny was foreshadowed, for now the palaces and domes and lofty spires are real and genuine, and something more than dreams are made of.

NEW YORK, by virtue of its admirable position, soon became the headquarters of the fur trade. The merchants of North Holland organized a company, and obtained from the States General, in 1614, a charter to trade in the New Netherlands; and, soon after, a colony built a few houses and a fort near the Battery. The entire island was purchased from the Indians, 1624, for the sum of sixty guilders, or about twenty-four dollars. A fort was also built at Albany in 1623, and known as Fort Aurania, or Fort Orange. New York was called for years New Amsterdam; but in the year 1664, when these forts were surrendered to the English, the two settlements took the names of New York and Albany, in honor of the Duke of York and Albany. In June, 1636, the first land was bought on Long Island; and in 1667 the Ferry Town, opposite New York, was known by the name Breuckelen, signifying broken land, but the name was not generally accepted until after the Revolution. Bergen was the oldest settlement in New Jersey. It was founded in 1616 by the Dutch colonists to the New Netherlands, and received its name from Bergen, in Norway. Paulus Hook, or Jersey City, in 1638 was the farm of William Kieft, Director-General of the Dutch West India Company.

So much for the early history of New York and the surrounding

cities, which have sprung up as it were in a day; for, as late as 1800 the city of Brooklyn had only 2,000 inhabitants, and, in 1820, Jersey City only 300.

HENDRICH HUDSON AND THE HALF MOON.—The first voyagers up the Hudson were, as before stated, Hendrich Hudson and his crew of the "Half Moon." He anchored off Sandy Hook September 3d, 1609, and remained off the Hook a little more than a week. He then passed through the Narrows, and anchored in what is now called Newark Bay; on the 12th resumed his voyage, and, drifting with the tide, anchored over night on the 13th just above Yonkers; on the 14th passed Tappan and Haverstraw Bays, entered the Highlands, and anchored for the night near West Point. On the morning of the 15th entered Newburgh Bay, and reached Catskill on the 16th, Athens on the 17th, and Castleton and Albany on the 18th, and then sent out an exploring boat as far as Waterford. His return voyage began on the 23d. He anchored again in Newburgh Bay the 25th, and reached Stony Point October 1st; reached Sandy Hook the 4th, and then returned to Europe. The "Half Moon" was becalmed off Sandy Hook, and the people of the mountains came to see them. We might also add, in this place, that it is claimed by some that Hendrich Hudson was the first to call the river "The River of the Mountains," a name which the Spaniards and French afterward adopted. The Iroquois called it the Co-hat-a-tea. The Mohegans and Lenapes called it the Mohegan, or Mah-i-can-i-tuk—"the continually flowing waters,"—probably from the tide, which rises and falls from New York to Troy. The name Mauritius was given in honor of Prince Maurice, of Nassau, in the year 1611.

THE OLD REACHES.—The Hudson was divided at one time by the old navigators, long before the days of "propelling steam," into fourteen Reaches—one of which names is still used in the poetic name of Claverack, the Clover-Reach. We will give some of these as a matter of historic interest:—

The *Great Chip-Rock* Reach—the Palisades—were known by the old Dutch settlers as the "Great Chip," and so styled in the Bergen Deed of Purchase, viz., the great chip above Weehawken.

The *Tappan* Reach, on the east side of which dwelt the Manhattans, on the west side the Saulrickans and the Tappans. The third reach extends upward to a narrow point called *Haverstroe*; then comes the *Seyl*maker's reach, and then *Crescent* reach; next *Hoge's* reach, and then *Vorsen* reach, which extends to Klinkersberg, or Storm King, the northern portal of the Highlands. This is succeeded by *Fisher's* reach, where, on the east side, once dwelt a race of savages called Pachami. "This reach," in the language of De Laet, "extends to another narrow pass, where, on the west, is a point of land which juts out, covered with sand, opposite a bend in the river, on which another nation of savages—the Waoranecks—have their abode at a place called Esopus. Next, another reach, called *Claverack*; then *Backerack*; next the *Playsier* reach, and *Vaste* reach, as far as Hinnenhock; then the *Hunters'* reach, as far as Kinderhook; and Fisher's Hook, near Shad Island, over which, on the east side, dwell the Mohegans." These old reaches and names have long passed away from the use or memory of even the river pilots, and may, perhaps, possess interest only to the antiquarian. But there are

FIVE DIVISIONS, OR REACHES, OF THE HUDSON,
which we imagine will have interest for all, as they present in brief an analysis easy to be remembered—divisions marked by something more substantial than sentiment or fancy, expressing five distinct characteristics—

GRANDEUR, REPOSE, SUBLIMITY, THE PICTURESQUE, BEAUTY.

1. THE PALISADES, an unbroken wall of rock for fifteen miles—GRANDEUR.

2. THE TAPPAN ZEE, surrounded by the sloping hills of Nyack, Tarrytown, and Sleepy Hollow—REPOSE.

3. THE HIGHLANDS, where the Hudson for twenty miles plays "hide and seek" with "hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,"—SUBLIMITY.

4. THE HILLSIDES for miles above and below Poughkeepsie—THE PICTURESQUE.

5. THE CATSKILLS, on the west, throned in queenly dignity—BEAUTY.

THE PALISADES—GRANDEUR.

"And as you nearer draw, each wooded height
Puts off the azure hues by distance given,
And slowly break upon the enamored sight
Ravine, crag, field, and wood, in colors true and bright."

We know of no other river in the world which presents so great a variety of views as the Hudson. Throughout its whole extent, from the "Wilderness to the Sea," from the Adirondacks to Staten Island, there is a combination of the finest pictures; and each division which we have indicated seems to illustrate some of the best scenery of the old world. With only a slight stretch of fancy, we imagine the tourist may find Loch Katrine "nestled" among the mountains of our own Highlands; will see in the Catskills the Sunset Mountains of Arran; and in the Palisades the Giant's Causeway of Ireland.

In reference to this idea of picture combination, we can appropriately cite the words of George William Curtis, who pronounces the Hudson grander than the Rhine. He says, "The Danube has in part glimpses of such grandeur. The Elbe has sometimes such delicately pencilled effects. But no European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state to the sea." Thackeray, also, in his "Virginians," has given to the Hudson the verdict of beauty; and we imagine this is the unprejudiced opinion of tourists and travelers.

The Palisades, or Great Chip Rock, as they were known by the old Dutch settlers, present the same bold front to the river that the Giants' Causeway does to the ocean. We should judge these rocks to be of about the same height and the same extent. The Palisades are from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet high, and extend about fifteen miles, from Fort Lee to the hills of Rockland County. As the basaltic trap-rock is one of the oldest geological formations, we might still appropriately style the Palisades "a *chip* of the old block." They separate the valley of the Hudson from the valley of the Hackensack. The Hackensack rises in Rockland Lake, within two or three hundred yards of the Hudson, and the rivers flow thirty miles side by side, but are effectually separated from each other by a wall more substantial than even the 2,000 mile structure of the "Heathen Chinees."

WEEHAWKEN, one of the sad historic spots of the Hudson, was much

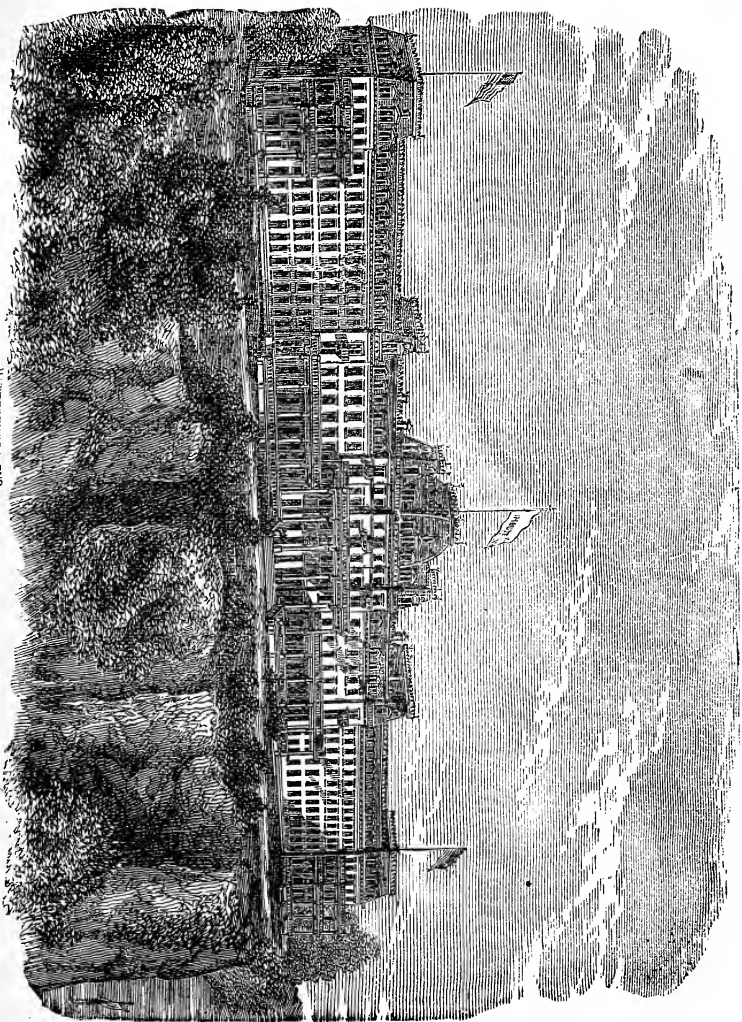
frequented years ago; but the place is hardly ever visited in these latter days. In fact, everything is changed. The narrow ledge of rock where Hamilton fell in a duel with Aaron Burr on the morning of July 11, 1804, has made way for the West Side Railroad; and we are not sorry that the last vestige connected with a "false code of honor" has been removed.



DUELLING GROUND, WEEHAWKEN.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

The St. Andrew's Society, a short time after the duel, erected a monument on the spot to the memory of the great statesman, but that too was gradually destroyed by visitors, and taken away in pieces, souvenirs of a sad tragedy.



W. J. PEACOCK, L. ENG.

PALISADES MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—D. S. HAMMOND, PROPRIETOR.

Half hour from New York. Mountain Air. Charming Scenery.

SPUYTEN DUYVEL CREEK.—This is the first point of special legendary interest, and takes its name from a highly chivalric and poetic incident. It seems that the famous Antony Van Corlear was despatched one evening with an important message up the Hudson. When he arrived at this creek, the wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no boatman at hand. "For a short time," it is said, "he vaped like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across *en spijt en Duyvel* (in spite of the Devil) and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! Scarce had he buffeted half way over when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast—sank forever to the bottom."

Passing the Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent, a fine structure on the east bank of the river, we come to

YONKERS, where Hendrich Hudson anchored one September evening, 1609. In the quaint language of those days, he "found a loving people, who attained great age." It is also generally believed that this was the place where Hendrich Hudson and his mate, Robert Juet, made that sage experiment, gravely recorded in the narrative of the discovery. "Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chief men of the country, whether they had any treachery in them; so they took them down into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vitæ that they were all very merrie. In the end one of them was drunk, and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it." One thing is certain, they learned how, as soon as they had opportunity—the only branch of civilization for which they appear to have had a natural taste. It is moreover said that the effect of this imported jugglery was decidedly strange, and soon after Hendrich's departure it came to be believed by the red men, who had seen the *zigzag* effect of fire-water on their brethren, that the Hudson must, at some period of the world's history, have become *inebriated*, to have made such a winding channel to the sea, and they instituted a search for the fire-water

fountain. Of course they were unable to find the mysterious fountain; but the real legend is one of the oldest and therefore most *reliable* of our river traditions. This is the mouth of the Neperan, or Sawmill River, and here, in an obscure nook of the Hudson, west of the creek, is a large rock, which was called Meech-keek-assin, or Amackasin, the great stone to which the Indians paid reverence as an evidence of the permanency and immutability of their deity.

It is generally said that Yonkers derived its name from Yonk-herr—the young heir, or young sir, of the Phillipsie manor. The English and Scotch word, however, as used by Shakespeare and Burns (viz., *yonker* and *youunkers*) makes a voyage to a foreign language quite unnecessary.

The old manor house, near the river and above the landing, was purchased a short time ago by the village of Yonkers, and converted for the most part into offices for transacting town affairs. The older portion of the house was built in 1682; the present front in 1745. The woodwork is very interesting, and the ceilings, the large hall, and wide fireplace. In the room pointed out as Washington's room, the fireplace still retains the old tiles, "illustrating familiar passages in Bible history," fifty on each side, looking as clear as if they were made but yesterday. The town is growing very rapidly, and is almost a part of the great metropolis.

HASTINGS, four miles north of Yonkers and twenty-one from New York, is almost opposite the highest point of the Palisades, viz., "Indian Head." Here, it is said, Garibaldi used to spend his Sundays with Italian friends, at the time that he was "keeping a soap and candle factory on Staten Island."

DOBBS' FERRY is the next village above Hastings, on the east side, named after an old Swedish ferryman. It is the scene of a romantic story, long ago put in verse, and styled the "Legend of Dobbs' Ferry, or the Marital Fate of Hendrich and Katrina." The river now widens into a beautiful bay, known as the Mediterranean Sea of the New Netherlands, and we come to our second division.

TAPPAN ZEE—REPOSE.

“Cool shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day,
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.”

The Palisades now lose their wall-like character, and break away in little headlands to the north and northwest; and now, as we pass PIERMONT, on the west side, we leave behind us the New Jersey wall, which was almost enough to “keep her out of the Union,” and are entirely within the jurisdiction of the Empire State—the New Jersey line is only a short distance below Piermont. The pier of the Erie railroad, which here juts into the river, is about one mile in length, and gives the name to the village. The boulevard from this point to Rockland Lake, passing through Nyack, will soon be one of the finest drives on the Hudson. About two miles from Piermont is the old village of Tappan, where Andre was executed.

IRVINGTON is about opposite Piermont, twenty-four miles from New York. The river is here about three miles wide, and the sloping hills that look over this tranquil bay are literally covered with beautiful villas and charming grounds. About half a mile above the depot, and near the river bank, almost hid in foliage, is

SUNNYSIDE, the great classic and poetic spot of our country—the home of Washington Irving, who laid the corner-stone of American literature. Fifty years ago the English critic sneeringly asked, “Who reads an American book?” Irving quietly answered the question, and carried the war into the enemy’s country by writing “Bracebridge Hall,” “Westminster Abbey,” and “Stratford-on-Avon;” and his name is cherished to-day in England almost as fondly as in our own country. A few years ago it was our good fortune to pass a few days in the very centre of “Merrie England,” in that quiet town on the Avon, and we found the name of Irving almost as reverently regarded as that of the

immortal Shakespeare. The sitting-room in the "Red Horse Hotel," where he was disturbed in his midnight reverie, is still called Irving's room, and the walls hung with portraits taken at different periods of his life. Mine host said that visitors from every land were as much interested in this room as in Shakespeare's birthplace. The remark may have been intensified to flatter an American visitor, but there are few names dearer to the Anglo-Saxon race than that on the plain headstone in the burial-yard of Sleepy Hollow.

In Irving's essay of "Wolfert's Roost" (the old name of Sunnyside) he describes his home very aptly as "made up of gable-ends, and full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact, to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escorial of Spain was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Laurence." The late Napoleon III. was at one time a visitor at Sunnyside; and here, in 1842, Daniel Webster paid Irving a visit, with appointment and credentials as Minister to Spain.

TARRYTOWN is also on the east side, about three miles north of Irvington. Its name was derived from the old Dutch word Tarwe-town, or wheat-town, although Knickerbocker's natural philosophy imagined that it arose from the tarrying of husband at the village tavern.

On the old post-road, now called Broadway, going north from the village, Major Andre was captured, and a monument erected on the spot by the people of Westchester County, October 7, 1853, with this inscription:—

ON THIS SPOT,
THE 23D DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1780, THE SPY,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by
JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, AND ISAAC VAN WART,
ALL NATIVES OF THIS COUNTY.

History has told the rest.

It is said that the tree beneath which Andre was captured was struck by lightning in July, 1801, the very day of Arnold's death in London.

Tarrytown and vicinity was the very heart of the debatable ground of the Revolution; and here, according to Irving, arose the two great orders of border chivalry—the Skinners and the Cow-Boys. The former fought, or rather marauded, under the American, the latter under the British banner. “In the zeal of service both were apt to make blunders, and confounded the property of friend and foe. Neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity, nor



ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSEL.

when they wrung the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George.”

This was indeed an eventful neighborhood to the faithful historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker; and here he picked up many of those legends which were given by him to the world, or found among his papers. One of these was the legend connected with the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. “Some say the place was

bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others that an old Indian chief, the wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before Hendrich Hudson's discovery of the river. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head, said to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, and was known at all the country firesides as the "headless horseman" of Sleepy Hollow. Sunnyside, you remember, was once the property of old Baltus Van Tassel; and here lived the fair Katrina, beloved by all the youths, but *more especially* by Ichabod Crane, the country schoolmaster, and a reckless youth, Mr. Van Brunt. A faithful view of the unsuccessful courtship of Ichabod will be seen in the cut here given, from the statuette group of Ichabod and Katrina, by Mr. Rogers, of New York, whose skill we again refer to in our article on "Rip Van Winkle among the Catskills."

The Old Dutch Church, and the burial yard where Irving is buried, is about one half mile north from Tarrytown. A plain stone, with simple inscription, "Washington Irving, born April 3d, 1783, died November 28th, 1859," marks the resting-place of the sweetest writer in our literature.

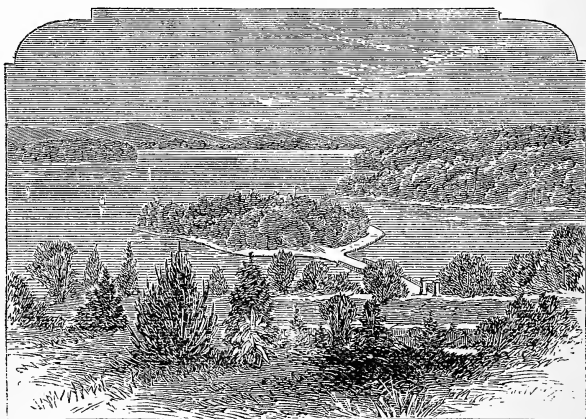
NYACK ON THE HUDSON is a pleasant village opposite Tarrytown. The large building south of the village is the Rockland Female Seminary.

SING-SING, on the east side, is six miles above Tarrytown, and thirty-two from New York. Its name is said to be derived from the Indian words *ossin*, a stone, and *ing*, a place, from the rocky and stony character of the river bank.

The State Prison, with its white walls, was built of stone quarried on the spot by a band *o'-sin-ing* mortals imported from Auburn, in 1829.

ROCKLAND LAKE lies opposite Sing-Sing, set in a "dimple of the hills," and is not seen from the river. As we look at the great ice-houses to-day, which, like uncouth barns, stand here and there along the Hudson, it does not seem possible that only a few years ago ice was decidedly unpopular, and wheeled about New York in a hand-cart. Think of one hand-cart supplying New York with ice! It was considered unhealthy, and called forth many learned discussions. The point that *seems* to project into the river was called "Verdietege" Hook being considered a "very tedious" spot by the old Dutch mariners.

CROTON RIVER meets the Hudson about one mile above Sing-Sing, and it is a singular fact that the *pitcher* and *ice-cooler* of New York, or, in other words, Croton Dam and Rockland Lake, should be directly opposite. About thirty years ago, the Croton first made its appearance in New York, brought in by an aqueduct of solid masonry. The old Indian name of the Croton was Kitch-a-wonck. The Dam is an interesting place to visit, and we understand that city milkmen, when journeying up the river, never pass the point without reverently lifting their hats. We would modestly suggest a yearly picnic to this dam,



LAKE MAHOPAC, ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS OF THE CROTON.

where these modern Hildebrands could worship their "Undines," and compute the value of 500,000,000 gallons at "ten cents a quart,"—a nice little *running account*, large enough per annum to build the State capital or the East River bridge.

LAKE MAHOPAC is one of the finest fountains of the Croton, and the finest lake near the metropolis. It can be reached very easily by the Harlem Railroad from New York. The old Indian name was Ma-cook-pake, signifying a large inland lake. The same derivation, we imagine, is also seen in Copake Lake, Columbia County. The view here given

shows the island where the last meeting of the southern tribes of the Hudson was held. The lake is one thousand feet above tide-water—a magnificent sheet of water, with emerald islands; and it is pleasant to know that the bright waters of Mahopac and the clear fountains of Putnam County are carried to New York, even as the poetic waters of Loch Katrine supply the commercial city of Glasgow. Lake Mahopac has fine hotels, and is a pleasant place of summer resort.

TELLER'S POINT was called by the Indians, Senasqua; and tradition says that the ancient warriors still haunt the surrounding glens and woods, and the sachems of Teller's Point are household words in the neighborhood. It is also said that there was once a great Indian battle here, and perhaps the ghosts of the old warriors are attracted by the Underhill Grapery and the 10,000 gallons of wine bottled every year.

HAVERSTRAW BAY.—Passing Teller's Point we come into Haverstraw Bay. This expanse of water was called by the Indians, Kumachenack. The village is on the west side. Three miles above Haverstraw, also on the west side, we pass Stony Point, where, at two o'clock one morning, Wayne—better known as "Mad Anthony"—sent the brief despatch to Washington: "Dear General—The American flag waves here." Passing Verplank's Point, just opposite Stony Point, and we see

PEEKSKILL, forty-three miles from New York, on the east bank, where Nathan Palmer, the spy, was hung; and another brief message sent by Putnam, to the effect, "Nathan Palmer was taken as a spy, tried as a spy, and will be hanged as a spy.—P. S. *He is hanged.*" In 1797 Peekskill was the headquarters of old Israel Putnam. This was the birthplace of Paulding, one of Andre's captors, and he died here in 1818. There is a monument to his memory about two miles north of the village. It is said that the stream and town took their names from a worthy Dutch skipper, Jans Peek, who imagined he had found the head waters of the Hudson, and run aground, on the east side, in the stream which now bears his name. It was called by the Indians the unpoetic name Sackboes. Near Peekskill is the old Van Cortlandt house, the residence of Washington for a short time during the Revolution. East of the village is the farm and summer home of the great pulpit-orator of our country—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE HIGHLANDS—SUBLIMITY.

“And ever-wakeful Echo here doth dwell,
The nymph of sportive mockery, that still
Hides behind every rock, in every dell,
And softly glides unseen from hill to hill.”

Turning Kidd's Point, or Caldwell's Landing, almost at right angles, the steamer enters the Highlands. Near the Point will be seen some upright planks, or caissons, near the water's edge. They mark the spot where Captain Kidd's ship was supposed to have been scuttled. As the famous captain's history seems to be quite intimately associated with the Hudson, we will give in brief

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.—His name was William, and he was born about the middle of the seventeenth century; and it is thought, near Greenock, in Scotland: resided at one time in New York, near the corner of William and Cedar Streets, and was there married. In April, 1696, Kidd sailed from England in command of the “Adventure Galley,” with full armament and eighty men. He captured a French ship, and, on arrival at New York, put up articles for volunteers: remained in New York three or four months, increasing his crew to one hundred and fifty-five men, and sailed thence to Maderas, thence to Bonavista and St. Jago, to Madagascar, then to Calicut, then to Madagascar again, then sailed and took the “Quedah Merchant.” Kidd kept forty shares of the spoils, and divided the rest with his crew. He then burned the “Adventure Galley,” went on board the “Quedah Merchant,” and sailed for the West Indies. Here he left the “Merchant,” with part of the crew, under one Bolton, as commander. Then manned a sloop, and taking part of his spoils, went to Boston via Long Island Sound, and is said to have set goods on shore at different places. In the mean time, in August, 1698, the East India Company informed the Lords Justices that Kidd had committed several acts of piracy, particularly in seizing a Moor's ship called the “Quedah Merchant.” When Kidd landed at Boston he was therefore arrested by the Earl of Bellamont, and sent to England for trial, 1699, where he was found guilty and executed. Now it is supposed that the crew of the “Quedah

Merchant," which Kidd left at Hispaniola, started with their ship for the Hudson, as the crew was mostly gathered from the Highlands and above. It is said that they passed New York in the night, and started with their ship for the manor of Livingston; but encountering a gale in the Highlands, and thinking they were pursued, run her near the shore, now known as Kidd's Point, and here scuttled her, and the crew fled to the woods with such treasure as they could carry. Whether this circumstance was true or not, it was at least a current story in the neighborhood, and an enterprising individual, about forty years ago, caused an old cannon to be discovered in the river, and perpetrated the first "Cardiff Giant Hoax." A New York Stock Company was organized to prosecute the work. It was said that the ship could be seen in clear days, with her masts still standing, many fathoms below the surface. One thing is certain—the Company didn't see it or the *treasurer* either, in whose hands were deposited about \$30,000.

THE DUNDERBERG rises directly above this point—the Olympus of Dutch Mythology. It was the dread of the early navigators, and sailors had to drop the peaks of their mainsails in salute to the goblin who inhabited it, and presided over those little imps in sugar-loaf hats and short doublets, who were frequently seen tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist. No wonder that the old burghers of New York never thought of making their week's voyage to Albany without arranging their wills; and it created as much commotion in New Amsterdam as a Stanley expedition in search of Livingstone. Verdrietege Hook, the Dunderberg, and the Overslaugh were names of terror to even the bravest skipper.

ANTHONY'S NOSE.—The high peak on the east bank, just above the "Nameless Highland," is Anthony's Nose, which, in our Guide-Book published in 1869, we considered the prominent *feature* of the Hudson. It is about 1500 feet high, and has two or three *christenings*. - One says it was named after St. Anthony the Great—the first institutor of monastic life, born A.D. 251, at Coma, in Heraclea, a town in Upper Egypt. Irving's humorous account is, however, quite as probable, to wit: that it was *derived* from the nose of Anthony Van Corlear, the illustrious trumpeter of Peter Stuyvesant. "Now thus it happened that

bright and early in the morning the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy waves below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent *nose* of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. When this astonishing miracle was made known to the Governor, and he tasted of the unknown fish, he marveled exceedingly; and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since." This mountain was called by the Indians Kittatenny, a Delaware term signifying "endless hills."

Opposite Anthony's Nose is the beautiful island of Iona; and we obtain a fine view of old Sugar-Loaf to the north. We are now in the midst of historic country, and the various points are literally crowded together: Beverley Dock, Beverley House, Fort Putnam, North and South Redoubt Mountains, Kosciusko's Garden, and Fort Constitution. Both sides of the river are full of interest, and we will refer to each

BUTTERMILK FALLS, named by Washington Irving, is seen on the left soon after passing the Benny Havens Cottage indicated in our Guide Board. It is always beautiful and like sparkling wit *never dry* (or *hardly ever*), even in the longest Summer, but the tourist is fortunate who sees it in full dress costume after a heavy shower, when it rushes over the rocks in floods of snow-white foam. It was known among the Indians as the Princes Falls (owned by a Prince of the hill country). The rivulet south of these falls was called by the Indians the Ossinipink, or the stream from the solid rocks; and while we are dealing with "Waterfalls," we might also speak of the Brocken Kill, a stream which empties below Anthony's Nose, a Dutch word for water *broken* in its flow.

HIGHLAND FALLS is the name of a small village a short distance west of the river on the bluff, but not seen from the deck of the steamer. The large building south of Buttermilk Falls, was known as the Parry House, but it has recently passed into the hands of a West Point gradu-

ate, who has converted it into a Preparatory School for the West Point Academy. The building north of the falls is known as Cozzens' Hotel, and has a commanding and pleasant site. It is, however, one mile and a half from the Parade Ground—the principal attraction of West Point, and the visitor who has only a few days at his command, will perhaps gather more information by locating at West Point proper, whose well-constructed dock our steamer is now approaching.

WEST POINT.—What Quebec is to Montreal and the “rest of Canady,” West Point is to New York and our Country. This may be considered a mathematical formula, a sort of “rule of three” statement, but we are safe in saying that these rocks are as historic if not as gray, that the view of the Hudson at this point is grander than the St. Lawrence, that old Fort Putnam is as venerable as the Heights of Abraham, and the new fortifications are as pleasant if not so imposing as the walls and Citadel of Quebec, and the sensation is something the same in both places; we feel that we are in the midst of law and authority, and at the end of our first Centennial we feel justified in quoting from one of our American poets:

“What though no cloister gray or ivied column
Along this cliff their sombre ruins rear,
What though no frowning tower or temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here.
Yet sights and sounds at which the world have wondered
Within these wild ravines here had their birth,
Young freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth.
And not a verdant glade or mountain hoary,
But treasures up within the glorious story.”

WEST POINT HOTEL.—The first thing to do is to get located at a Hotel, and there is no finer one on the Hudson than the one we have indicated at the opening of this paragraph. In fact it is the only one on the Government Grounds, and its location is unrivaled; on one side commanding the entire Parade Ground, and on the other looking out upon the River two hundred feet below, with the finest view of old Cro Nest and Storm King to the north, a wonderful vista of grandeur, poetry and beauty. (Albert H. Craney, Proprietor). Excursion tickets from New

York to West Point and return are only \$1, via the Day Line Steamers, and there is ample time for looking over the grounds and taking dinner at the Hotel. A new road from West Point to Cornwall is completed, and the coming tourist of the Hudson will make this "part and parcel" of his trip. It is quite as smooth and enjoyable as the well-known Catskill Mountain road, is "something new," and within easy reach. The panoramic view is very grand, and gives one a pleasant acquaintance with the wooded Highlands. It passes over the plateau of old Cro Nest, and winds down the Cornwall slope of Storm King. The trip reminds one of our friend Mr. Roe's charming book, as in this way we are really brought

"Near to Nature's heart."

And, by the way, the Highlands are the scene of the story. Carriages are obtained at Messrs. Denton's livery, proprietors of Omnibuses connecting at West Point Landing, and we will say here, by way of parenthesis, that the traveler who sees Storm King and old Cro Nest from the river, has little idea of their extent, but the Cornwall road, completed in the Summer of 1876, opens up all the loveliness and grandeur of this section. There is no finer road in all our country, none better engineered, none that conquers a grade more easily, and few presenting a finer outlook.

CRO NEST PLATEAU is about one thousand feet above the Parade Ground of West Point, and overlooks it as a rocky balcony. These mountains, with their wonderful lake system, are, in fact, the "Central Park" of the Hudson. Within a radius of ten miles are clustered over forty lakes, and we very much doubt if one person in a thousand ever heard of them. It would pay the New York Herald to discover another Stanley, and find a few "Nyanzas" nearer home. We understand there is no map giving the physical geography of this section to be found, even in the West Point Library. We would suggest to the professors of West Point the words of Hamlet: "Reform it altogether."

But to return—West Point has the most beautiful location on the Hudson, and Washington suggested this place as the most eligible situation for a Military Academy. It went into operation about 1812, and the land was ceded to the General Government of the United States in the year eighteen hundred twenty-six. The Parade Ground is situated on a fine

plateau about two hundred feet above the river. The parade-ground seems almost as level as a floor; and, as the buildings are at a little distance from the river, they are only partially seen. The first building on the right hand to one ascending from the landing is the riding-school used in winter. To the rear of this the public stables, accommodating one hundred and fifty horses. Then, as you ascend, the pathway brings you to a new fireproof building for offices, a beautiful feature. To the right hand of this building is the library, with a dome. The next building is the chapel; and next to the chapel is the old riding-hall, now used for recitation-rooms, gymnasiums, gallery of paintings, and museums. On the same street are located the cadet barracks; and to the north, the officers' quarters. Prominent in this vicinity is the fine monument to General Sedgwick. Starting again at the old riding-hall, and going south, we come to the cadet hall and the cadet hospital; and still further south, another section of officers' quarters. Near the flag-staff will be found a fine collection of old cannon, old chains, old shell, and the famous "swamp angel" gun, taken from the rebels. Fort Knox was just above the landing. Near the river bank can also be seen Dade's Monument, Kosciusko's Garden, and Kosciusko's Monument. Old Fort Clinton was located on the plain, near the monument; and far above, like a sentinel left at his post, Fort Putnam looks down upon the changes of a hundred years. But of all places around West Point, Kosciusko's Garden seems the finest and most suggestive, connected as it is with a hero not only of his own country, but a man ready to battle for free institutions, taking up the sublime words of the old Roman orator, "*Where Liberty is, there is my country.*" A beautiful spring is near the Garden, and the indenture of a cannon-ball is still pointed out in the rocks, which must have disturbed the patriot's meditations.

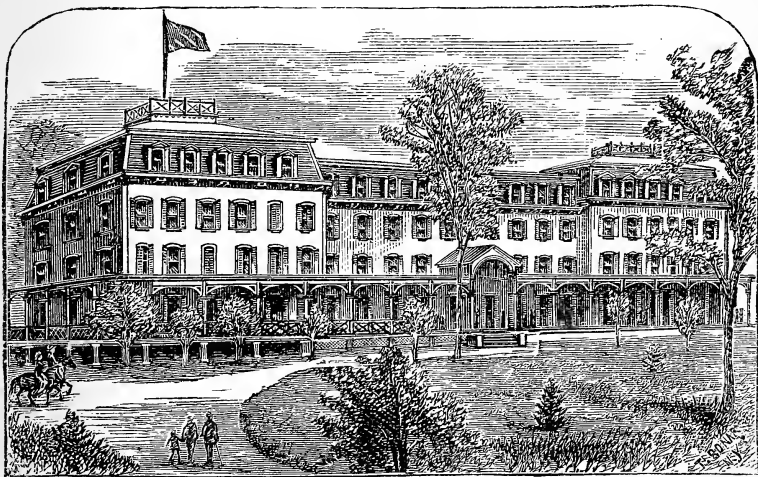
West Point during the Revolution was the Gibraltar of the Hudson; and the saddest lesson of those stern old days is connected with its history. Benedict Arnold was in command of this important point, and the story of his treachery is familiar to every schoolboy. It will be remembered that Arnold met Andre at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, at a place now known as Treason Hill, near the village of Haverstraw. Major Andre was sent as the representative of the British commander,

Sir Henry Clinton. Andre, with the papers and plans of Arnold secreted in his *boots*, passes down the Tarrytown road, and was arrested, as we said in our article on Tarrytown, and the papers discovered. With this preface, our history will carry us across the river to

GARRISON, on the east side. Arnold returned from Haverstraw to the Beverley House, where he was then living. This house is situated about one mile south of the Garrison Depot, near the magnificent grounds and residence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish. Colonel Jamieson sent a letter to Arnold informing him of the facts, and this letter Arnold received on the morning of the 24th of September. Alexander Hamilton and General Lafayette were at breakfast with him. He read its contents and excused himself from the table, kissed his wife good-bye, told her he was a ruined man and a traitor, kissed his little boy in the cradle, fled to Beverley Dock, and ordered his men to pull off and go down the river. The "Vulture," English man-of-war, was near Teller's Point, and received a traitor, whose living treason had to be atoned by the blood of Andre, the noble and pure-hearted officer. It is said that Arnold lived long enough to be hissed in the House of Commons, as he once took his seat in the gallery, and he died friendless, and, in fact, despised. It is also said that one day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris, in the darkest hour of the French Revolution, pursued by the bloodhounds of the reign of terror, he was about to secure a passage to the United States, and asked the landlord of the hotel, "So there are Americans staying at your house? I am going across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World." "There is a gentleman up-stairs from Britain or America," was the response. He pointed the way, and Talleyrand ascended the stairs. In a dimly lighted room sat the man of whom the great minister of France was to ask a favor. He advanced, and poured forth in elegant French and broken English, "I am a wanderer, and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without a friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread." The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber. He spoke as he retreated, and his voice was full of

suffering: "I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, 'I have not a friend, not one, in America!'" "Who are you?" he cried. "Your name?" "My name is Benedict Arnold." Would that our modern traitors had the same vulture at their vitals as in the early days of the Republic, when treason was made odious without the aid of politicians.

If West Point and its fortifications had passed at that time into the hands of the enemy, it would be difficult to say what disaster might have befallen our arms; but, through all those dark days, when the



THE HIGHLAND HOUSE, GARRISON, N. Y.

G. F. GARRISON, Owner and Proprietor.

American army literally tracked their way with blood through the snows of seven winters, it seemed as if the matter was entirely in the hands of Divine Providence; and that the words of Patrick Henry were every day verified: "There is a just God, who presides over nations."

As we have before stated, the station Garrison, on the Hudson River Railroad, is directly opposite West Point, and about half a mile from the depot is the Highland House, standing on a magnificent plateau.

We call attention to the fact that this is *not* the Highland House near Cozzen's, neither is it the little house at the ferry crossing, as unpleasant mistakes have sometimes been made, but "The Highland House," about four hundred feet above the river, appropriately named, lying in the very centre of the Highlands. Its proprietors are descendants of the family who lived here in the time of the Revolution, from whom the ferry and landing took their name. The house has been recently enlarged to almost double its former capacity. Its location is certainly



INDIAN FALLS, NEAR HIGHLAND HOUSE, GARRISON, N. Y.

one of the finest along the river. The plateau is inclosed by the North Redoubt and South Redoubt Mountains, reaching from Sugar-Loaf and Anthony's Nose on the south, to Breakneck on the north.

Wander where you will, the surrounding mountains abound with wild and picturesque glens. Poet, artist, novelist, and historian, *all* who find books in running brooks, continually add their testimony to the accumulating evidence. In brief, all who wish to spend a summer

pleasantly and profitably will find the "Highland House"—a cut of which is here given—one of the finest family hotels on the Hudson River. Its location is picturesque and healthy, on higher ground than West Point, and commanding a full view. The scenery and drives of the Highlands are very fine.

About a mile and a half to the north, in a picturesque glen, are Indian Falls, well known to artists, and by them made familiar to those who never had the opportunity of visiting one of the prettiest little points of scenery on the Hudson. It is impossible to condense their beauty into a single sketch, but we present the above cut as an index—hand pointing the tourist to the real beauty of which any representation would be only a shadow. With a book of poems in hand, or a *walking romance* on one's arm, we imagine a summer's day would glide by, "as golden hours on angel wings."

The Glen Falls are only half a mile distant; and, added to this blended history and beauty, all over this eastern bank there are local legends—unclaimed children of history—waiting for their relationship to be acknowledged. Surely there is no place where the history of our country can be studied with greater interest than among these wild fastnesses, where Freedom found protection.

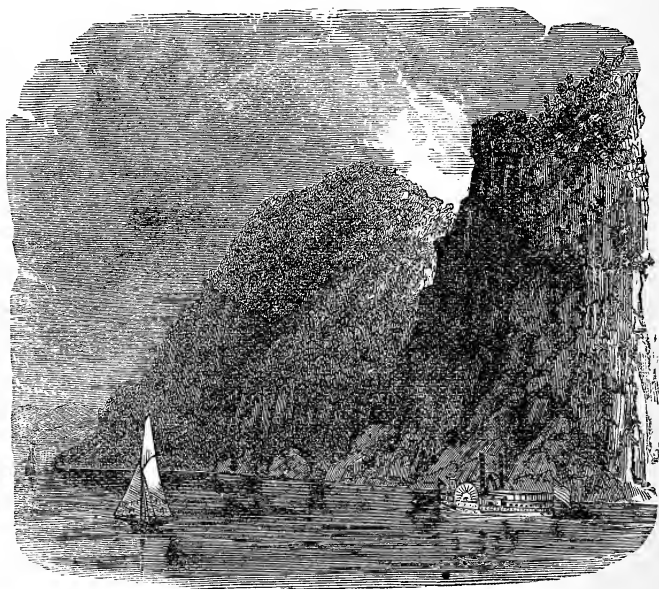
CONSTITUTION POINT.—A short distance above West Point Landing the steamer turns a right angle. On the east bank, almost opposite, known as Constitution Island, lives Miss Susan Warner, author of "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World," of which latter work 40,000 copies were sold in the United States. On this point, or island, ruins of the old fort are still seen. It was once called Martalaer's Rock Island.

COLD SPRING.—A little to the north, also on east bank, is the village of Cold Spring, which received its name very naturally from the fact that there *was* a cold spring in the vicinity. A short distance north of the village we see

UNDERCLIFF, the home of the poet Morris, now owned by his son. It lies, in fact, *under the cliff* and shadow of Mount Taurus, and has a

fine outlook upon the river and surrounding mountains. Standing on the piazza, we see directly in front of us Old Cro' Nest; and it was on this piazza that the poet wrote

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
*Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star."*



OLD CRO' NEST.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

It is said that Mrs. Morris was the *original* of that beautiful character painted by Washington Irving, in his charming essay, "The Wife."

OLD CRO' NEST is the first mountain above West Point, and 1418 feet high. Its name was given from a circular lake on the summit, suggesting by its form and solitary location a nest among the mountains, and

this fancy soon gave a name to the entire mountain. This mountain is also intimately associated with poetry, as the scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay":—

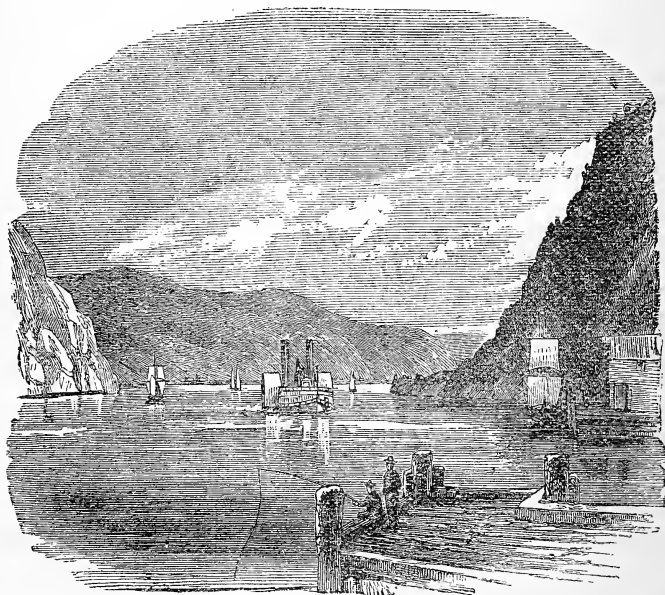
"'Tis the middle watch of a summer night,
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
The moon looks down on Old Cro' Nest—
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

STORM KING, to the north of Cro' Nest, is the highest peak of the Highlands, being 1800 feet above tide water. Its first name was Klinkersberg, afterward called Butter Hill, and christened by Willis Storm King. This mountain forms the northern portal of the Highlands, on the west side. Breakneck is opposite, on the east side, where St. Anthony's Face was blasted away. In this mountain solitude there was a shade of reason in giving that solemn countenance of stone the name of St. Anthony, as a good representation of monastic life; and, by a quiet sarcasm, the full-length nose below was probably thus suggested.

The Highlands now trend off to the northeast, and we see the New Beacon, or Grand Sachem Mountain, 1685 feet high, and about half a mile to the north, the Old Beacon, 1471 feet in height. These mountains were used for signal stations during the Revolution. They were called by the Indians the Matteawan, and the whole range of Highlands were sometimes referred to as the Wequehachke, or the Hill Country. It was also believed by the Indians that, in ancient days, "before the Hudson poured its waters from the lakes, the Highlands formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the omnipotent Manito confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age. At length the conquering Hudson, in its career toward the ocean, burst open their prison-house, rolling its tide triumphantly through the stupendous ruins." An idea quite in accordance with modern science.

The steamer is now passing close to the base of old Storm King, and we get a fine view of this mountain rock, with sides all scarred and torn by storms and lightning. Almost before us, to the right, we see

POLLIPEL'S ISLAND, supposed by the Indians to be a supernatural



UPPER ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS, FROM CORNWALL LANDING.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

spot. The island, however, has a little romance connected with it, which is decidedly *supernatural*. Some fair Katrina of the neighborhood, a great many years ago, was beloved by a farmer's lad. She reciprocates, but, by coquettish art, was playing the — (sad havoc) with a young minister's affections. One winter evening, minister and Ka-

trina were driving on the ice, near this island. The farmer's son very naturally was also driving in the same vicinity. The ice broke, and minister and young lady were rescued by the bold youth. The minister discovers that Katrina and young Hendrich both love each other, and there, under the moonlight, on that supernatural island, with solemn ceremony, unites them in bonds of holy matrimony. It ought henceforth and forever to be called the "Lovers' Island." This pleasing story presents a strong contrast to the sad fate of a wedding-party at the Danskammer Rock, to which we shortly refer. We are now nearing the pleasant village of

CORNWALL-ON-THE-HUDSON, the locality N. P. Willis selected as the most healthy and picturesque point of the Hudson. The village lies in a lovely valley which Mr. Beach has styled, in his able description, "as an off-shoot of the Ramapo up which the storm winds of the ocean drive laden with the purest and freshest air. Sweeping through the Moodna, they come to us in all their delicious sweetness, driving before them and beyond them all impurities and poisonous exhalations." From the Cornwall and West Point Mountain road, (which we referred to while speaking of West Point), we get the best idea of the topography of this sheltered valley and the Cornwall of the interior, a running village of pleasant residences and villas about two miles in length. Idlewild, with its pleasant glen and sunny slope, has a beautiful location in the very centre of this charming landscape and is one of the points to be visited. Cornwall is also the home of the Rev. E. P. Roe, a gentleman who has achieved marked success in two departments. Known to the world at large as a successful author whose works have had a sale of 100,000 copies during the last four years, with a continually increasing demand, he is also known in the department of fruit culture as the most successful in our State. It will be remembered that he took the first premium for the best and largest collection at the New York Horticultural Society's Show of Strawberries and Roses at Gilmore's Garden, and we have seen it announced recently that he sold last spring over a *million of plants* of various kinds.

The GLEN RIDGE HOUSE, of Cornwall, N. Y., has been open for the accommodation of summer guests for the past 20 years under the same

management. It has recently been greatly enlarged, and has introduced modern improvements in the way of gas, water, spring mattresses, &c. Accommodates 250 guests, and is open from May 1st to November 1st of each year. There are 40 acres of open grounds about the house and cottages, with glens, shaded walks, &c. Half a mile from the river, fine river and mountain views, and beautiful walks and drives. Fruit, milk, vegetables, &c., produced on the grounds a specialty; horses, carriages, stages, &c., belonging to the house. Terms, from twelve to fifteen dollars per week. James G. Roe, Proprietor, Cornwall, N. Y.

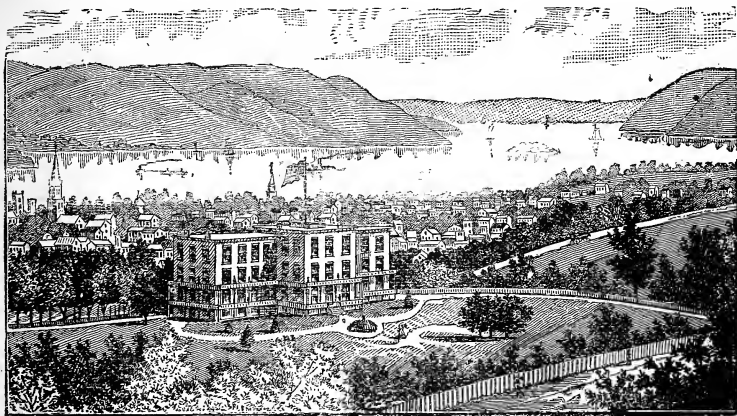
NEWBURGH.—As we approach the city of Newburgh, the tourist will see a building of rough stone, one story high, with steep roof—known as Washington's head-quarters, or the old "Hasbrouck house," as it was owned by Jonathan Hasbrouck, in 1782, when Washington made this city his head-quarters, (from the spring of 1782 until August 18th, 1783.) The house, or at least the older portion, was built in 1750, and here, in the early part of the Revolution, public meetings were held, and throughout the war it was a central point, as Hasbrouck was a man of marked character and Colonel of the militia, and in frequent service in guarding the Highland passes. It will also be remembered that it was here that Washington was invited to assume Kingship, which proposition he rejected with scorn, and it is also said that the rank and file of the Army rose up against it, and around their camp fires chanted the old song which shewed they were men of the Cromwell stamp—

"No King but God."

It was here, also, that the army was advised to revolt, as Congress had not voted supplies, and a meeting was advised by an anonymous letter, but the trouble was arrested by the touching address and appeal of Washington. His first sentence is remembered by every one. He commenced to read his manuscript without glasses, but was compelled to stop, and as he adjusted them to his eyes, he said, "You see, gentlemen, that I have not only grown gray, but blind, in your service." It is needless to say that the "anonymously called" meeting was not held. It was here, also, that the army was disbanded, and the farewell orders of Washington read.

But it would be impossible to condense into the narrow pages of a

THE BALDWIN HOUSE,



N. WBURGH, ORANGE CO., N. Y.

Guaranteed to be the best appointed Hotel on the Hudson River between New York and Albany. It contains all modern improvements, commanding a fine view of the Hudson from West Point to New Hamburg. Ground 203 feet above tide-water. For beauty, extent and variety of scenery, it cannot be surpassed. House large and commodious; pleasant, shaded grounds, 325 feet Piazza. Open summer and winter.

FREE BUS to and from the House. Five minutes drive from steamboat landing.

The ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, in Newburgh.

Transient Board, \$2.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12 per week. Special rates to Families.

Tourists coming to Newburgh to visit Washington's Head-quarters can take Dinner at the House, and then ride from House to Head-quarters, have 30 minutes there, and return to landing in time for down Roat. Bus charge only 10c. Those not wishing Dinner will find Bus on dock for Head-quarters. Fare 10c.

SMITH & WALTERMIRE, Proprietors.

Look out for the Baldwin House Bus.

general Guide the many facts of interest which cluster about these old walls. We will only present a brief sketch of what the visitor will see to-day who spends an hour or more among the relics of a hundred years ago, and we will refer the reader for more particular information to the catalogue of manuscripts and relics, to be had of the Superintendent of the house, published by Mr. E. M. Ruttenber, who has done much for the Hudson Valley, and Orange County in particular.

The Head-quarters are about one-half mile from the Landing, and the tasty park which encloses it, well filled with trees, affords cheerful shade and "cool comfort" to the visitor. It retains a few warlike suggestions, in the shape of cannon and artillery, of modern construction, and the grave of Uzal Knapp, the last of Washington's Life Guards. The grounds consist of five acres, and command a fine view of the Highlands and the River north and south.

The room that we enter by the front porch, abounds with relics in the shape of old pictures, parchments, manuscripts, many of which are very valuable. In the room on the right the visitor will register his name, and add one to the 235,000 signatures who have gone this way before him. In the room beyond this to the right, is an old piano, of most harmonious discord, only 119 or 120 years old. In the room opposite this, are swords and muskets of different styles and patterns, each with its own history of the long struggle. The fire-place, open to the sky, is of the antique pattern, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to surround it with the old heroes that were here gathered a century ago. Newburgh can indeed be proud of this Thesaurus, or Treasure house of the century. The city rises from the river in a succession of terraces—has a population of about twenty thousand—was settled by the Palatines, in 1708.

FISHKILL LANDING and MATTEAWAN, directly opposite, pleasantly located under the Fishkill Mountains. One mile south of Fishkill Landing the Columbia and Dutchess Railroad connects with the Hudson River, and forms a direct route to Hartford via the Connecticut Western Railroad from Millerton; but the route via Poughkeepsie and Eastern Railroad is preferred. The view from Beacon Mountain is worth the ascent, and the tourist ought not to neglect the opportunity.

HILLSIDES FOR TWENTY MILES—THE PICTURESQUE.

"By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, cot,—a sweet surprise
At every turn the vision breaks upon."

LOW POINT, or Carthage, is a small village on the east bank, about four miles north of Fishkill. It was called by the early inhabitants Low Point, as New Hamburg, two miles to the north, was called High Point. Almost opposite Low Point, on the west bank, is a large flat rock, covered with cedars, known as the

DUYVEL'S DANS KAMMER.—Here Hendrich Hudson, in his voyage up the river, witnessed an Indian pow-wow—the first recorded fireworks in a country which has since delighted in rockets and pyrotechnic displays. Here, too, in later years, tradition relates the sad fate of a wedding-party. It seems that a Mr. Hans Hansen and a Miss Katrina Van Voorman, with a few friends, were returning from Albany, and disregarding the old Indian prophecy, were all slain:—

"For none that visit the Indian's den,
Return again to the haunts of men,
The knife is their doom! O sad is their lot!
Beware, beware of the blood-stained spot!"

Some years ago this spot was also searched for the buried treasures of Captain Kidd, and we know of one river pilot who still dreams semi-yearly of there finding countless chests of gold.

Two miles above, on the east side, we pass New Hamburg, at the mouth of Wappinger's Creek. The name Wappinger had its origin from Wabun, east, and Acki, land. This tribe held the east bank of the river, from Manhattan to Roeliffe Jansen's Creek, which empties into the Hudson near Livingston, a few miles south of Catskill Station on the Hudson River Railroad. Passing the little villages of Hampton, Marlborough, and Milton, on the west bank, and we see on the east bank,

LOCUST GROVE, residence of the late Prof. S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, who for all time will receive the congratulations of every civilized nation, and the whole globe is destined one day to speak *his* language. Yes, the islands of the sea, and the people that sit afar off in darkness, are beginning to feel the pulses of the world through the "still small voice" whispering beneath ocean and river, and across mighty continents, "putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," like the fairy of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

We now see Blue Point, on the west bank; and, in every direction, we have the finest views. The scenery seems to stand, in character, between the sublimity of the Highlands and the tranquil dreamy repose of the Tappan Zee. It is said that under the shadow of these hills was the favorite anchorage of

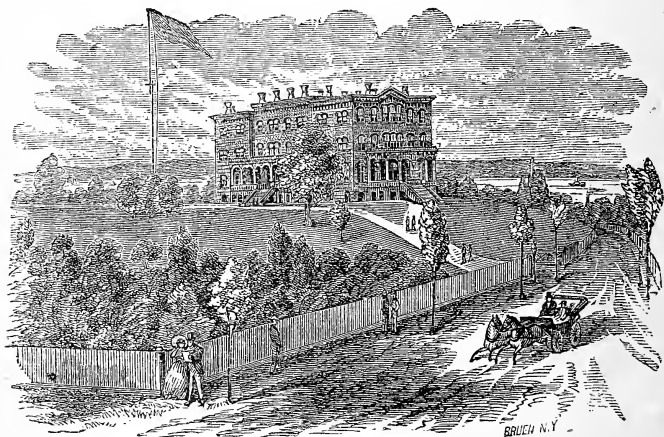
THE STORM SHIP, one of our oldest and therefore most reliable legends. The story runs somewhat as follows. Years ago, when New York was a village—a mere cluster of houses on the point now known as the Battery—when the Bowery was the farm of Peter Stuyvesant, and the Old Dutch Church on Nassau Street (now used as the post-office) was considered the country—when communication with the old world was semi-yearly instead of semi-weekly or daily—say one hundred and fifty years ago—the whole town one evening was put into great commotion by the fact that a ship was coming up the bay. She approached the Battery within hailing distance, and then, sailing against both wind and tide, turned aside and passed up the Hudson. Week after week and month after month elapsed, but she never returned; and whenever a storm came down on Haverstraw Bay or Tappan Zee, it is said that she could be seen careening over the waste; and, in the midst of the turmoil, you could hear the captain giving orders, in *good Low Dutch*; but when the weather was pleasant, her favorite anchorage was among the shadows of the picturesque hills, on the eastern bank, a few miles above the Highlands. It was thought by some to be Hendrich Hudson and his crew of the "Half Moon," who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, seeking a northwest passage to China; and people who live in this vicinity still insist that under the

calm, harvest moon and the pleasant nights of September, they see her under the bluff of Blue Point, all in deep shadow, save her topsails glittering in the moonlight. Perhaps it was this quiet anchorage that gave the name to

POUGHKEEPSIE, Queen City of the Hudson,—derived from the Indian word Apokeepsing, signifying safe harbor. Near the landing is a bold rock jutting into the river, known as Kaal Rock, signifying barren rock; and perhaps this also furnished a safe harbor or landing-place for those days of birch canoes. It is said there are over forty different ways of spelling Poughkeepsie, and every year the Post-Office Record gives a new one. The first house was built in 1702 by a Mr. Van Kleeck; and we believe the State Legislature held a session here in 1777 or 1778, when New York was held by the British, and Kingston had been burned by Vaughn. Ten years later, the State Convention also met here for ratification of the Federal Constitution. (For further historical particulars see Barber's Historical Collection of New York, or the State Records.) The city has a beautiful location, and is justly regarded the finest residence city on the river; and it is not only midway between New York and Albany, but it is also bounded by a historic and poetic horizon midway between the Highlands and the Catskills, commanding a view of the mountain portals on the south and the mountain overlook on the north—the Gibraltar of Revolutionary fame and the dreamland of Rip Van Winkle. The magnificent steamers which ply daily between New York and Albany, thirty trains on the best-appointed railroad in the country, and fine steamers of home enterprise, make the traveling facilities complete. The city has a population of 22,000 inhabitants—the largest between the capital and the metropolis. In addition to its natural beauty, Poughkeepsie is noted throughout our country for refined society, and as a nucleus of the finest schools in our country.

Just before the river boats land at Poughkeepsie we see upon our right, as we come up the river, a large structure, the "Riverview Military Academy." It crowns a fine eminence looking off toward the Highlands on the south, and the Catskills to the north and west. It is most thoroughly ventilated, and heated by steam throughout. Water

is accessible on every floor, and the room of each pupil is pleasant and commodious. The views are delightful in every direction, as will be seen from the cut here given. Mr. Bisbee has met with the most marked success in training boys for business, college, for West Point, and other military and naval institutions. In fact, he works for an education which results in *force* of character—the true aim of all education.

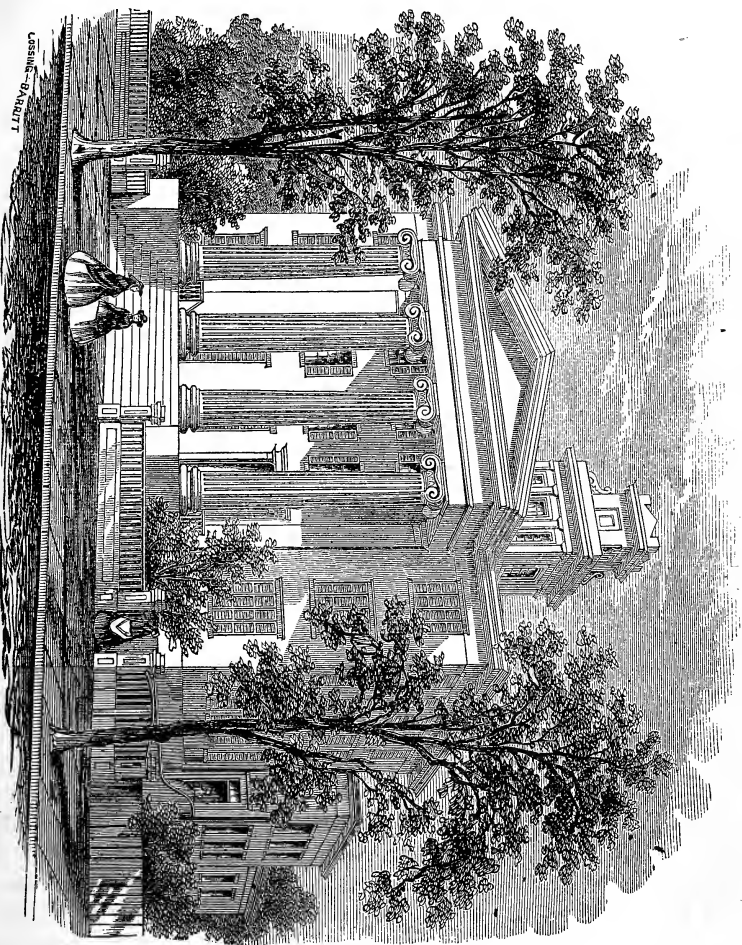


RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY.

A wide-awake thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy.

OTIS BISBEE, A. M., PRINCIPAL AND PROPRIETOR.

We would also mention “Vassar College” and “Poughkeepsie Female Academy,” the latter under the rectorship of the Rev. D. G. Wright, A. M. It is located in the central part of the city, and has long been distinguished for its thoroughness of instruction and carefulness of supervision. The buildings are ample and commodious; the rooms large, well ventilated, and furnished with regard to taste, convenience,



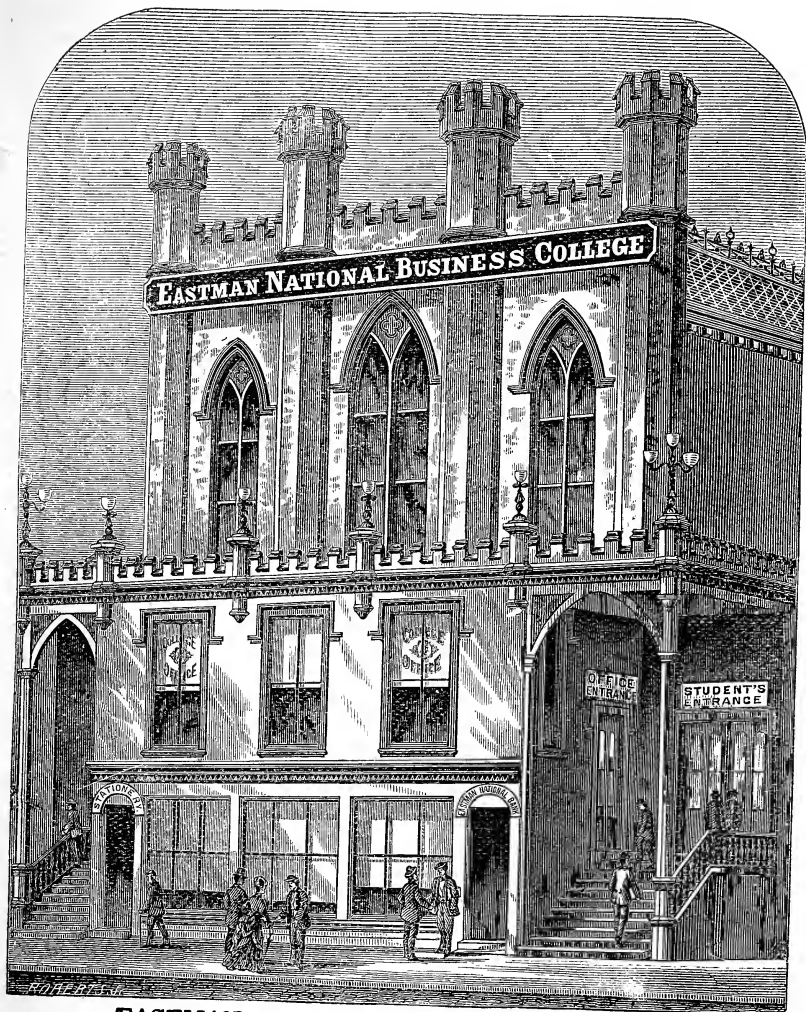
LOSSING-BARRETT

POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY.

and home comfort. The laboratory is furnished with an excellent philosophical, chemical, and astronomical apparatus. Pupils are carried through a collegiate course, or fitted to enter any class in Vassar College. For many years this Academy has ranked among the first in our State in educational spirit and progress ; and there are few if any places, where young ladies acquire a more healthy mental or moral education, a more finished and perfect symmetry in the development of mind and heart. We present a cut of the Academy on the opposite page.

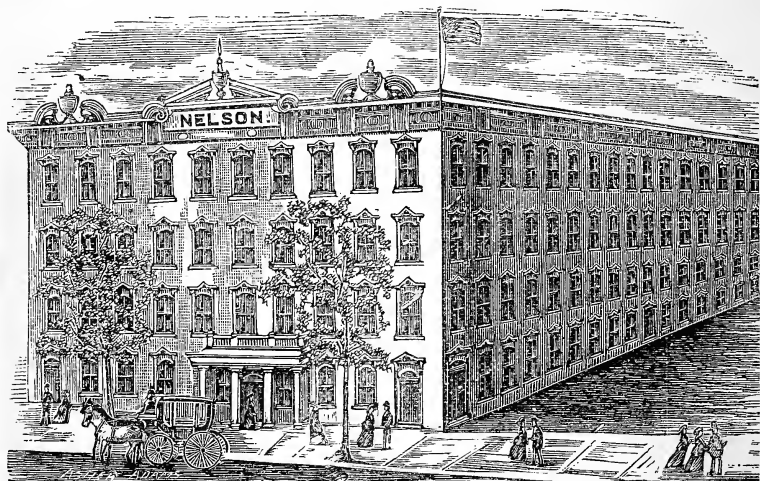
VASSAR COLLEGE is not seen from the river, and the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane, a large brick structure, two miles north of Poughkeepsie, is often mistaken for it by tourists. If the College had been located either north or south of the city, on some commanding site, it would have been one of the finest landmarks of the Hudson. Matthew Vassar, the founder, accumulated a large fortune as a brewer, and left behind him in this stately structure and generous endowment, "a monument more lasting than brass." The white building above the dock, is the Vassar Brewery. The College is two miles east from the Landing, connected with it by horse railroad.

EASTMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE is also one of the fixed and solid Institutions of Poughkeepsie, located in the very heart of the city. It has done good work in preparing young men for business, and has probably done more to make Poughkeepsie a familiar word in every household throughout the land, than all her other Institutions combined. It was fortunate for the city that the energetic founder of this College selected the central point of the Hudson as the place of all others most suited for his enterprise, and equally fortunate for the thousand young men who yearly graduate from this Institution, as the city is beautifully located and set like a picture amid picturesque scenery. Every department of the College is thoroughly organized, and the course of training forms a good supplement to every young man's education. The mere literary student is often launched upon the sea of life with very little knowledge of the practical. The idea of "Eastman College" is to teach the young man what he *needs to know*. The College was never more successful than to-day, and its reputation, like the Pacific Railroad, reaches from New York to San Francisco.



EASTMAN NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

We also take pleasure in our general description of Poughkeepsie, in referring the traveler to the new Hotel, the "Nelson House," opened to the public in May, '76. Any city has a right to congratulate itself on the possession of a first-class and well managed "House," and we speak with safety the verdict of travelers that this is by far the finest between New York and Albany, and ranks with the very best in the Country.



NELSON HOUSE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. (A. P. BLACK, PROPRIETOR.)

[Also proprietor of the Stony Brook House, Palenville, Greene Co., which has recently been erected and furnished at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars. Accommodations for one hundred and fifty boarders. Elegant half-mile track, also pedestrian track, croquet ground, trout pond, gold-fish pond, catfish and eel pond, and a park superior to Central Park—all for the accommodation of the guests.]

Captain Black is well known for his enthusiasm and courtesy, and for doing well whatever he undertakes. His ambition is to make the "Nelson House" equal to any in the State. The "Nelson" has a pleasant location on Market street, the widest and pleasantest thoroughfare in Poughkeepsie, only a short distance from the post-office, telegraph office, and horse cars. The Collingwood Opera House, one of the very

finest in the State, is directly opposite. The Library and Y. M. C. A. Reading Rooms are also near at hand, free, and open for the public.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE AND EASTERN R.R. forms a direct route across the country, connecting the pleasant valleys of the Harlem, the Housatonic and the Connecticut with the Hudson. The drives about Poughkeepsie are charming in every direction. On the west is Lake Mohonk and Minnewaskie, for which point stages connect on the arrival of the Day-boat at Poughkeepsie; or parties can secure livery of Mr. La Paugh, near the landing. The Hyde Park drive is known the world over; also the ride over the South Road to New Hamburg and Fishkill.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge, a pier of which will be seen as the steamer leaves the dock, will, when completed, connect the Eastern States with the coal fields of Pennsylvania, and will form a direct route for Western passengers. We clip the following from the map and prospectus:

"The Hudson River is one of the great natural boundaries dividing the United States into grand divisions or sections. The New England States, east of the Hudson, including New York City, contain one-seventh of the whole population of the United States, and *control more than one half the manufacturing of the nation*. These States are the most active and wealthy, and their business interests and capital are nearly equal to those of all the rest of the Union. The great crossing places on the Hudson, over which now passes all the mighty streams of trade and travel between this great section of country and the wider and more rapidly growing West, are but two: one at Albany and Troy, the other at New York."

A description of Poughkeepsie would be incomplete without reference to the extensive manufactory of Adrians, Platt & Co., which we see near the river bank as we approach the landing. This firm commenced the manufacture and sale of the Buckeye Mower, at Poughkeepsie, with salesrooms in New York, in 1857 and 1858. The business has increased and enlarged in their hands materially, and they have attained such excellence in the manufacture of their machines that their reputation is world-wide. These products of American skill have been awarded the highest honors in Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Russia, Switzerland and the United States, and are now sold in every part of the civilized globe.

Albemarle Hotel,

JUNCTION OF

BROADWAY, FIFTH AVE. AND 24th STREET,

MADISON SQUARE,

New York.

The Albemarle Hotel.

On the European Plan.

Charmingly Situated in the
most central and most beautiful part
of New York City.

**Known for many years to Tourists and
Travelers as one of the best Hotels
of the Country.**



MINNEWASKA MOUNTAIN HOUSE,
LAKE MINNEWASKA.

A. K. & A. H. SMILEY, Proprietors.

On the summit of the Shawangunk Mountains, 7 miles from Lake Mohonk.

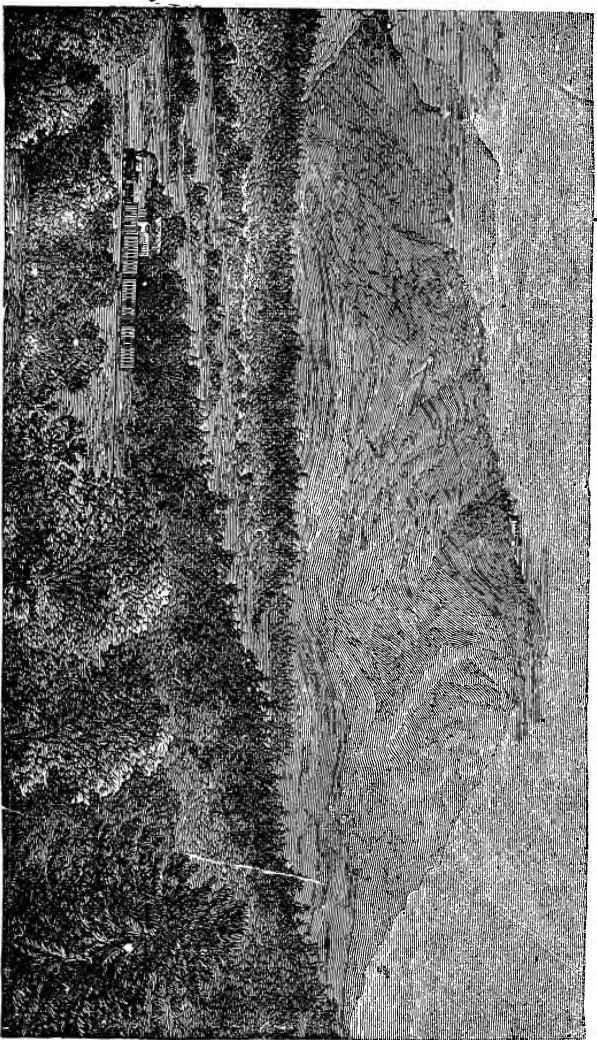
As the steamer leaves Poughkeepsie, we see New Paltz Landing, almost opposite, and Hyde Park, on the East bank, six miles above Poughkeepsie. Then Staatsburgh Station, on the east side; and then Rhinebeck, ninety miles from New York. Rondout, or City of Kingston, at the mouth of Rondout Creek, is directly opposite Rhinebeck Landing. This is the eastern end of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and the point of departure for the

OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, which we can distinguish from the deck of the steamer, near the summit of Overlook Mountain. The elevation of this hotel is five hundred feet higher than any other on the Catskills, or in the State, and the view from the hotel embraces an area of 30,000 square miles. To the east the valley reaches away with its towns and villages to the blue hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and through this beautiful valley, the Hudson for a hundred miles, is reduced to a mere ribbon of light. The house, completed in the Spring of 1878, is well furnished, heated by steam, lighted with gas, connected with the outside world by telegraph, and two mails daily. Echo Lake and the picturesque falls of the Plattekill, are respectively one mile and a-half and three miles distant. The traveler will take the Ulster and Delaware Road from Rondout to West Hurley, where the pleasant stages of the "Overlook" are in waiting for every train.

RHINEBECK is two miles from Rhinecliff Landing, and is one of the finest towns in Dutchess County. It was named, as some say, by combining two words—Beekman and Rhine. Others say that the word *beck* means cliff, and the town was so named from the resemblance of the cliffs to those of the Rhine.

The De Garmo Institute, at Rhinebeck, Prof. De Garmo Principal and Proprietor, is one of the most thorough and complete of Academies, and is always full. Its Classical and Scientific Departments are superior.

RONDOUT had its derivation from the redoubt that was built on the banks of the creek. The creek took the name of Redoubt Kill, afterward Rundout, and then Rondout. The old town of Kingston was once called Esopus, on Esopus Creek, which flows north and empties into the Hudson, at Saugerties. The Indian name for Kingston was At-kar-karton, (the great plot or meadow, on which they raised corn or beans).



OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN, ONE OF THE HIGHEST PEAKS OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

Route via Kingston, N. Y. Elevation, 3,150 feet. New and Complete in all its appointments.

TERMS, \$3.00 per Day, \$15.00 to \$20.00 per week.

JAMES SMITH, Proprietor.
Address, OVERLOOK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Woodstock, Ulster Co., New York.

THE CATSKILLS—BEAUTY.

“And soon the Catskills print the distant sky,
And o’er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,
So softly blending that the cheated eye
Now questions which is earth or which is heaven.”

We have now approached the fifth division of our river, guarded by the most classic range of mountains in our country. By a *natural ascendancy* they have many counties of the Hudson under their jurisdiction—Ulster, Greene, and Albany, on the west bank; and Dutchess, Columbia, and Rensselaer, on the east.

The first place above Rhinecliff, our last landing, is the village of BARRYTOWN, on the east bank, ninety-six miles from New York. It is said, when Jackson was President, and this village wanted a post-office, that he would not allow it under the name of Barrytown, from personal dislike to General Barry, and suggested another name. But the people were loyal to their old friend, and *went without* a post-office until a new administration. The name Barrytown, therefore, stands as a monument to pluck. The place is known among the old settlers as Lower Red Hook Landing.

SAUGERTIES.—The first landing above Rhinebeck is at Saugerties. The Pier is nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in length, almost as long as the one at Piermont. It was completed in the spring of 1877, and “opened up” with an excursion, the first trip of the Day Boat. The village is about a mile from the Landing, a town of about 6,000 inhabitants, the largest in Ulster County.

TRIVOLI is almost opposite Saugerties, and connected with it by ferry. One of the mansions of the old Livingston family is near the village.

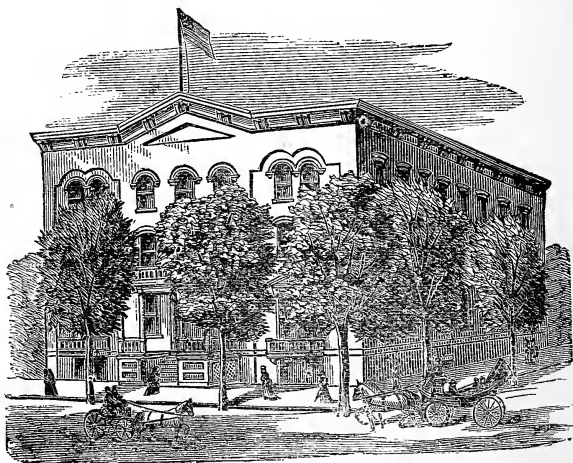
GERMANTOWN, 105 miles from New York, is on the east side. A short distance above, the Roeliffe Jansens Kill flows into the Hudson. This stream, called by the Indians the Sankpenak, was the boundary between the Wappingers on the south and the Mohegans on the north. Near its mouth is the old Claremont estate—the original Livingston manor. Here Fulton’s project found special favor, and he was materially aided by the sympathy and generosity of Chancellor Livingston. The first steamboat on the Hudson made its first trip the early part of September,

1807, and was called the "Claremont" as a testimonial of gratitude. The trip from New York to Albany, in those "good old days," took *about* forty hours (*vide* Lossing's "Wilderness to the Sea.")

CATSKILL LANDING is just above the mouth of the Catskill, or Kaaterskill Creek. It is said that the Creek and mountains took their name from the following fact: It is known that each tribe had a *totemic* emblem, or rude banner; the Mohegans had the wolf as their emblem, and some say that the word Mohegan means the enchanted wolf. (The Lenni Lenapes, or Delawares, at the Highlands, had the turkey as their totem.) Catskill was the southern boundary of the Mohegans on the west bank, and here they set up their emblem. It is said, from this fact the stream took the name of the Kaaters-kill. The large cat and wolf were at least similar in appearance, from the mark of King Aepgin in his deed to Van Rensselaer. Perhaps, however, the mountains at one time abounded in these animals, and the emblem may be only a coincidence.

PROSPECT PARK HOTEL.—The first thing that attracts our attention as the steamer nears the landing, is a fine hotel, well known to the public through a successful ten years' administration—the Prospect Park Hotel: L. F. Bogardus, Proprietor. This plateau, two hundred and fifty feet above the river, is appropriately named; for, as you sit on the broad piazza which almost surrounds the hotel, you can see to the south, the valley of the Hudson for thirty miles—the "Man in the Mountain," and the whole range of the Catskills; to the north and northeast, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and, whichever way you look, it seems as if the river lay at your feet. The grounds are twenty acres in extent, and are well adapted to the chief design. Guests can find either shade, sunshine or quiet. It was first opened in 1870, and within these ten years the proprietor has been compelled to enlarge it to more than treble its former capacity. The main building is now two hundred and fifty feet front, with wing one hundred and fifty feet by forty. There are three hundred and seventy feet of two-storied piazza, sixteen feet wide, supported by Corinthian pillars twenty-five feet high. We think it is safe to say that it is the most airy and cheer-

ful hotel on the river bank between New York and Albany. Like Aladdin's Palace it sprung up all at once, white and beautiful, and gave life, as it were, to the whole landscape. It is one of the few hotels that had the good fortune to become prominent all at once; and this popularity was not accidental, but owing to many causes: its fine location—its enchanting views—its splendid management. Moreover, the fresh bracing air from the Catskills makes Catskill one of the pleasantest places to spend the heat of the summer, or the noontide of the year;

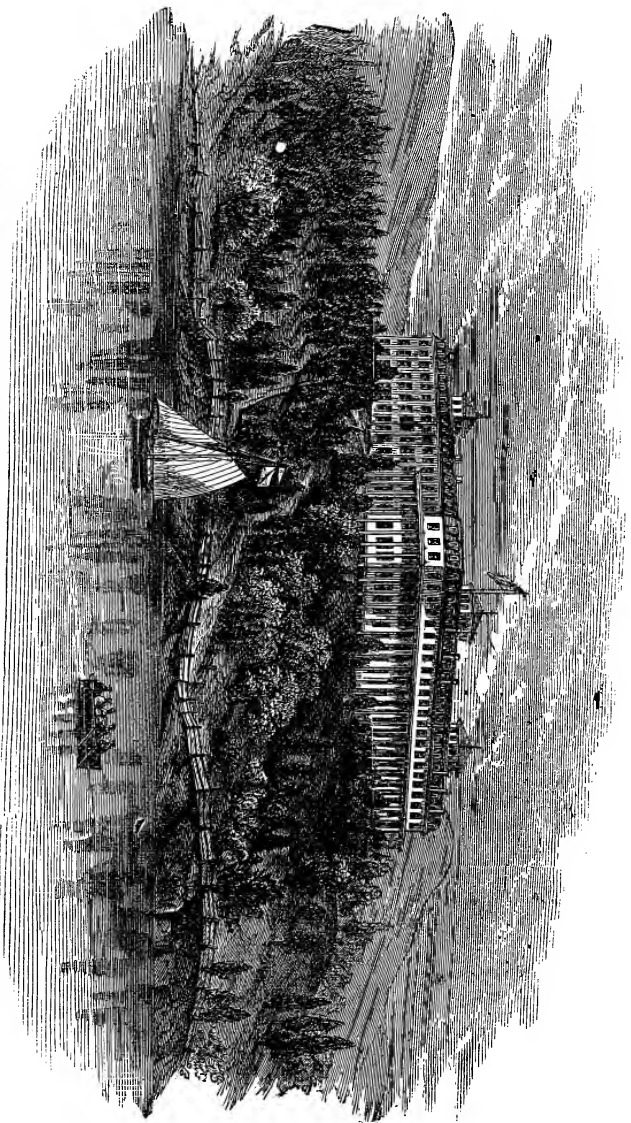


IRVING HOUSE, H. A. PERSON, Proprietor.

Free Omnibus running from the House to all Boats and Trains.

and, indeed, a summer tour is not complete unless we pay Catskill a visit. Prospect Park stages and carriages meet passengers at the landing.

CATSKILL VILLAGE.—The old village, with its Main Street, lies along the valley of the Catskill Creek, not quite a mile from the Causeway Landing, and preserves some of the features of the days when *Knickerbocker* was accustomed to pay it an annual visit. Its location seems to



PROSPECT PARK HOTEL, Catskill, New York.

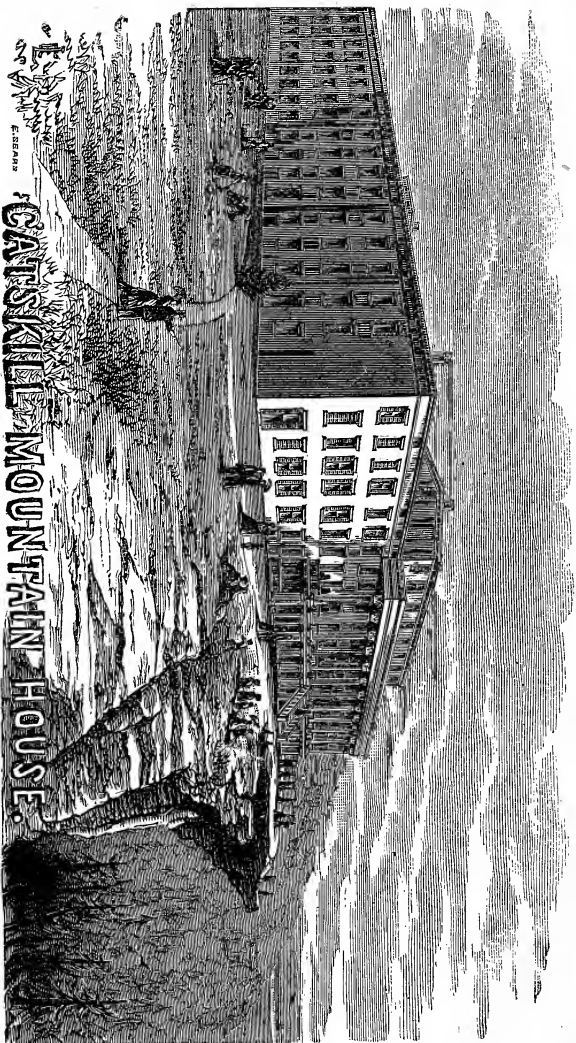
“The Switzerland of America.”

House and grounds greatly improved this season. Mountain air. Scenery unsurpassed in the world. Accessible by Trains of the Hudson River R. R., and by the daily Palace Steamers, “Albany” and “Vibbard,” also by Catskill Steamers every evening, leaving New York from Harrison Street Pier. No malarial fever or mosquitoes. Accommodations for 400. Liberal arrangements made by week or month. Prices according to rooms, location, etc. Croquet, Lawn Tennis, Billiards, Bowling Alley, Fishing, Boating and Bathing. Hotel Omnibuses and Carriages at the Trains and Boats.

have been chosen as a place of security—out of sight to one voyaging up the river. It has, however, grown rapidly during the last few years, and the northern slope is covered with fine residences, all of which command extensive views of the Hudson. A new hotel, long needed in the business part of the village, was built on Main Street in 1871. It was appropriately christened the “Irving House,” as Catskill owes a large part of its present popularity—probably more than it imagines—to the pen of Washington Irving. It is fitted up with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel, and is kept open during the whole year.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—For miles up and down the river, and from almost any point in the six counties we have mentioned as under the jurisdiction of the Catskills, we can see the “Mountain House,” *three thousand feet above the river*, like a bit of snow left on the mountains. This hotel is only ten or eleven miles from the landing, and the ride from the village is pleasant and romantic. This hotel has been for years the favorite summer resort on the river, and its popularity is continually on the increase. No European traveler ever thinks of leaving it unvisited. The Catskills and Niagara Falls are two points *known everywhere*.

These mountains are, indeed, the glory of the Hudson, and have been poetically termed, “the ever-changing legendary Kaatsbergs.” They were called by the Indians the Onti-o-ras, or Mountains of the Sky, as they sometimes seem like clouds along the horizon. This range of mountains was supposed by the Indians to have been originally a monster who devoured all the children of the Red Men, and that the Great Spirit touched him when he was going down to the salt lake to bathe, and here he remains. “Two little lakes upon the summit were regarded as the eyes of the monster, and these are open all the summer; but in the winter they are covered with a thick crust or heavy film; but whether sleeping or waking, tears always trickle down his cheeks. Here, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine, presided over by an old squaw spirit who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountains. She kept day and night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one at a time. She



ENGRAVED

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

1824.

57th SEASON.

1880.

Eight miles west of the Hudson River and twelve miles from the village of Catskill, N. Y. Accommodations for 400 guests. Accessible by the best mountain road in the country. The largest and leading Hotel in the Catskill region. Elevation 2,710 feet. View extending over 10,000 square miles of the Valley of the Hudson, unsurpassed for beauty by any in the world. Atmosphere delightful, invigorating and pure, the great elevation and surrounding forests rendering it absolutely free from malaria. *Temperature 15 to 20 degrees lower than New York or Catskill.* Open from June 1st to October 1st. Reduced rates; send for circular.

Catskill, and Mountain House Stages and Carriages. CHAS. A. BEACH, *Proprietor.* An Agent will be in attendance on the arrival of all trains and Boats at Catskill.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE CO., Catskill, N. Y.

manufactured new moons every month, cutting up the old ones into stars, and, like the old Æolus of mythology, shut the winds up in the caverns of the hills." A morning view from this cliff will be remembered a lifetime; at least we remember, as if it were yesterday, a July morning three years ago. We rose at 3.30, at least an hour before

"Night murmured to the morning,—
Lie still, oh! love, lie still."

Patiently we waited the sun's advent, and as the rosy dawn announced the morning coming with "looks all vernal and with cheeks all bloom," the *windows* of the Mountain House, one after another, began to reveal undreamed visions of loveliness, and it were really difficult to tell which had the deeper interest, the sun's rising in the east, or the daughters in the west. The rosy clouds of the one, the tender blushes of the other; the opening eyelids of the morning, or the opening eyelids of innocence; the bright ambrosial locks hanging far and wide along the deep blue chiseled mountain side, or the *uncombed* ripples which, like mountain streams receiving additions from other sources, would probably become beautiful waterfalls. In four minutes more by solar time, and the sun would sprinkle the golden dust of light over the valley of the Hudson. The East was all aglow, and, *as we stood musing the fire burned*, yes, brighter and brighter, as if the distant hills were an altar, and a sacrifice was being offered up to the God of Day. It truly reminded one of an Oriental dry-goods store, with costly goods in the show-windows running opposition to the muslin and dimity-filled window-cases in the west.

Cities and villages below us sprang into being, and misty shapes rose from the valley, as if Day had rolled back the stone from the Sepulcher of Night, and it was rising transfigured to Heaven. Adown and up the river for the distance of sixty miles, sloops and schooners drifted lazily along, while below us the little

"ferry-boats plied
Like slow shuttles through the sunny warp
Of threaded silver from a thousand brooks."

Truly the Catskills were a fitting place for the artist Cole to gather inspiration to complete that beautiful series of paintings, "The Voyage

of Life," for no finer mountains in all the world overlook a finer river. Irving, in writing of his first voyage up the Hudson, "in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space, and driven all poetry and romance out of travel," says: "But of all the scenery of the Hudson the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them, predominating over a wide extent of country,—part wild, woody, and rugged, part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day; undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach; at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until in the evening they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape." On preceeding page we presented a cut of the Mountain House, furnished by Mr. C. L. Beach, proprietor. This favorite summer resort, so justly celebrated for its grand scenery and healthful atmosphere, will be open from June 1st to October 1st. Ready access may be had at all times by Mr. Beach's stages connecting at the village of Catskill with the Hudson River steamboats and the trains on the Hudson River Railroad. Two miles from the hotel are the Kaaterskill Falls. The waters fall perpendicularly 175 feet, and afterward 85 feet more. A sort of amphitheater behind the cascade is the scene of one of Bryant's finest poems:—

"From greens and shades where the Catterskill leaps
From cliffs where the wood flowers cling;"

and we recall the lines which express so beautifully the well-nigh fatal dream:—

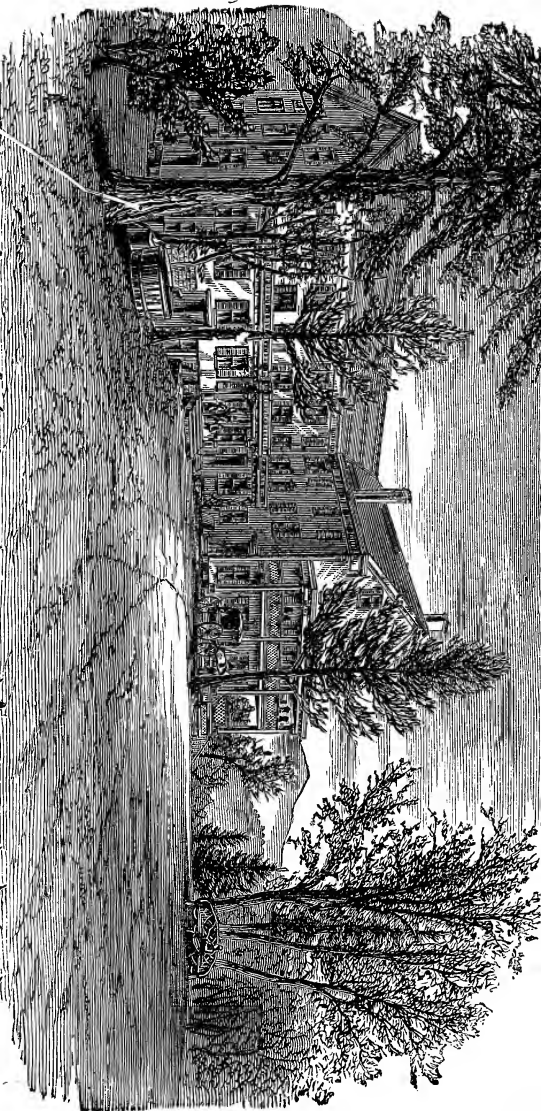
"Of that dreaming one
By the base of that icy steep
When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumbers of frost to creep.
* * * * *
There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With heir weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsman and hunters huge of limb,
There are naked arms with bow and spear
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear

THE LAUREL HOUSE has a charming location near the brow of the falls, and a few steps lead one to the platform and stairs which command a view of both the upper and lower falls. There are many points of interest within an hour's stroll, of a summer afternoon—Haines Falls and Sunset Rock. From the rock at sunset we get a view of the entire extent of the Catskill Clove. A musket-shot in the evening wakes the echoes, and, perhaps, disturbs the repose of old Hendrick Hudson's men, who are supposed to slumber here occasionally.

From the fine view of the Falls, furnished by the courtesy of the proprietor of the "Laurel," the reader will see that the Kaaterskill consists of two falls, one almost above the other. This stream is formed by the stream which flows from the two lakes and Spruce Creek which unites a short distance above the head of the falls. One of the pleasantest walks which can be made in this mountain district, we can indicate from personal experience. Below the stairs take the path or trail which follows the course of the stream, and descend to the regular road, which passes through the Clove. There are many fine "outlooks," and one in particular on the right of the stream, which the pedestrian will not fail of noting which gives the entire view of the fall, and the course of the stream which descends rapidly the entire way to the "Clove."

For further description of these points, and in fact of all places to be seen in the Catskills, we refer the reader to the new Catskill Mountain Guide and Map, recently published by Mr. Walter Van Loan, of Catskill Village. It indicates everything that is worth seeing, and the easiest way to get there, and is one of the few Guides written of any locality of real service to the visitor. It indicates the "Direct path to South Mountain," the "Path to Kaaterskill Falls," "Sunset Rock, on South Mountain," "Palenville Outlook or High Rock," "Lovers Retreat—South Mountain," "Sunset Rock and Bears Den, on North Mountain," "Haines' Falls," "Stony Clove," etc.

And we will further say that the Laurel House is central to a large part of this scenery, and the Hotel, a fine cut of which is given on the opposite page, is under the efficient management of Mr. J. L. Schutt, and is one of the most popular in the mountain region; it will accommodate 250 guests. Tourists will find an obliging agent at the steamboat landing, and coaches that run direct to the Laurel House.



LAUREL HOUSE, KAATERSKILL FALLS

ESTD 1872

KAATERSKILL MOUNTAINS, 1 1/2 Miles West of Mountain House, J. L. SCHULTZ, Proprietor.

This new and spacious Hotel, recently enlarged and re-furnished, is located at the head of the celebrated Kaaterskill Falls, on the western summit of the Catskills.

The Falls have been well described by BRYANT and COLE, and by COOPER in The Pioneers. The first Fall is nearly two hundred feet high, and the water looks like flakes of snow as it strikes in the pool below. Working along the rocky shelf it falls another hundred feet, and then descends the wooded glen in a succession of cascades.

In the immense rocky amphitheatre which sweeps like a mason-work in the rear of the first Fall, are paths on which the visitor may pass entire around behind the falling water. Through the wide ravine may be seen the western side of High Peak and the adjacent mountain. The walks in the vicinity include those to Sunset Rock and North and South Mountains, and there are pleasant drives through The Clove and over the adjacent mountains.

GOOD HUNTING AND TROUT FISHING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

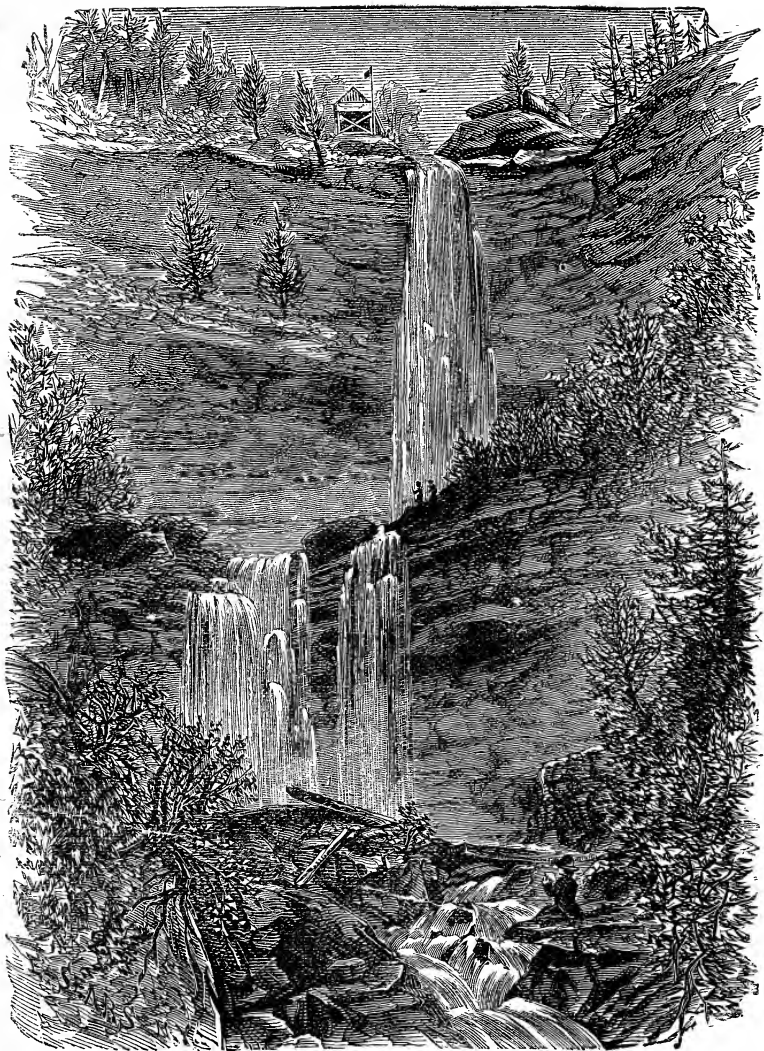
A wing, 50x50 feet has been added to the House recently, greatly extending the accommodations at this popular resort. Carriages, Stage, authorized Agent in attendance at the Cars and Boats, Catskill.

About half-way up the mountain is the place said to be the dream-land of Rip Van Winkle—the greatest character of American Mythology, more real than the heroes of Homer or the massive gods of Olympus. And our age has reason to congratulate itself on the *possession* of Joseph Jefferson and John Rogers, who on the stage and in the studio have illustrated to the life this master-piece of Irving.

The cut here given represents Rip Van Winkle at home, the favorite



of the village children. You will remember Irving says, "the children of the village would shout with joy whenever he approached, he assisted at their sports, made them playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity." Two others complete the group, Rip Van Winkle on the mountains, and Rip Van Winkle returned. As will be seen above, the figure of Rip was



THE KAATERSKILL FALLS.

modelled from Mr. Jefferson, who sat for his likeness. And as we turn away from the Catskills, with their visions of beauty and reality of fiction, we can only say, don't fail to hear the great actor when opportunity occurs, don't fail to read again the story of Irving, and don't fail to have the finest group of statuary in the world,—price twelve dollars each.

These, with the courtship of Ichabod and Katrina, give an artistic delineation of the comic-tragedy and the tragic-comedy of the Hudson. A stamp enclosed to John Rogers, 23 Union Square, will procure a fine illustrated catalogue and price-list.

Catskill was for many years the home of Cole, the artist; and the new residence of Church will be seen almost opposite, on the east bank.

HUDSON, six miles north of Catskill, was founded in the year 1784, by thirty persons from Providence, R. I. The city is situated on a sloping promontory, bounded by the North and South Bays. Its main streets, Warren, Union and Allen, run east and west a little more than a mile in length, crossed by Front street, First, Second, Third, etc. Main street reaches from Promenade Park to Prospect Hill. The Park is on the bluff just above the steamboat landing; we believe this city is the only one on the Hudson that has a Promenade ground overlooking the river. It commands a fine view of the Catskill Mountains, Mount Merino, and miles of the river scenery. The city has always enjoyed the reputation of hospitality, and strangers receive a kindly welcome. It is the western terminus of the Hudson and Boston Railroad, which passes through Claverack, with its flourishing "Hudson River Institute," and Philmont with its fine water power, to Chatham, where connections are made with Harlem Extension Railroad for Lebanon Springs, and Boston and Albany Railroad for Pittsfield. Passengers can reach either place the same evening, or remain over night and take a fresh start in the morning. The "Worth House," about three blocks from the landing or depot, is the best hotel in the city. It has a fine location on Warren street, and has long been known as one of the very pleasantest and best conducted on the Hudson. Its name is associated with the brave General Worth of the Mexican War,

THE WORTH HOUSE,

HUDSON, N. Y.

*This Hotel is pleasantly situated
for summer travel.*

First-class in all its appointments.

*A delightful summer home for
Families.*

*The surrounding country abounds
with beautiful scenery and splendid
drives.*

Catskill Mountain air prevails.

All letters should be addressed to

CHAS. B. MILLER,
Manager.

whose fine monument stands in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. The Worth House is built on the site of the old building where the General was born. Charles B. Miller, Proprietor.

COLUMBIA WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.—Only four miles from the city of Hudson, is the well-known Columbia White Sulphur Springs, with curative reputation second to none in the United States, and we call special attention to the analysis and statement on the opposite page.

Although but little known prior to the year 1855, at which time the late Chas. B. Nash, father of the present proprietor, purchased them and opened a house for the reception of visitors, the last twenty years have



COLUMBIA SPRINGS HOUSE.—M. P. NASH, PROPRIETOR.

given them a national reputation, and persons now come from every part of the country, recognizing the fact “that the waters of Pharpa and Abnah” are not as good as the waters of Columbia. Their medicinal properties are testified to by scores of physicians, and hundreds who have been benefited and cured.

The hotel has a fine location, in the midst of a large woodland many acres in extent, and we know of no finer place for those requiring repose and seeking relief from the excitement of business. It is peculiarly and emphatically a place of rest. The atmosphere is pure and bracing, and

COLUMBIA SPRINGS HOUSE,

NEAR HUDSON, N. Y.

M. P. NASH, Proprietor.

House Enlarged to Accommodate 200 Guests.

REFURNISHED, CARPETED AND FRESH FITTINGS THROUGHOUT.

Spring Beds and Hair Mattresses in every Room. Three and a-half hours from New York. First-class male white help all through on first floor. Terms, \$3.00 per day, a deduction being made for season boarders four or more weeks.


Telegraph, Livery, Billiards, Boating, Music, &c.

For Terms, Full particulars, Analysis, &c., Address,

M. P. NASH, P. O. Box 300, Hudson, N. Y.

THIS WATER is *White Sulphur*, and is universally regarded THE BEST COMBINATION OF HEALTHY INGREDIENTS of any in the Country.

For all Cutaneous Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, &c., it has no equal. For any Disarrangement of the Stomach or Bowels it works like a charm.

 The House stands on high grounds, surrounded by a beautiful Hickory Grove, and is one of the most healthy places in the Country to spend the Summer.

The following is the Analysis of One Gallon of Water:

Chloride of Sodium.....	84.719 grs.
do Potassa.....	1.193
do Magnesia.....	31.430
Carbonate of Lime.....	21.794
Sesqui Chloride of Iron.....	3.418
Sulphate of Lime.....	64.941
Phosphate of Soda.....	2.140
Hyposulphate of Soda.....	8.149
Loss.....	.814

218.598

Hydrosulphuric Acid... 4.491 cubic inches.

LETTER FROM S. H. SMITH, M. D., 35 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

Mr. M. P. NASH, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—The ferro-calcic Sulphur Water of Columbia Springs is a powerful alterative, indicated in cases of metallic poisoning, neuralgia, chronic rheumatism, laryngitis, pharyngitis, catarrhal affections, diarrhoea, certain cutaneous disorders, and the tendencies to these and other chronic ailments. The presence of iron in an unusual form and liberal quantity renders this water especially suitable in cases requiring tonic as well as alterative treatment. I lose no opportunity of praising the place as it deserves.

Respectfully,

Aug. 1st, 1876.

S. HANBURY SMITH, M. D.

the County of Columbia is proverbially healthful. There is, moreover, a quiet companionship about these old trees, for "To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion with *their* visible forms, they speak a various language," a sort of dialect that never wearies you; a gentle whispering, punctuated with the song of birds.

Years ago, when we were students at Claverack, we used to wander over the hills to the Springs, and it seemed almost like returning home when we recently drove through the pleasant grounds. We cannot speak of it with too much enthusiasm, and we are fully satisfied that our warmest praise will be endorsed and applauded by every visitor and guest.

The drives are charming in every direction. The road from Hudson is in sight of the river almost the entire distance, and the drives through Claverack and Kinderhook are unrivaled. The Lebanon Springs are of easy access by rail; also the Catskill Mountains by boat or cars to Catskill. Persons en route for Saratoga and the North, by stopping off one train, would find a pleasant drive and a kindly reception at the hands of Mr. M. P. Nash. Some time ago we saw an article clipped from the New York *Evangelist*, and we say with them: "Hail Columbia!"

ATHENS is directly opposite Hudson. An old Mohegan village, known as Potick, was located west of Athens.

After leaving Hudson we pass Stockport on the east side, and Coxsackie on the west, (name derived from Kaak-aki, a *place of geese*).

STUYVESANT, ten miles north of Hudson, on the east bank, once known as Kinderhook Point. The village of Kinderhook is the finest in Columbia County, five miles from the landing.

The villages of New Baltimore and Coeymans are on the west bank. Schodack Landing and Castleton on the east.

SCHODACK.—The township of Schodack is one of the oldest and pleasanter in the county of Rensselaer, and was the head-centre or capital of the Mohegan tribe. It has its origin in the word *Schoti*, signifying fire; and *ack*, place; or the place of the ever-burning council-fire of the Mohegan tribe. Here King Aepgin, on the 8th of April, 1680, sold to Van Rensselaer "all that tract of country on the west side of the Hudson, extending from Beeren Island up to Smack's Island, and in breadth two day's journey.

THE MOHEGAN TRIBE originally occupied all the east bank of the Hudson north of Roeliffe Jansen's Kill, near Germantown, to the head waters of the Hudson; and, on the west bank, from Cohoes to Catskill. The town of Schodack was central, and a signal displayed from the hills near Castleton could be seen for thirty miles in every direction. After the Mohegans left the Hudson, they went to Westenhook, or Housatonic, to the hills south of Stockbridge; and then, on invitation of the Oneidas, removed to Oneida County, 1785, where they lived until 1821, when, with other Indians of New York, they purchased a tract of land near Fox river, Minnesota.

The Mourder's Kill flows into the Hudson just above Castleton. The Norman's Kill flows into the Hudson a few miles above, on the west side. It was called by the Indians the Tawasentha, or "place of many dead."

ALBANY.—Its site was called by the Indians Shaunaugh-ta-da, or the Pine Plains, a name which we still see in Schenectady. From an old book in the State Library, we condense the following description, presenting quite a contrast to the city of to-day: "Albany lay stretched along the banks of the Hudson, on one very wide and long street, parallel to the Hudson. The space between the street and the river-bank was occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort. The wide street leading to the fort (now State street) had a Market-Place, Guard-House, Town Hall, and an English and Dutch Church, in the centre."

Tourists and travelers will be amply repaid in visiting the new Capitol Building at the head of State street. It is open from nine in the morning until six in the evening. When completed it will be larger than the Capitol at Washington, and will probably cost more than any structure on the American continent. The staircases, the grand corridors, the Hall of Representatives, and the Court of Appeal Room (now used for the Senate Chamber) attest the wealth and greatness of the Empire State. The traveler up State street will note the beautiful and commanding spire of "St. Paul." The Cathedral is also a grand structure. The population of Albany is now about 80,000, and its growth is due to three causes: First, the capital was removed from New

STANWIX HALL, ALBANY, N.Y.

This Hotel contains all the MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, and every convenience that Health and Comfort can suggest, such as
HOT AND COLD WATER IN ROOMS,



ROOMS IN SUITE, with PARLORS, BEDROOMS and BATH, &c., PAS-
SENGER ELEVATOR, ELECTRIC BELLS, TELEPHONE,
TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

The STANWIX is located directly opposite the New York Central and Hudson River and Boston and Albany Passenger Station, and is only one block from the Rensselaer and Saratoga, Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western, Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.'s Railway lines Station, and less than ten minutes' walk to People's Line and Day Line Steamboats.

Connecting by Horse Cars every ten minutes and Omnibuses on arrival of Boats.

Its central location, being the nearest first-class Hotel to Railroads and Steamboats and the mercantile interests, makes it the most convenient and accessible Hotel in the City.

ROOMS WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.

Rates—\$1.00 per day and upward, for Rooms.

Rates for Board and Rooms—\$2.50 and \$3.00 per day.

Special rates will be made for large parties and permanent guests.

CEBRA QUACKENBUSH, Manager.

York to Albany in 1798. Then followed two great enterprises, ridiculed at the time by every one as the *Fulton Folly* and *Clinton's Ditch*—in other words, steam navigation, 1807, and the Erie Canal, 1825. Its name, as we said before, was given in honor of the Duke of Albany, although it is still claimed by some of the oldest inhabitants that, in the golden age of those far-off times, when the good old burghers used to ask for the welfare of their neighbors, the answer was always "All bonnie," and hence the name of the hill-crowned city.

And now, while waiting to "throw out the plank," which puts a period to our Hudson River Division, we feel like congratulating ourselves that the various goblins which once infested the river have become civilized, that the winds and tides have been conquered, and that the nine-day voyage of Hendrich Hudson and the "Half Moon" has been reduced to the *nine-hour system* of the "Albany" and the "Vibbard."

Those who have traveled over Europe will certainly appreciate the quiet luxury of an American steamer; and this first introduction to American scenery will always charm the tourist from other lands. Three years ago it was my privilege to visit some of the rivers and lakes of the old world, well known in song and story, but I imagine that no single day's journey in any land or on any stream can present such variety, interest, and beauty, as the trip of one hundred and forty-four miles from New York to Albany. The Hudson is indeed a goodly volume, with its broad covers of green *lying open* on either side; and it might in truth be called a *condensed* history, for there is no place in our country where poetry and romance are so strangely blended with the heroic and the historic,—no river where the waves of different civilizations have left so many waifs upon the banks. It is classic ground, from the "wilderness to the sea," and will always be

THE POETS' CORNER OF OUR COUNTRY;

the home of Irving, Willis, and Morris,—of Fulton, Morse, and Field,—of Cole, Audubon, and Church,—and scores besides, whose names are Household Words.

FROM ALBANY TO PITTSFIELD.

One of the pleasantest trips from Albany for the traveler or tourist, is via Boston and Albany Railroad through the pleasant towns of Schodack. Kinderhook, Chatham and Canaan, to

PITTSFIELD, which occupies the centre of the panorama of hills encircling the county of Berkshire. The county lies upon a grand plateau, having an average height of over 1,000 feet, and around this plateau rise hills of an average altitude of 1,800 feet above tide-water, or 800 feet above the park at Pittsfield. Greylock bounds the northern view, 3,505 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point in Massachusetts. The various branches of the Housatonic River here unite, filling the town with a network of "braided brooks," and there are besides, six beautiful lakelets, Onota, Pontoosuck, Richmond, Melville, Silver and Goodrich.

The town was first permanently settled in 1752, as the plantation of Pontoosuck, taking its name from that of the district, which means the "haunt of the winter deer," it being the favorite hunting-ground of the Mohegan Indians in winter. It was incorporated in 1761, by the name of Pittsfield, in honor of the great English Statesman who had been earnest in defending it against the French and Indians.

We recently came across a very readable book, "Taghconic—The Romance and Beauty of the Hills"—published last year, and we felt well paid in reading carefully its 373 pages. The article on the "Village Green," "Pontoosuc Lake," and "Perry's Peak," should be read by every visitor to Pittsfield. The description of the charming landscapes about Williamstown, and the views about "Greylock Hall," show that the writer had his heart in his work. On a following page we have ventured a description of our own, but we assure the reader that the full knowledge of this beautiful resort of the Berkshires is only to be obtained by personal visit. But to return to Pittsfield.

The "Maplewood Institute for Young Ladies" has a classic location, with grounds famous for their wealth of adornment and beauty. We present views in them furnished by our friends the principals. The institution has been known for nearly forty years, throughout New England and the entire country, as one of the most thorough and prosperous of its class. Among the first to provide for and give prominence to

gymnastic training and to afford ample cabinets and apparatus, it has done its work for a generation and is still doing it, in methods now much vaunted as novel and unheard of. The superiority of its advantages in music and drawing has long made it a resort for pupils ambitious for special culture in these branches. It has also recently instituted a course of study preparatory for admission to the most exacting of our colleges, besides its own regular collegiate course. One of the large buildings of the Institute has been specially fitted for summer guests, and its rooms



MAPLE AVENUE, MAPLEWOOD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

have for several seasons been so crowded that last year a large wing was added and also filled. The place is now widely and most favorably known as "Maplewood Hall," and will, no doubt, be filled the coming season under the management of Mr. A. R. Mathes, known to hosts of former friends as the proprietor of the Madison Square Family Hotel.

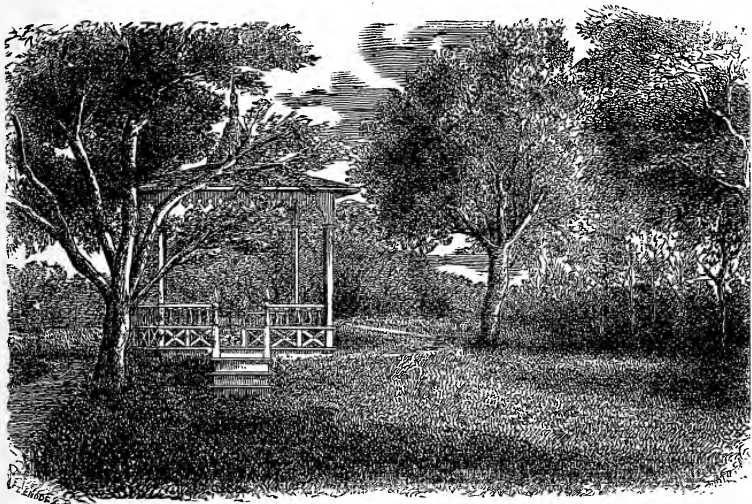
Pittsfield has now a population of 14,000, and is well known to the bu-



"MAPLEWOOD," PITTSFIELD, MASS.

business world, as it contains within its limits one of the oldest and safest Life Insurance Companies, viz.: the "Berkshire." They have a fine Building in the centre of the town, fire-proof, and the Company is as solid as the structure.

Pittsfield is not only the centre of wealth and refinement, and suggestive of the names, Bryant, Holmes and Longfellow, but also centrally located to points of interest, to wit: Monument Mountain, Greylock, the Hoosac Tunnel, Lebanon Springs, etc., and many places of interest, all



MAPLE WOOD GROUNDS.

within easy drive. In fact, the pleasantest drive we have had for many a day, was "In the leafy month of June," from Pittsfield to Lebanon Springs, at the invitation of Mr. James W. Hull. The mountain road was a little rough, but like Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, we beguiled the way with poetry of the olden time, until there suddenly burst upon us a vision of beauty, equal to anything which Chaucer or Spencer ever dreamed—the County of Columbia at our feet, reaching away to the Catskills.

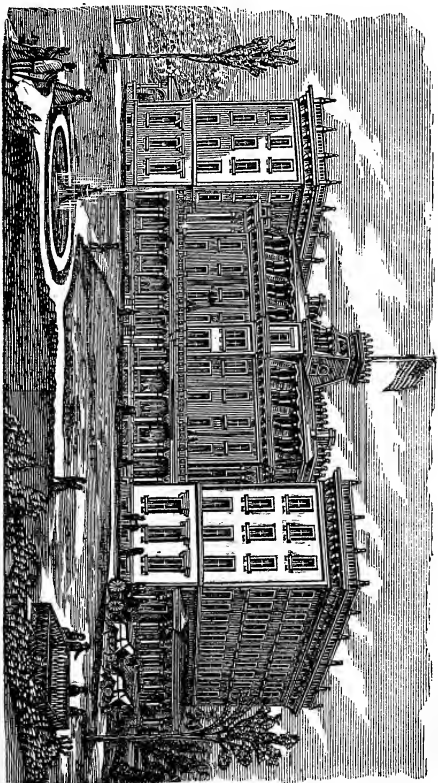
GREYLOCK HALL, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

GREYLOCK HALL, at the Sand Springs in Williamstown, Massachusetts, located in one of the most picturesque spots in the romantic valley of the Hoosac, has within a few years come to rival the most popular of the older watering places of a similar character. This is due in perhaps equal proportion to the singular combination of beauty and grandeur in the neighboring region, to the curative power of the waters and the woodland air, and to the excellence of the Hall as a Summer Hotel. North-west of Greylock, and north of the village and colleges of Williamstown, the valley expands into a bay-like opening among the mountains, which, as it is approached from different points presents varied aspects, all of them charming the spectator by their novel effects and bold graces. Far up this expansion upon a gentle slope, half wood, half lawn—among hills which a little way back grow to be mountains, stands the Hall outlining the dark background by its cheerful colors, and in the fashionable season by its brilliant display of animated life.

Very striking and pleasing is that strong contrast of glad human life with the almost primeval solitude in which it is set.

Unlike the neighboring forests, the near groves are mostly of pine with little or no undergrowth, affording delightful and unobstructed rambles as well as cool and pleasant shades for the dance and other amusements for which ample preparation is made.

A mountain trout-stream winds through the groves and lawns uniting a short distance below with the Hoosac river, which, a little way further on offers excellent facilities for boating on the course just improved by the Williams College students, by the munificence of Cyrus W. Field. By the bye, the colleges, just far enough off to be good neighbors, offer a pleasant visit to the guests of the hall whenever they may weary of their own round of pleasures; while the drives among scenes of nature's loveliness are varied by excursions to the Hoosac Tunnel, the curious manufactories at North Adams, and other interesting objects which abound in Northern Berkshire. The waters of the Sand Springs have a uniform temperature of 74° F. by analysis, and have the same general character as those of Lebanon Springs, Columbia Co., N. Y., but in their specific effects they resemble and rival the famous Missisquoi Springs of Vermont, being remarkably beneficial in rheumatic and cutaneous disorders. The neighboring people tell of marvellous cures performed by bathing in the waters before they became famous. They were first brought into note by Dr. Charles Bailey, a successful Pittsfield Physician who had tested them on several of his patients with the happiest results. Full provision is made for their use, either bathing or internally. Greylock Hall is a spacious building, furnished with all the luxuries of modern hotels. It has 165 feet frontage, is four stories high, and will accommodate 250 guests. The views from its windows and balconies are simply superb.



GREYLOCK HALL, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.
SWIFT & ADAMS, Proprietors.

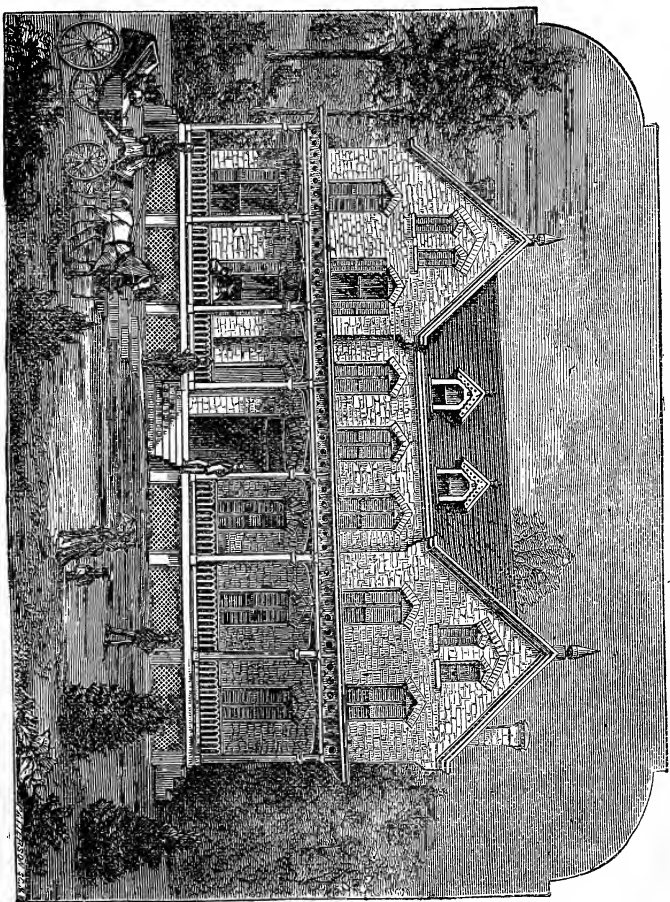
DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL COMPANY.

ALBANY AND SUSQUEHANNA DEPARTMENT.—There are few railroads in our country that possess for so many miles such variety and interest as the Albany and Susquehanna. All the way from Albany to Binghamton the hills and valleys, the streams, rivulets, and rivers form a succession of beautiful landscapes, framed in the moving panorama of a car window. The railroad follows the valleys of three streams—the Schoharie, the Cobleskill, and the Susquehanna.

Leaving Albany we pass through the little villages and stations of Adamsville, Slingerlands, New Scotland, Guilderland, Knowersville, Duaneburgh, Quaker Street, Esperance, and come to Central Bridge, thirty-six miles from Albany, the junction with the branch road for Schoharie Court-House and Middleburgh. Schoharie village, the county seat, is situated on Schoharie Flats. First settlement made in 1711. Population about fifteen hundred. The old stone church, erected in 1772, is now used as an arsenal. Three miles from Central Bridge, or thirty-nine miles from Albany, is the celebrated

HOWE'S CAVE, discovered on the 22d May, 1842, by Lester Howe. In interest and extent it is second only to the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and presents, in truth, a new world of beauty, with arches and walls reaching away for miles, of which perhaps the half is only discovered. Among the prominent points of interest in the cave are the following, as named by Mr. Howe:—

“Reception, or Lecture Room,” “Washington Hall,” “Bridal Chamber,” (temperature 48 deg. Fah.), where many have been nuptially tied, including the two daughters of the discoverer; “The Chapel,” some forty feet high; “Harlequin Tunnel,” “Cataract Hall,” “Ghost Room, or Haunted Castle,” “Music Hall,” “Stygian, or Crystal Lake.” At the foot of the lake there are several gas-burners, giving the visitor a beautiful view of that portion of the cave and lake, and the side grotto near by. From thence visitors proceed by boats across the



CAVE HOUSE, HOWE'S CAVE, N. Y.

J. M. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

Formerly of the Grand View and Laurel House, Catskill Mountains.

lake to "Plymouth Rock," and from thence continue the journey to the "Devil's Gateway," "The Museum," "Geological Rooms," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Giants' Study," "Pirates' Cave," "Rocky Mountains," "Valley of Jehoshaphat," "Winding Way," and "Rotunda." There are the usual formations, known as "Stalagmites" and "Stalactites," many of them singular in form and variety. In Washington Hall are two, named "Lady Washington's Hood" and "Washington's Epaulet;" and beyond these are "The Harp," and numberless others. At the head and foot of the lake there are two large stalagmites, the former large enough to fill the entire body of the cave, which has made it necessary to excavate an artificial passage around it. These are among the most wonderful formations in the cave, and of particular interest to the geological and scientific student.

We are only able to mark out the route in this hasty manner. To speak of all the objects of interest would draw us aside from the purpose of a general guide. The "Cave House" is a fine hotel, recently erected at the mouth of the cave, and the wants of the tourist and explorer will be carefully attended to. Every one should visit Howe's Cave, and see these real Arabian Night beauties, so near the capital of the Empire State.

The next station is Cobleskill, forty-five miles from Albany. This rich and fertile valley was called by the Indians Ots-ga-ra-ga. The village is thriving and flourishing. Smith's "National Hotel" is one of the best on the route, and decidedly the best in the place. This is also the junction of the Cherry Valley Branch, which passes through Hyndsville, Seward, and Sharon Springs.

SHARON SPRINGS, once the rival of Saratoga, is located *in a valley on a hill*. The streets are well shaded, and the Sulphur Water is well known for its medicinal qualities. The largest hotel is the Pavilion, and the pleasantest, near the depot, is known as Feather's Hotel. The next station to Sharon is Cherry Valley, a pleasant town in the north-east corner of Otsego Co., and from this point a stage connects with Richfield Springs. Returning to Cobleskill, we pursue our route westward on the main line

of the Albany and Susquehanna. We pass through Richmondville, lying in a valley on our left, East Worcester, Worcester, Schenevus and Maryland, to the junction of the Cooperstown and Susquehanna Valley Railroad for

COOPERSTOWN, one of the pleasantest villages in New York, and one of the classic points of our country. It is situated on the shore of Otsego, a beautiful lake worthy of being the fountain head of the bright flowing Susquehanna. The lake is said to be about 1,200 feet above the sea. Like Lake Mahopac, it is literally surrounded with beauty; and like



GENERAL VIEW OF RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.

Irvington or Tarrytown, Cooperstown is one of the literary Meccas of our country, and, by all means, the place to read the works of Cooper. The principal hotels are the Cooper House, a summer hotel, 80 feet above the lake, with a park of seven acres, and the Hotel Fenimore, open the entire year, with a fine location in the central part of the village, near the lake, and one of the finest in our State.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS.—The route to this popular resort, via Cooperstown and Otsego Lake, is one of the most charming, romantic and de-

lightful of any trip designated in our Guide, and the village and surroundings of Richfield are worthy of the increasing tide of visitors. Of course persons in a hurry will take a Drawing-Room Coach at the New York Central Depot, via Utica, and arrive at Richfield Springs in eight hours; but a little steamboating and coaching—ten miles via the Natty Bumpo steamer, and six or seven miles by stage—give variety to the route.

Richfield Springs is situated on an elevated plateau two thousand feet above tide water, and has all the requisites of health and beauty, surrounded by mountains and lakes on every hand.

Canadarago Lake is about three-fourths of a mile directly south from



VIEW OF CANADARAGO LAKE.

the Springs, five miles long, and one and a-half miles wide, surrounded by wood-covered mountain ranges, and abounding in excellent fish. The drives around and to the different lakes that gem the mountains, and along the streams that braid the valleys, often detain the casual visitor; for Mr. Seward expressed something besides poetry in prose in his oration of July 4th, 1840, when he said: "I have desired to see for myself the valleys of Otsego, through which the Susquehanna extends his arms and entwines his fingers with the tributaries of the Mohawk, as if to divert that gentle river from its allegiance to the Hudson."

THE SPRING HOUSE, the largest hotel, has a fine location in the midst of a beautiful park, tastefully laid out with flower beds. The hotel has accommodations for six hundred guests, and is under the efficient management of T. R. Proctor, of the Baggs Hotel, Utica N. Y. The famous Sulphur Spring is on the grounds of the Spring House.



SPRING HOUSE PARK.

In our detour from the main line of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, we have omitted to mention that the Albany and Susquehanna after leaving the Cooperstown and Richfield Branch, passes south-west through Collier's and Emmons', to Oneonta, one of the most stirring villages on the route. The next station is Otego. From this point stages connect with the pleasant village of Franklin, passing through Well's Bridge, Unadilla, Sidney, (with its branch road to Delhi), Afton, and Harpersville, we come to the Tunnel, 127 miles from New York. Then passing through Osborn Hollow and Port Crane, we come to Binghamton, and complete the equilateral triangle—New York, Albany, and Binghamton. It is a flourishing city of 16,000 inhabitants, and has complete railway connections with the Erie, the Delaware Lackawanna and Western, and Syracuse and Binghamton Railways. The best Hotel is the "Spaulding House."

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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BREECH LOADING

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ALSO CARTRIDGES, PRIMERS, BULLETS. SHOT-SHELLS, LOADING
IMPLEMENTS, RIFLE CANES, &C., &C.

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(Keen's Patent.)

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Remington Sewing Machine.

This Machine has a large Arm, self-threading Shuttle,
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without running Machine. Plated Hand-Wheel. Cast-
ors on stands. Large Balance-Wheel.

It Has No Superior.

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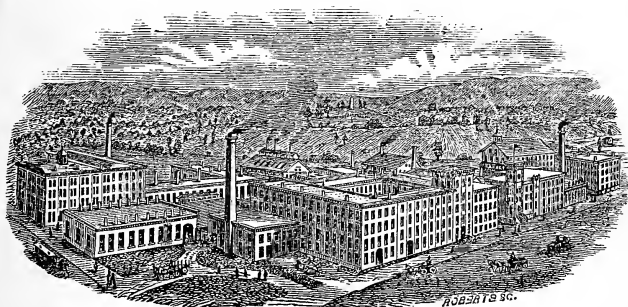
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TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS AND NIAGARA FALLS.

LEAVING Albany we pass through Schenectady, Fonda, Palatine Bridge, Little Falls, Herkimer, and Ilion, to Utica.

LITTLE FALLS is a flourishing village, seventy-four miles from Albany, and is situated in the wildest and most romantic part of the Mohawk Valley.

ILION is a pleasant village, and will interest the tourist and traveler as the place where the celebrated Remington fire-arms are manufactured. Some months ago we were kindly shown through these extensive works, and we take pleasure in calling the attention of the reader to their business announcement on the opposite page.



REMINGTON ARMORY.—E. REMINGTON & SONS, ILION, N. Y.

UTICA—the first express station—ninety-five miles from Albany. This in continental days, was the site of old Fort Schuyler, and now one of the most flourishing towns in Central New York. It is the landing-place for Trenton Falls and Richfield Springs. The attractions in and about Utica will well repay an extended visit.

THE UTICA AND BLACK RIVER RAILROAD, from Utica to Clayton, has opened up a route to the North Woods, and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, making this one of the pleasantest routes to this attractive

THE



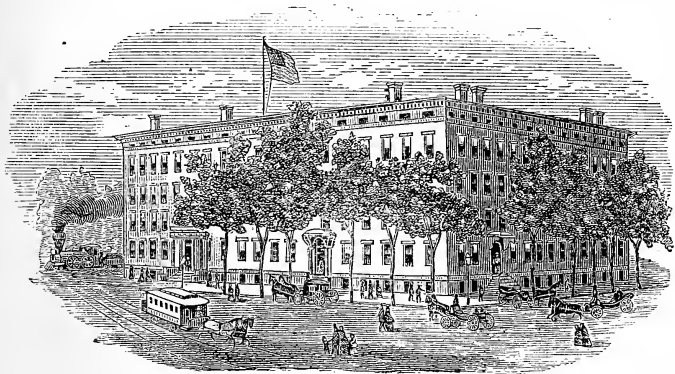
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Skill and fidelity in manufacture,
Tasteful and excellent improvements,
Elegant variety of designs,
Yielding unrivaled tones.

Address for Illustrated Catalogue,

J. ESTEY & CO.,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

country. Persons on the way to Trenton Falls or Richfield Springs will find Baggs' Hotel (a cut of which is here given), by far the pleasantest and most convenient. It has long been known as the best in Utica, or on the line of the Central Railroad. Tourists who fail to connect with trains, or who wish to rest a few hours in comfort, will find themselves in the hands of courteous and gentlemanly proprietors. Mr. Proctor of New York, and Mr. Chamberlain of the Delavan House, Albany, and the Clarendon Saratoga Springs. It is only a few steps from the station, and does away with an Omnibus, that last relic of barbarism.



BAGGS' HOTEL.

T. R. PROCTOR, Proprietor.

TRENTON FALLS.—Taking the Utica and Black River Railroad, sixteen miles bring us to Trenton Falls, one of the most charming and romantic summer resorts on the continent. For the last ten years we have heard of these beautiful waterfalls, located in what Willis has styled an “alcove,” aside from the main line of travel, “fifteen miles at right angles from the general procession, a side scene out of ear-shot from the crowd,” but it was not until the middle of June, 1874, that good fortune conducted us thither, and led us by the hand from rock to rock, from cascade to waterfall, through all that realm of enchanting beauty. The hotel, a short distance from this mountain glen,

is a model of summer resorts, and its proprietor, Mr. M. Moore, is an educated gentleman. The first rural resort of this place was built by Mr. John Sherman, a graduate of Yale, 1793. Hither some forty years



SHERMAN FALL.

ago Mr. Moore, present proprietor, came like Hiawatha of old, and found his Minnehaha, great grand-daughter of Roger Sherman, a line more illustrious even than the tribe of the Dakotahs. It is said that on his return to Manhattan he was not unmindful of the vision, and always heard the Falls of Trenton

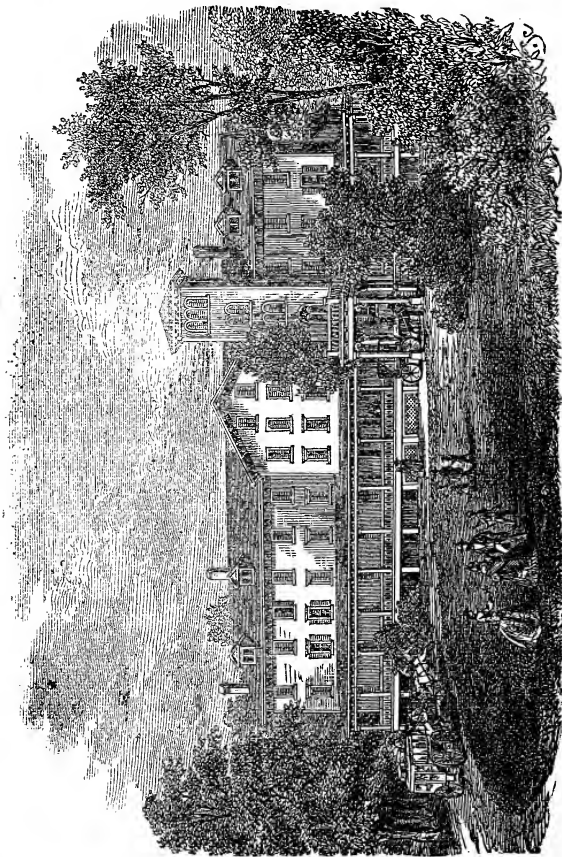
“Calling to him through the distance,
Calling to him from afar off.”

So much for his personal history, which we only mention as evidence that fiction is but the *shadow* of truth. We arrived at Trenton a little before six, and at once descended the stairs to the natural pavement, which for two miles, level with the water's edge, borders the left side of the stream. This is the pleasantest hour of the day for lonely rambles like these, and the falling water at eventide has all the melody of sadness. Passing a few rods up the stream, over fossil formation which recount fifty million years of history, and under overhanging rock, every leaf of whose folds has been a recording page for science, we suddenly come in full view of Sherman Fall. Here, it is said, a fairy (perhaps great grand-daughter of Undine) occasionally dances through the mist “modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colors when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties.” The Fall has been poetically styled by Mrs. Kemble,

“The daughter of heaven and earth,
With dark eyes, white feet, and amber hair.”

In no place, save the northern Highlands of Scotland, have we seen such amber foam, and such dark headlong flow of river. The arrowy Rhone is not swifter, the Falls of Foyers are not so beautiful. High Falls are forty rods beyond, a succession of lovely cascades, one over forty feet in height. Here we have the whole organ choir, from the tenor and treble of the sheet of water on the right, to the deep bass of the heavy fall on the left. Above this, the Mill Dam Fall and the Alhambra with its cascade, and still further on the Rocky Heart, a good spot for lovers to propose in by way of contrast. We can only point out these beauties in a general way. Even the guide book of N. P. Willis, the poet of descriptive language, fails to do Trenton Falls justice, although it is a model handbook of its kind. It is a place to

be visited. Go! Pursuing our journey up the Black River Railroad we pass through Prospect to Boonville, a flourishing village thirty-five miles from Utica. Here are good hotels, and large numbers annually



MOORE'S HOTEL, TRENTON FALLS, N. Y.

M. MOORE, Proprietor.

Three Express Trains Daily each way.

visit Old Forge and Moose Lakes, the best Sporting grounds of the Adirondacks. Lyons Fall, forty six miles from Utica, is a wild romantic and much frequented spot. The High Falls (glimpses of which are seen from the train,) are well worth visiting. We now pass 30 miles through the beautiful valley of the Black River to

LOWVILLE, sixty miles from Utica, one of the most beautiful villages in northern New York, noted for its fine drives, shady walks, and excellent hotels. From this point it is only 18 miles to Fentons, a good hotel in the famous John Brown's Tract, where sportsmen and tourists can voyage in boats scores of miles through rivers and beautiful lakes in the very heart of an unbroken wilderness. The Lowville Mineral Springs, are only one mile from the station.

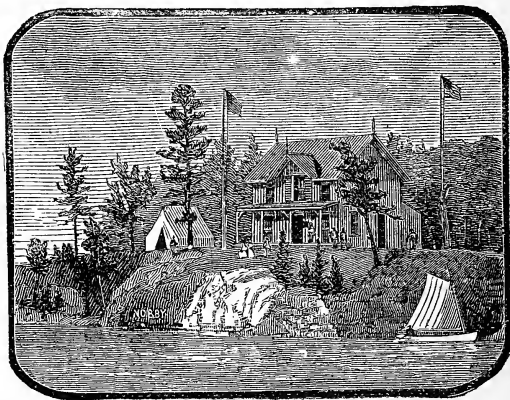
CARTHAGE, with its celebrated water power is seventy-four miles from Utica. Here the traveler can turn aside to

WATERTOWN, a city of great manufacturing interest, beautifully laid out and containing elegant residences. Sackett's Harbor is only 12 miles from Watertown, one of the oldest places in the State. Pursuing the direct route to the Thousand Islands, the tourist passes through Philadelphia to Clayton, where Steamers connect for

ALEXANDRIA BAY.—For all other points of the route we refer the reader to the fine map of the *Utica and Black River R. R.*, printed on the back of the Hudson River map in this Guide—also an advertising page which sets forth briefly the main features of the route. Alexandria Bay is in our opinion the finest point of the Thousand Islands, and we have no brighter remembrance, or experience, than our Yachting and Boat experience at the Crossmon House. This Hotel has two fine steam pleasure Yachts, which make two trips daily between the Crossmon and Brockville a model Canadian town 24 miles down the river, a delightful portion of the river scenery. The "Centennial" Hall on the Hotel Pleasure Grounds, is also something new, and will furnish Pleasure Seekers, with luxuries and necessities. The Thousand Islands, 1800 in reality, extend about forty miles, and vary in size from a few feet in diameter to three hundred acres. We present a view of one of the finest on the following page, "Nobby Island." In the summer of 1873 we lingered for three days in this fairy land, (owned by Mr. Henry R. Heath and Charles S. Goodwin of New York,) and full of "poetry," we thought

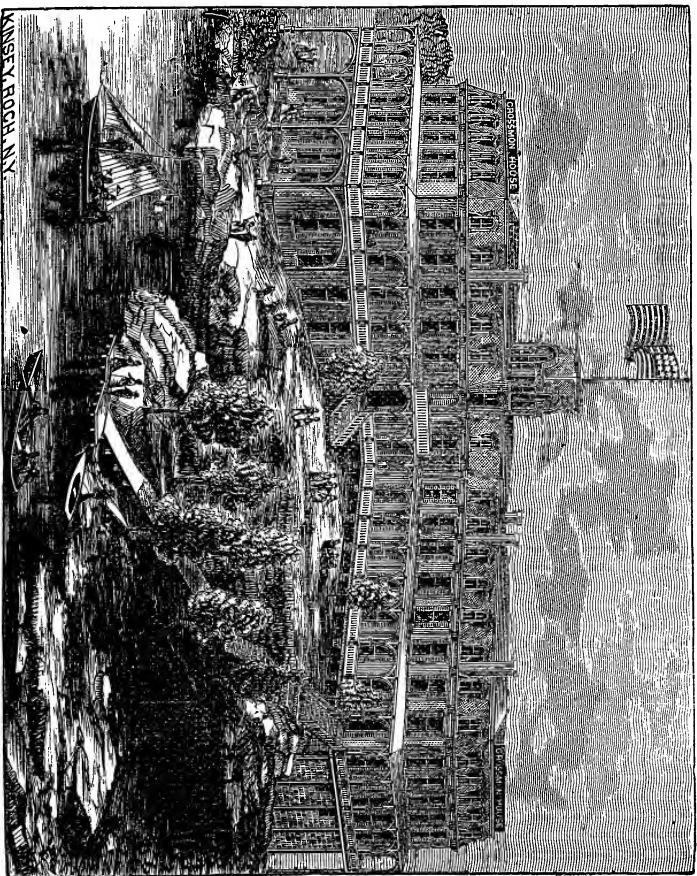
of Miranda, although she wasn't along ; of Enoch Arden ; Alexander Selkirk ; Helen Douglas, and twenty other island homes.

There is probably no river or lake in the world more romantic and delightful than this section of the St. Lawrence; and we imagine these islands furnish a good foundation for a *rural Venice*. During the summer of 1872, President Grant and family, General Phil. Sheridan, &c., were domiciled nearest neighbors to Nobby Island.



NOBBY ISLAND.

The Crossmon House is the pleasantest, best kept, and most popular hotel at Alexandria Bay, in fact the pleasantest on the St. Lawrence river from Lake Ontario to Montreal. It has accomodations for over 300 guests, is lighted throughout with gas, supplied with pure river water (as poetic as that of Lake Katrine, which supplies the city of Glasgow,) with electric bells, and admirably finished from rocky foundation to mansard roof. The excellence of its table has been known for 30 years, when it was only a fishing resort "A cottage by the Bay." Tom Moore's Canadian Boat Song "Row Brothers row," and several minor poets have localized many an island, from "Harts," to the "Devil's Oven."



CROSSMON HOUSE, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

C. CROSSMON & SON, Proprietors.

The Favorite Route for Fashionable Pleasure Travel.
UTICA & BLACK RIVER RAILROAD.

**The only all Rail Route to the Thousand Islands,
AND SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE FROM EASTERN POINTS**

TO ALL POINTS IN

NORTHERN NEW YORK, THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE & CANADA,

CONNECTING AT

CLAYTON, ALEXANDRIA BAY, BROCKVILLE AND PRESCOTT,

WITH THE ROYAL MAIL LINE OF STEAMERS FOR MONTREAL, &c.,

**Passing the Thousand Islands and Rapids of the River St. Lawrence
BY DAYLIGHT.**

For Description of Route, see pages 97, 98, 99, &c., of this GUIDE.

For Map and Connections, see pages on the back of HUDSON RIVER MAP.

Wagner Sleeping Car attached to train, leaving Grand Central Depot New York, at 8:30 p.m.; Albany 1:50 a.m.; arriving at Watertown 9:20 a.m.; Clayton 10:00 a.m.; Alexandria Bay 10:00 a.m.; Ogdensburg 11 a.m. Breakfast, Lowville, 7:30 a.m.

Time by this train, New York to Alexandria, 14½ hours, or over 3 hours quicker than via any other route.

THREE THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE UTICA DAILY.

Only route connecting with Special Chicago and Second Pacific Express Trains. The fastest and best trains on N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R. Twenty miles the shortest; 1¼ to 3½ hours quickest route to Clayton and Alexandria Bay from New York, Albany, Boston, etc.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN UTICA AND CLAYTON.

WAGNER'S PALACE SLEEPING CARS RUN THROUGH WITHOUT ANY CHANGE OR DELAY, BETWEEN

NEW YORK AND CLAYTON (Thousand Islands.)

**This Route is noted for its magnificent Scenery, including the Wonderful
TRENTON FALLS AND LYONS' FALLS.**

Through Tickets, via this Line, to all points in

NORTHERN NEW YORK AND CANADA.

ALSO, EXCURSION TICKETS TO

**CLAYTON, ALEXANDRIA BAY, OR MONTREAL
AND RETURN, AT REDUCED RATES,**

Can be obtained at all principal Railway ticket offices, and at the office of the DAY LINE, or PEOPLE'S LINE STEAMERS, in New York.

IF YOU CANNOT GET THROUGH TICKETS, BUY TO UTICA ONLY.

THEO. BUTTERFIELD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent, Utica, N. Y.

J. F. MAYNARD,
General Superintendent.

Returning to Utica from our pleasant excursion to Trenton Falls and the Thousand Islands, we resume our western route, passing through Rome, Oneida, Chittenango and Manlius, to

SYRACUSE, 148 miles from Albany, the most flourishing and enterprising city of Central New York. The Vanderbilt House, a cut of which is here given, is the finest hotel in the city. Mr. O. E. Allen, its popular proprietor, has made improvements during the last winter which makes the "Vanderbilt" as complete as any hotel on the line of the N. Y. Central—elevator, electric bells, and everything complete. It can now be said that Syracuse has a hotel worthy of the city.

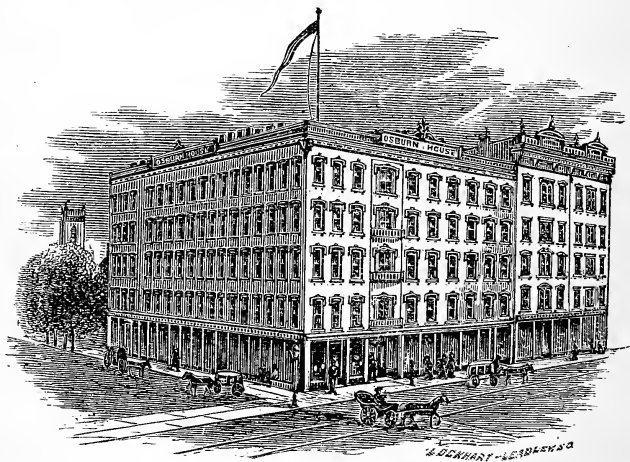


VANDERBILT HOUSE, O. E. ALLEN, PROPRIETOR.

Syracuse is the centre of the salt interest of the State. The principal railroad connections are with Binghamton and Oswego. Here also the New York Central Railroad diverges, familiarly known as the old and new roads; the old road passes through Geneva, connecting with steamer for Watkins' Glen; the new road passes through Clyde, Lyons, and Palmyra, meeting again at

ROCHESTER, 229 miles from Albany, the finest city of Western New York, and, in many particulars, the finest in the State. As we come into the city we cross the Genesee river, just above the Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch made the last extempore effort of his life. The Genesee

see has a fine water power, and the Falls once furnished successful inspiration to one of Daniel Webster's celebrated speeches. The best hotel is the "Osburn House," centrally located, a cut of which is here given. It has been known for many years to the public as the very best hotel in the State, as to convenience of arrangement, the care and *cuisine* of table and general hospitality. In the hands of Messrs. Buck & Sanger it has a reputation second to none from New York to Chicago.



OSBURN HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y., BUCK & SANGER, PROPRIETORS.

Passing through Brockport, Albion, Medina, and Lockport, we come to SUSPENSION BRIDGE, 304 miles from Albany, the first great enterprise of the New World; for, without being personal, there was certainly "a great gulf fixed" between the United States and Canada, until one day a little kite-string drew a wire across the chasm, and the wire grew and multiplied until the spider-like art hung a thousand tons in equipoise. Two miles now bring us to

NIAGARA FALLS, and, making our way through throngs of porters and

carriages, we soon find ourselves safely and quietly located in the pleasant rooms of the "International,"—appropriately named, for scenery like Niagara, even if Canada were a part of our country, could never belong to one nation or people. It is *International*. It belongs to the world. We regret that we have not one of the new cuts of the "International" for our Guide Book, but in lieu of a better one, we present



THE INTERNATIONAL
HOTEL COMPANY }

ALVA CLUCK,
MANAGER.

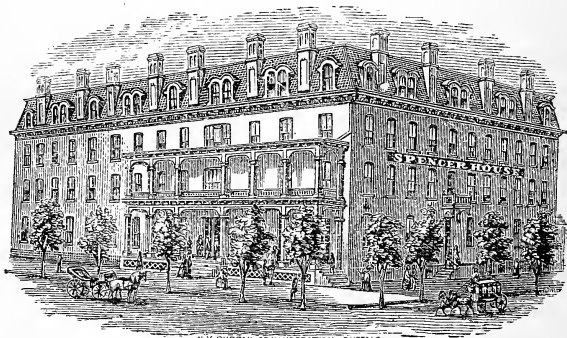
{ A. CLUCK.
H. S. WARE.
F. R. DELANO.

the one that we have. It is now under the management of the International Hotel Company, and has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished. It is built entirely of stone, rendering its rooms, which are unusually large and spacious, and well ventilated, delightfully cool during the summer months. It has three stairways and an elevator leading from every floor, thus affording ample egress in the event of fire. It is furnished

with all modern improvements, and from many of the rooms an extensive view of Niagara may be obtained.

No more delightful spot can be imagined than Niagara in summer. The cooling breezes caused by the rushing water, the shady groves, the mighty cataracts, render this favorite resort the most refreshing and delightful spot where the debilitating months of summer may be passed. One thing is true—a week at Niagara is none too long. Do not rush through it in a day. Study it slowly and learn it well.

We also take pleasure in introducing the Spencer House to our readers, well known to Niagara visitors by many years of successful management. It has received from all parties the highest testimonials for ex-



N.Y. BUREAU OF ILLUSTRATION - BUFFALO.

SPENCER HOUSE.

A. CLUCK, PROPRIETOR.

treme neatness and excellence of table. Charles Dickens said he got the best roast beef here that he had found since leaving England. In fact, the hotel has been singularly fortunate in receiving encomiums from distinguished travelers. Wilkie Collins remarked, "it was not a hotel, but a home;" and Clara Louisa Kellogg testifies to the excellence of the viands by always remaining over a day whenever she is in the vicinity of the falls.

Every room in the house, although new, has already its traditions of the many illustrious people who have sojourned therein. The house is open at all times of the year, and in the winter season large parties now come from Philadelphia and New York, sure of good care, and of taking Niagara at its best. The hotel is largely patronized by Philadelphia and Boston; of late years many from New York have taken rooms.

At this point we take the liberty of saying, as advice to the Tourist: either secure your carriages at the hotel, where you are stopping, or make a clear bargain with the driver. If this is duly observed, there need be no fear of imposition, at least on the American side. We have seen some strange and really funny things, on the Canadian side. We have in mind one individual fleeing from the coming wrath of an exorbitant hackman, and the driver in hot pursuit. We will also say: Mark out your line of travel for the day, and don't be gulled by useless museums; many people have been deterred from visiting Niagara, by fear of exorbitant prices. But it is now in good hands, and we think we are correct in saying, that in no place does the tourist see as much, or enjoy more for the money spent.

During the last two years the surroundings of the Falls have been greatly improved on the American side, and a fine park enclosed, and laid out in walks. It was quite the thing to do, and the improvement is worth more than the extra quarter the owner demands. It is now secure, even for children and absent-minded lovers. The walled battlements present safe stand-points which command the finest views. This project at first created quite a sensation among the rural people near Niagara, but now it is universally conceded to be a great benefit, especially to tourists and travelers who appreciate the comforts of civilized life.

With this introduction we will now proceed to take a look at the scenery. The American Fall (900 feet across, 164 feet high) is only a short distance from the village. We have seen pictures of these Falls, from Church's masterpiece to the hastily-engraved cut of a guide-book. We all have an idea how the Falls look, but they never speak to us until we have looked over that deep abyss, and up the stream which ever rushes on, like an army to battle, and down the crowded chasm,

The "CLIFTON,"

SITUATED ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER,

Is Positively the Only First-Class Hotel

From the Rooms and Balconies of which

A Full View of the Falls

MAY BE HAD.

Each night the American Falls will be illuminated by the Electric Light, producing the rare and beautiful phenomenon of the lunar bow.

REMEMBER! from no other Hotel at Niagara can a view of the Falls and Electric Light be had.

It is only seen from the "CLIFTON."

Stages and Porters meet all Trains at Niagara Falls,
N. Y.

For information or rooms, address,

COLBURN & M^COMBER,

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The best hotel on the Canada side, and it is *par excellence*, is the CLIFTON HOUSE which, perhaps, enjoys the finest location of any Hotel at Niagara for *continuous companionship* with the Falls. Here, a person can sit upon the verandah or in his own room, and realize that he is at Niagara. There is no need of going anywhere to *look after* the Falls. The "Clifton House" is within ten minutes' walk of the American side, just over the new Suspension Bridge. We call the attention of the reader to the principal attractions of this Hotel, which we have condensed on the opposite page. A pleasant run of an hour up the American side of Niagara river brings us to

BUFFALO, a flourishing city of 125,000 inhabitants. It has a fine commercial location at the foot of Lake Erie, on the main line of the New York and Central R.R. Its main street and thoroughfares are well laid out, and everything reveals thrift and prosperity. The Tift House is a pleasant hotel in the heart of the city, but

PIERCE'S PALACE HOTEL, about ten minutes' drive from the depot by carriage, or fifteen minutes by horse-car, is the most beautiful and commodious hotel and summer resort we have visited for many a day. The architectural features and interior finish are said to be the finest in the world. Its surroundings are beautiful, and the view from window and turret is grand and extensive.

From Niagara tourists may make the round trip to Montreal, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and Saratoga, or the still longer round trip to Montreal, the Green and White Mountains, and so to New York, *via* Portland and Boston. Tourists taking either of these trips have *two routes* to Montreal—one *via* the Grand Trunk Railroad, the other *via* that down the Lake and St. Lawrence. The rapids and islands are interesting features of the route as indicated in our description of the Thousand Islands.

TORONTO is an interesting place to visit, known as the Queen City of Western Canada. Its handsome bay, its fine lake port, its commercial enterprise and its public buildings, are everywhere noted. The best hotel of the city is "The Queen's." The population of Toronto is about 70,000.

CLEVELAND. The pleasantest route to the great West is, in our opinion, the Hudson River and the New York Central, and the Michigan and Lake Shore Railroads, and the pleasantest city is Cleveland, Ohio. It was originally settled by persons from New Haven, and we see the mother's beauty inherited by her fair daughter; in fact, the public squares and noble avenues are the finest in the land. The tourist should make this his resting-place on the way to Chicago, and take a drive on "Eu-



KENNARD HOUSE.
D. McCLASKY, PROPRIETOR.

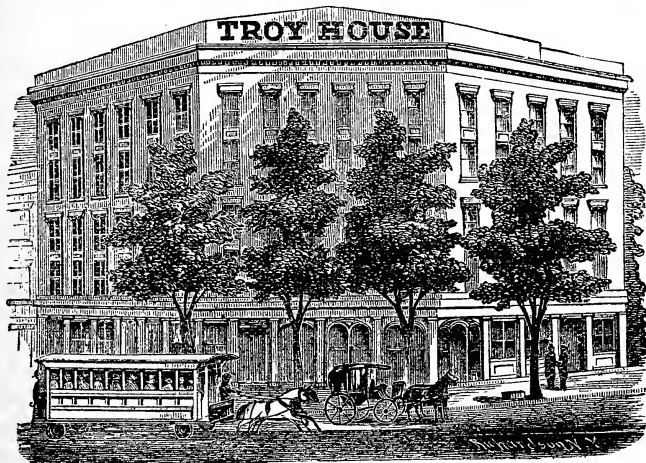
clid Avenue." This avenue is pronounced by many travelers the finest in the world. For two miles it presents an unbroken vista of all that is pleasant in trees, shrubbery, and architecture.

The finest hotel is the Kennard House, a cut of which is here given, where the traveler will find everything for his comfort and convenience. It is a first-class house in every particular. The only Hotel in Cleveland with an elevator, and its popular proprietor is known from New York to San Francisco.

SARATOGA, LAKE GEORGE, AND PLATTSBURG.

From Albany we take the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad (division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company) direct to Saratoga, or by way of

TROY, at the head of tide-water, the enterprising city of the Hudson. In fact, it might be considered the *live* town of the river.



TROY HOUSE.

B. F. STILES, Proprietor.

The best hotel is the Troy House, corner First and River streets, and we take pleasure in presenting and endorsing the following brevities: "The Troy House is the leading and only first-class house in the city. Recently refurnished, electric bells, telephone, telegraph office, and every convenience that health and comfort can suggest; a table supplied with all the delicacies of the season; attentive and courteous employees, all striving to please; location central, being among the leading mercantile interests and public buildings of the city, and within two

minutes' walk of the landing of the palace steamboats 'Saratoga' and 'City of Troy,' Daily line to New York, and four blocks from Union R.R. depot, making it the most convenient and accessible house in the city. Free 'bus' to and from the house."

From this point we take the Rensselaer and Saratoga R. R., and pass through Waterford, Cohoes and Mechanicville, to

ROUND LAKE, seen on the right, with its pleasant cottages.

BALLSTON SPA, 25 miles from Troy, is a quiet and pleasant place, and at one time was the rival of Saratoga. Seven miles more bring us to

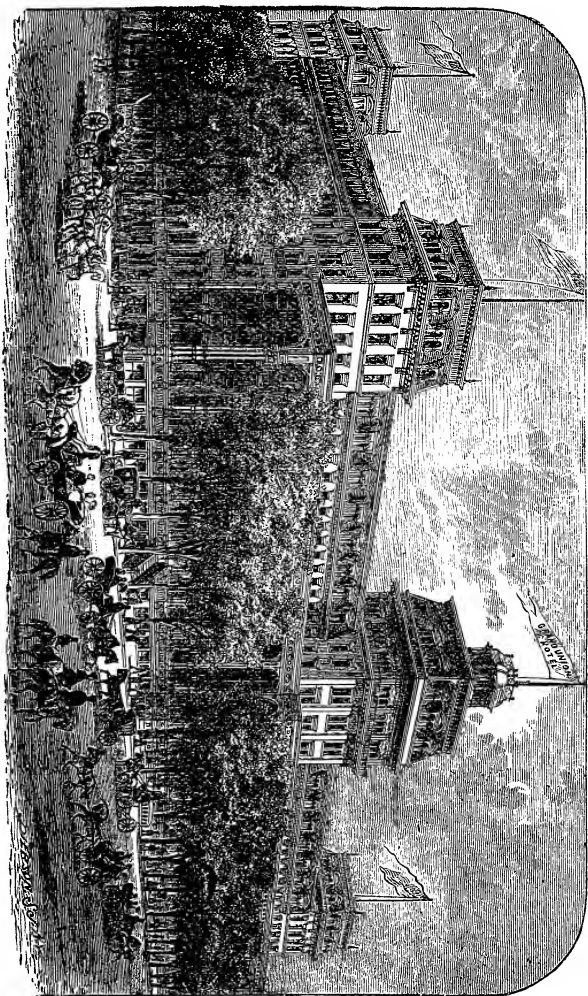
SARATOGA SPRINGS, thirty-two miles from Troy, 182 from New York.

The principal features of Saratoga are the springs and the hotels, and these are in profusion on every hand. Our first duty will be to locate at a hotel, and we will commence with a description of the largest, and after we are duly located, we will then refer to the principal springs, the Lake and our favorite walks in the vicinity.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, a view of which is given on the opposite page, is the largest hotel on this continent, and pronounced by every one the finest in the world. It was purchased four years ago by the late A. T. Stewart, or rather the site on which the present structure now stands, for year by year it has developed new beauty, and stands to-day the model of strength and architectural symmetry. It was, indeed, fortunate for Saratoga, that Mr. Stewart became interested in the growth and welfare of the place, and we take pleasure in repeating a paragraph which recently fell under our notice, "that Mr. Stewart had matured plans insuring the enjoyment and convenience of the guests for the coming season surpassing in liberality all past years, and with the intention of making the Grand Union the most elegant watering place hotel on this continent," and these plans will be fully carried out by those having charge of his estate.

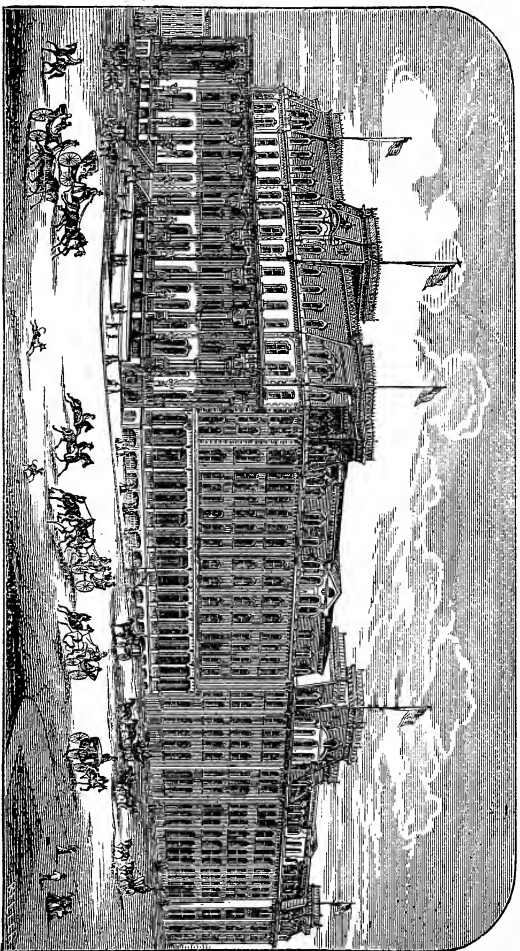
The hotel has been considerably enlarged since the past season, adding about 125 rooms, and parlors, which will make over three hundred suites of apartments, with bath-rooms and all conveniences. The dining-room has also been extended almost one hundred feet, and is undoubtedly the finest in the world. The new ball-room is magnificently

GRAND UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—H. CLAIR, LESSEE.



proportioned and elegantly decorated. "The Genius of America," Yvon's grand Centennial picture, painted for Mr. Stewart, will occupy the entire end of the room. The music during the season will be supplied by Gilmore's famous band, and concerts will be given each morning upon the piazza, and hops every evening in the ball-room. It is impossible to condense in the brief space of a general guide, one half of the attractive features of the Union. Its graceful verandas always cool and shaded, its magnificent park filled with trees of twenty years' growth, its Opera Hall directly opposite, its cheerful cottages, its airy and beautiful office, with dome rising eighty feet above the marble pavement, with a terrace overlook from every floor, its splendid dining-room, to which we have already referred, all combine to render this one of the most charming hotels in the world. The grounds and buildings now cover a space seven acres in extent, and the hotel presents a street frontage of fifteen hundred feet. The house is newly refurnished throughout in the most elegant manner, and its destiny is secure in the hands of Mr. Clair, its popular manager.

UNITED STATES HOTEL. This hotel, erected on the site of the old 'United States,' is a mammoth and stupendous structure. It was commenced in 1873. We see it as we approach the station, with its long line of cottages on one side, and its long wing on the other, reaching almost to the railroad track as if standing with open arms, awaiting the tourist and traveler. In the June number of the *College Spectator*, published at Saratoga Springs, there is a full description of its stupendous proportions, from which we quote the following: "The building occupies a plot of ground of seven acres in extent, in the form of an irregular pentagon. It has a frontage on Broadway, of two hundred and thirty-two feet, six inches, and a frontage of five hundred and three feet on Division street, also a frontage of one hundred and fifty-three feet on Railroad Place. The architectural features of the main building, present the Norman style of architecture. The grand ball room is located in the second story of the railroad front, fifty feet wide, by one hundred and twelve feet long. The main building is six stories in height, the sixth story being the mansard roof." Although Saratoga



UNITED STATES HOTEL, Saratoga Springs.
TOMPKINS, GAGE & CO., Proprietors.

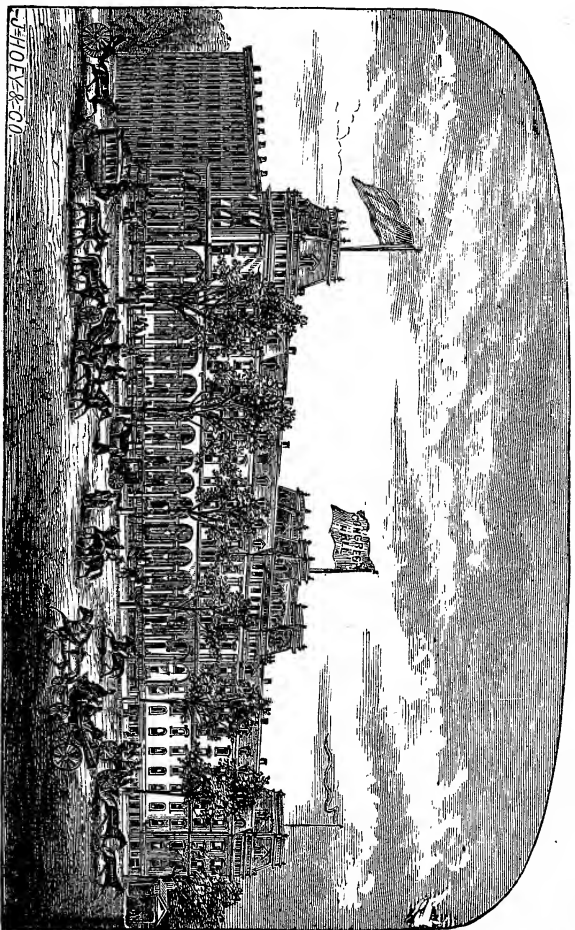
is naturally a sandy place, this hotel, every foot of it, is "founded on a rock," and has in every sense one of the finest foundations in the world, resting on the solid Silurian formation of its old reputation, and on the successful management of Tompkins, Gage & Co.

The Hotel enterprise of our country rather surprises even a European traveler. And, in fact, it is a marvel to find a city of hotels in a country so new as the United States. This building is a fit type of the growth of our country, and speaks well for a Centennial of prosperity. With such enterprise, wealth, and foresight directing the affairs of Saratoga, this watering place has no occasion to fear the future. It is the morning of her history;

"For we are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of our times."

CONGRESS HALL is built on the site of the famous hotel, the "Congress" of early Saratoga, and is drawn up, as it were, rank and file, front to front with the Grand Union. It has a frontage on Broadway, the gay thoroughfare of Saratoga, of 416 feet, and its beautiful promenade piazza, twenty feet wide, is one of the best commanding points to take in the "ebb and flow" of this fashionable city. It is the most central to the principal springs. Flanked on one side by "Congress Spring" and its beautiful park, on the other by the "Hathorn," and on the rear the well-known "Hamilton Spring," its fine location, its beautiful rooms, its large halls and well-shaded piazzas and graceful architecture, place it among the three great hotels of Saratoga. Congress Hall was purchased in 1878 by Mr. W. H. Clement, of Cincinnati, O., President of the Cincinnati and Southern Railroad Co., and Mr. John Cox, of New York, gentlemen of wealth and enterprise, who have placed it under the following admirable management:

Mr. H. S. Clement, late one of the proprietors of the well-known Lindell Hotel, of St. Louis, and formerly one of the proprietors of the Congress Hall in 1870 and 1871; and Mr. Wilkinson, formerly one of the managers of the Grand Union, Saratoga, have taken the control of Congress Hall, and intend to make it equal in every particular to the best hotels of Saratoga or the Continent. The proprietors know the old



CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

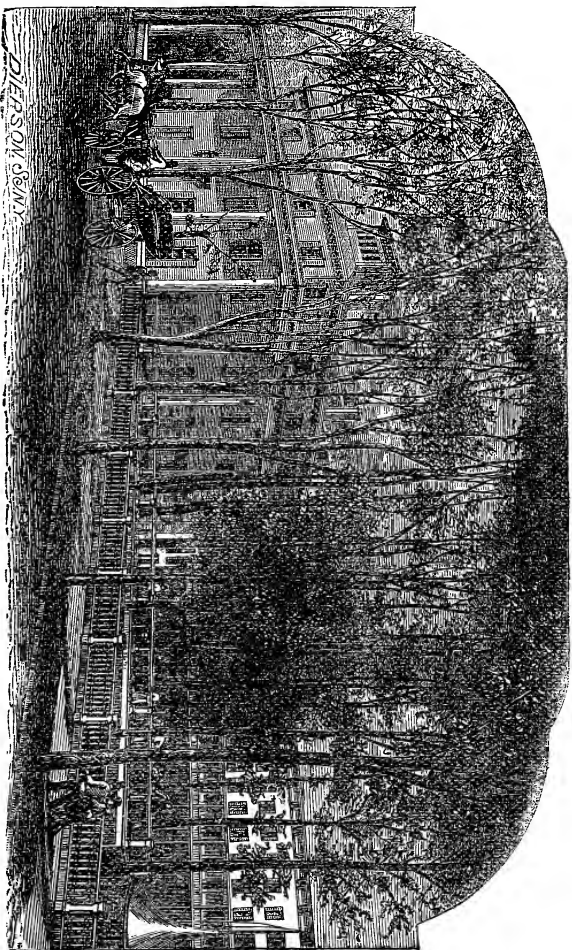
CLEMENT & WILKINSON, Proprietors.

prestige of the "Congress," and are determined that it shall not be second to any in the "city of hotels."

Congress Hall will accommodate over 1,000 guests. It is built in the most substantial manner. The rooms are all large, high, and well ventilated. The halls, dining-rooms, parlors, and offices are of grand proportions, and furnished with elegance and taste. Everything is done to secure the pleasure of guests. Courtesy, attention, cleanliness, *cuisine*, everything speaks the care of men who are competent for their positions. Persons who secure rooms fronting to the south, will command a full view of the beautiful Congress Park, to which we allude on a following page.

THE CLARENDON HOTEL stands on a fine elevation, and presents an agreeable contrast to the other large hotels, as it is the only one "clad in white." It has a bright and cheerful appearance, with fine shady grounds, and here of a summer evening, one-half of Saratoga come, just before "bedtime," to get a drink of the celebrated "Washington Spring," a tonic water which bubbles and sparkles like champagne. The Clarendon can accommodate five hundred or six hundred guests, and has held for many years the first position, as it is filled every season with an aristocratic and select class of guests. The beautiful grounds lit with electric light, as is promised this season, will be one of the features of the summer. The extended piazza which overlooks the "Spring" and the street, is one of the pleasantest "view points" to study human nature. Mr. J. C. Chamberlain, formerly connected with the Clarendon for nine consecutive years, and Mr. J. B. Powell, of New York, are sufficient guarantee that the high standard which has hitherto characterized its management will be fully maintained.

THE ADELPHI.—This hotel, built in 1877, and capable of accommodating 175 guests, is a model of arrangement and good management. It is centrally located between the Grand Union and the United States. It is in the truest sense a favorite home for the tourist or man of business. Its bright and cheerful piazzas, three stories high, present, as it were, a "box orchestra," from which the visitor looks down upon the street with its gay equipage, the broad sidewalk and the extended



CLARENDON HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

CHAMBERLAIN & POWELL,

Proprietors.

J. O. CHAMBERLAIN,

J. B. POWELL.

HIGH ROCK SPRING,

OLDEST SPRING IN SARATOGA.

ANALYSIS.

BY PROF. C. F. CHANDLER, OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The following analysis of the High Rock Spring Water was made by Prof. C. F. Chandler, Ph. D., of Columbia College School of Mines, who visited the Spring and personally collected the water for analysis, and fully demonstrates the wonderful medicinal properties of the water, and its great value as a remedial agent.

Analysis of one U. S. Gallon ;

Chloride of Sodium.....	390.127 grains.
Chloride of Potassium.....	8.497 "
Bromide of Sodium.....	0.731 "
Iodide of Sodium.....	0.086 "
Fluoride of Calcium.....	trace.
Sulphate of Potassa.....	1.608 "
Bicarbonate of Baryta.....	trace.
Bicarbonate of Strontia.....	trace.
Bicarbonate of Lime.....	131.739 "
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	54.924 "
Bicarbonate of Soda.....	54.888 "
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	1.478 "
Phosphate of Lime.....	trace.
Alumina.....	1.223 "
Silica.....	2.260 "
Total.....	628.039 "
Carbonic Acid Gas.....	409.458 cub. in.

It is thus shown that the water is highly charged with valuable mineral and gaseous properties.

SOLD BY ALL PRINCIPAL HOTELS, GROCERS & DRUGGISTS.

PRICES.

RETAIL, LESS THAN TWELVE DOZEN.

Quarts, in boxes of 2 doz., 3 doz. and 4 doz.,	\$3 00 per doz.
Pints, in boxes of 4 doz., 5 doz. and 6 doz.,	2 00 "

WHOLESALE, PER GROSS.

Quarts, in boxes of 2 doz., 3 doz. and 4 doz.,	\$2 50 "
Pints, in boxes of 4 doz., 5 doz. and 6 doz.,	1 75 "

WATER IN BULK.

20 cents per gallon if barrels are loaned by the Co.

Metal-lined barrels for sale at cost price, and loaned to responsible parties.

BOTTLES REFILLED AT USUAL RATES. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

WM. G. FARGO, *President.*

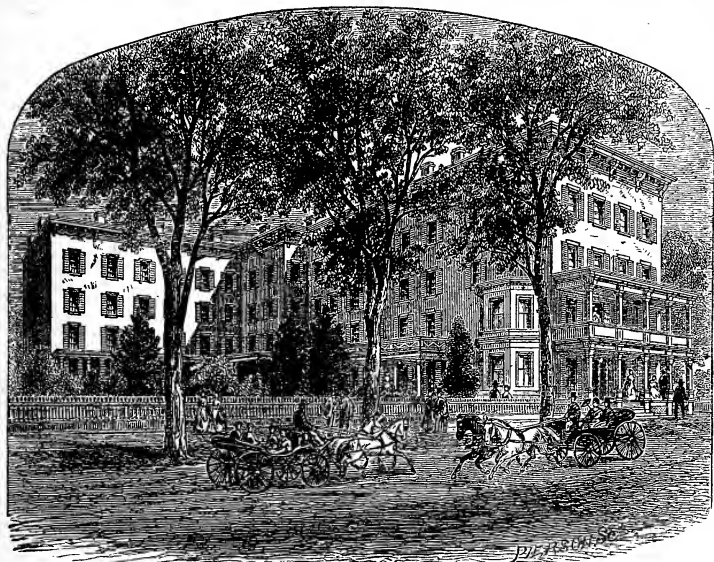
J. MCB. DAVIDSON, *Sec. and Treas.*

HENRY SMITH, *Superintendent.*

Address all orders and communications to the Superintendent, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

view down Phila street, which fronts the Adelphi. The proprietor, Mr. William H. McCaffrey, has had long experience, and the visitor who stops at the pleasant Adelphi, will do so again and again, so long as he visits Saratoga.

STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE is the finest health resort in our country, and is not only a Christian home for the sick, but also a grand cen-



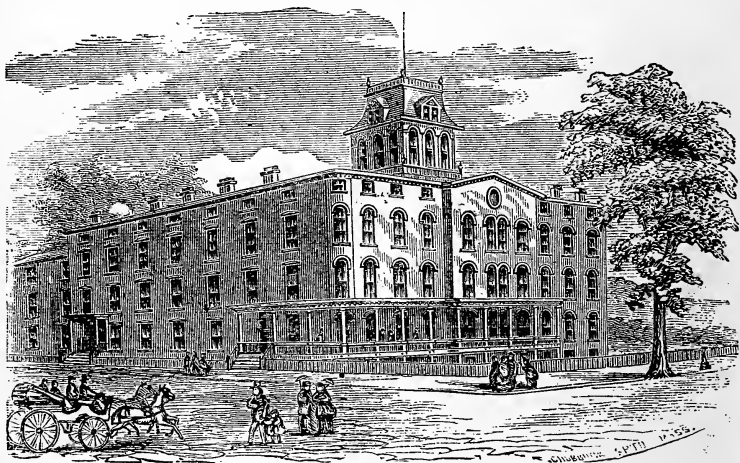
DRS. STRONG'S INSTITUTE. SARATOGA.

(For further information, see opposite page Fourteen of this Guide.)

tre for wealthy, literary, or Christian people. It is the summer resort of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Hon. G. G. Reynolds, and Ex-Governor Wells, of Virginia. The most marked features are its homogeneous society, its social life, and its musical entertainments.

The proprietors—Messrs. S. S. & S. E. Strong—have become so

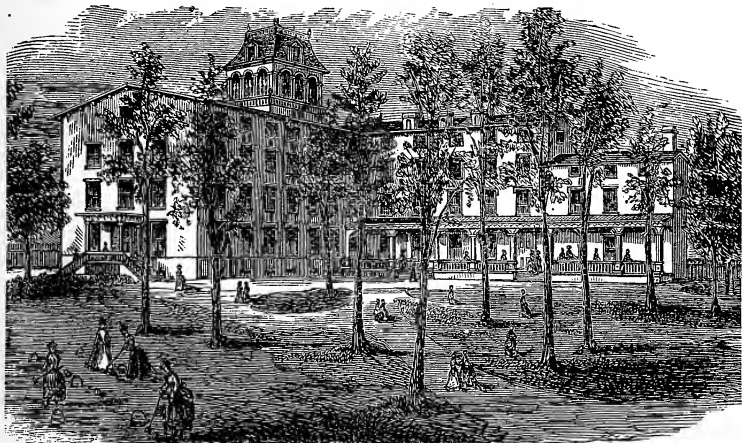
celebrated in their various specialties that leading physicians all over the country recognize the fact that many chronic cases can be treated more effectually in an institution having special appliances than in ordinary practice, and are sending more and more such cases to them for treatment. The senior proprietor has been spending sometime abroad in Paris and in London, giving special attention to the latest researches of the French and English physicians. The house is open all the year, and has no appearance of invalidism.



TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY (STREET FRONT).

TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY has a delightful location on what was once called Temple Hill, in the eastern part of the village. The institution is under the efficient management of Charles F. Dowd, A.M., a graduate of Yale College, and well known to the educational world as conducting one of the best Young Ladies' Seminaries in the State. The cuts here given present a fine view of the building. The grounds comprise about one and a half acres, and are covered with a grove of over one hundred native forest trees.

During the winter Saratoga combines all the advantages of a city with the quiet of a country town; for, although the public works and beautiful avenues were constructed mainly for the benefit of summer visitors, they are none the less to the advantage of those who live here in the quiet possession of them from September to June. During the rush of the vacation months, Temple Grove is turned into one of the most delightful summer resorts in Saratoga, and combines the advantages of a commanding position, large and well-shaded grounds, and within five minutes' walk of the Springs. From the Seminary observa-



TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY (GROVE SIDE).

tory one gets a fine view of the surrounding country for miles in every direction. From the *Saratoga Sun*, edited by our friend Mr. A. S. Pease, we clip the following:—

“Among the institutions of which Saratoga has just reason to be proud is Temple Grove Seminary. Under the excellent and skillful management of Professor Dowd, this Seminary has attained not only a State but a National eminence. Among the pupils are young ladies from all points of the United States, and the reputation of the Semi-

nary is steadily increasing. The scholarship of the graduates of Temple Grove has for several years been of marked excellence. No department of mental or general culture seems to be neglected, but everything that contributes to a perfect education is carefully regarded by the Principal, and inwrought, as it were, into the character of the pupil. Not only is Professor Dowd to be congratulated on his notable success, but Saratoga Springs possesses no institution of which she ought to feel more proud or prize more highly than Temple Grove Seminary."

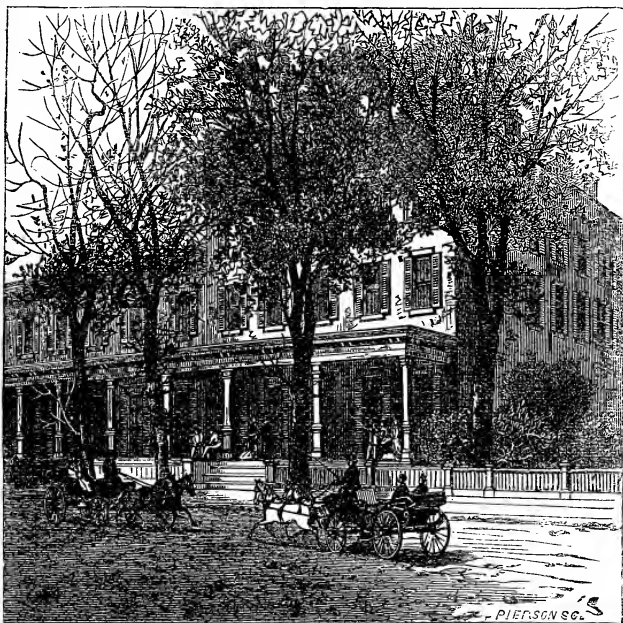
DR. ROBERT HAMILTON'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, on Franklin street, is an institution for the treatment of various chronic and special diseases, and is conducted by one of Saratoga's most eminent physicians, who has long enjoyed a good reputation as a practitioner, and is a conscientious student of medicine. Many are familiar with his institution that stood on the corner of Broadway and Congress street for many years, but was burned in the disastrous fire that swept away the Park place and Crescent Hotels.

In the spring of 1874, Dr. Hamilton removed to Franklin street, one of the most quiet and beautiful streets in town, and has now one of the best institutions for the treatment of various diseases. He is one of the most reliable consulting physicians in Saratoga county, and having long resided and practised in Saratoga, and observed the effects of the various spring waters on different constitutions and in different diseases, is qualified to give advice to those who wish to drink the mineral waters in a systematic way and to the best advantage. Dr. Hamilton makes a specialty of this practise, and is recognized as a most excellent authority on the subject.

The institution is open as a summer boarding-house during the season, is kept in good style, and in such a manner that no features of a medical institute are observable. The terms are very reasonable, and all the medical patrons will be most conscientiously and ably treated, and the pleasure guests cared for with faithful attendance to their wants. We append a notice that appeared in the *Saratoga Sun*, April, 1874, which shows how Dr. Hamilton is regarded at home by those who know him best:

"Up to the time of the destruction of 'The Crescent' by fire, there

was probably no medical institute in Saratoga better known or so well known as the one kept by Dr. Robert Hamilton. His common-sense method of treatment, his thorough acquaintance with the medical properties of all the waters of all the springs, and the general tone of health, vigor, hopefulness, and social comfort which distinguished his practise,



HAMILTON'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

made his institute popular with all his inmates, and famous throughout the land. It is conveniently located on Franklin street, in the most quiet, genteel, and accessible part of the village, and those who desire to avail themselves of the excellent methods of treatment, and the superior advantage of his institution, will do wisely to make early application."

We also take the following extract from the *Medical Eclectic*, New York, March, 1875:

“Dr. Robert Hamilton, of Saratoga, late President of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, possesses the rarest recuperative energy. He lost a fortune last fall, at the burning of the hotel; yet before the ruins had ceased to smolder, he had devised and set in operation on Franklin street, a new medical institute, which is destined to achieve the celebrity and success of its predecessor. He attended the annual meeting of the State Society, presided with ability, and delivered the annual address with the same apparent lightness of heart and manner as though there was no consciousness of crushing misfortune settled upon him. We have so long known his goodness, that to love and esteem him means a second nature. So, too, is he regarded by his neighbors, his patients, and all who are within his circle of acquaintance. His urbanity and kindness of disposition are only equalled by his skill and success as a practitioner. His tact in diagnosis seldom fails him, and in treating of the sick, caring for them, watching for favorable and unfavorable symptoms, cheering and encouraging, inviting them to recover and winning back health, he has wonderfully excelled. The season now about to begin will be his summons to new activity, and we trust to abundant success.” Send for circular of the Institute, and terms for board, to Dr. Robert Hamilton, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

During the past year the capacity of the institution has been considerably increased and portions newly furnished.

THE SPRINGS.—The most prominent Springs in and about Saratoga, are the Hathorn, the Congress, the Excelsior, and the High Rock. The Geyser, two miles south of Saratoga, and the Champion Spouting Spring, are curiosities well worth visiting; but to our mind, the greatest interest clusters about the “High Rock”—the old medicine spring of the Indian tribes, which built for itself a solid curb stone, in the ages long passed away, and seemed, therefore, to their untutored minds, a gift from the Great Spirit. It has held its reputation as a curative spring against its later rivals, and while the waters of other springs have undergone changes since they were discovered, this bubbles up with the same



CONGRESS SPRING PAVILION.

ERECTED, 1876.

Adirondack Company's Railroad

FROM SARATOGA SPRINGS

TO LUZERNE, HADLEY, THURMAN, THE GLEN, RIVERSIDE, NORTH CREEK,

and BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE,

FORMING THE

MOST DIRECT RAILROAD ROUTE

TO THE

VALLEY OF THE UPPER HUDSON

AND THE WILDERNESS.

LINE OF THREE NEW STEAMBOATS ON BLUE MOUNTAIN, EAGLE & UTOWANA LAKES, Also, on RAQUETTE LAKE.

A Route of Picturesque and Delightful Scenery.

At **Riverside Station**, stages connect, running to SCHROON LAKE, CHESTER, POTTERSVILLE, and the NORTH WOODS.

The Adirondack Stage Company, carrying United States Mails between North Creek and Blue Mountain Lake, run first-class four and six-horse Concord Coaches.

Express trains leave Saratoga Springs on arrival of Morning and Mid-day trains from the South.

C. E. DURKEE,
Superintendent.

properties as years ago, when the Indian tribes brought their sick to the charmed fountain.

THE HATHORN SPRING was accidentally discovered in 1868, and has already taken a leading place for its curative qualities, and it has been claimed by good physicians that, as a cathartic and alterative, this water stands superior to all, either domestic or foreign, in the treatment of dyspepsia, constipation, torpid liver, &c. The quantity of salts contained in this water, excepting the chloride of sodium, is comparatively small. Its therapeutic action, however, when taken in the usual quantity, is much greater than the small amount of the salts would produce if combined artificially. In its remote action it is, like other mineral waters, a powerful alterative, when taken in moderate quantities, for a considerable time.

THE CONGRESS SPRING is a highly carbonated saline water—an active and powerful cathartic, promptly relieving constipated conditions of the bowels, and by continued use acting remarkably, also, as an alterative, keeping the blood in a very pure and healthful condition, and renovating the entire system. Its chemical ingredients are almost precisely those of the human body, and it seems wonderfully adapted by nature to restore and repair our physical systems when depleted by disease or worn and exhausted by over-labor. Thus our wasted and wasting tissues and energies are renovated and revived, and life itself is imbibed with every glass of Congress Water. We call attention to advertisement on page opposite 127.

CONGRESS PARK is a delightful pleasure-ground. In fact, we know of no park of equal size in our country which surpasses it for beauty of natural scenery, or elegance of architectural and artistic ornaments. The old picture of the spring, as it appeared in 1816, presents a great contrast to the present position and surroundings of the new park. Saratoga with its springs and park and magnificent hotels—Lake George with its quiet, home-like resorts, Lake Champlain with its grand scenery, and the Adirondacks, with unrivaled lakes and wooded mountains will, in our opinion, hold their own against the summer resorts of the Atlantic coast.

FROM

Saratoga to the Adirondacks.

ADIRONDACK RAILROAD TO NORTH CREEK.
STAGES TO BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

"THE ROUND TRIP."

The Adirondack Railroad furnishes the pleasantest excursion to be made from Saratoga. The traveler passes through the romantic and picturesque valley of the Upper Hudson—through King's, South Corinth, Jessup's Landing to Hadley, the railroad station for Luzerne, a charming village at the junction of the Hudson and the Sacandaga. "Rockwell's Hotel" is known to all the sojourners of Saratoga as the place to secure a game dinner, a dish of trout, and a "taste" of the wilderness.

Pursuing the railroad, we pass through Stony Creek to Thurman, thirty-six miles from Saratoga Springs, at the junction of the Schroon river and the Hudson. The next stations are the Glen, 44 miles, and Riverside, 50 miles from Saratoga. At Riverside persons leave the cars for Chester, Pottersville, Schroon Lake, and Johnsburg.

SCHROON LAKE.—A stage ride of seven miles from Riverside brings the tourist to Schroon Lake. Thence we proceed by steamer *Effingham*, Captain P. S. Russell, to Wells' House Landing or Schroon Village. The Wells' House is a fine hotel; Thomas Wells, Proprietor. Returning from our *detour*, we continue our trip up the Adirondack Railroad to North Creek.

At this point we find "Concord coaches" in waiting for Blue Mountain Lake—distance about thirty miles, through a beautiful romantic country. The road has been thoroughly repaired, and the traveler will reach Blue Mountain Lake in time for a good supper. We had the good fortune to make this trip last August, and we hope to do so at least once a year for the next decade. Blue Mountain Lake is the threshold of the Adirondacks, and furnishes the easiest way to get into the Lake District. The stage line changes horses every five miles, and the "drivers" swing one along like the California drivers of the Yosemite. The hotels at Blue Mountain Lake have been doubled. A new proprietor from Richfield Springs is keeping the American House as a first-class hotel. It will be enlarged this season to accommodate 350 people. There is a telegraph line now in operation between Blue Mountain Lake and Saratoga Springs, and a new Steamer on the Lake. These improvements, and the new Restaurant at North Creek, make everything complete for the traveler.

Our friend, Mr. William W. Durant, has written us the above, and we take pleasure in presenting it. In fact, every man is a benefactor who induces his neighbor or friend to visit this charming section.

The steamer route is as follows: In the morning about 9, if we remember correctly, we left the rustic Boat House in front of the hotel, sailed through Blue Mountain Lake and Utowana Lake to the outlet, a distance of seven miles. The "carry" at this point is two-thirds of a mile long, when we took a fairy-like steamer on Marion river. The river trip is four miles long to Forked Lake, and we remember that it abounded with "water lilies," which were gathered by the heroic voyagers for the fair ones in their charge.

Raquette Lake is one of the most charming of the "braided lakes." It has ninety miles of coast, and we understand that the name signifies "star-like." The name Utowana signifies "Lake of Plenty."

Arriving at "Forked Lake Carry," one half mile brings us to Leavitt's, or Forked Lake. This is really the first "hotel in the woods," and here the traveler gets his first real mountain bill of fare. In brief, we would like to have stayed there a month. From this point we took guide and

rowboat to Kellogg's, on Long Lake, a distance of about thirteen miles. This is a fine hotel, beautifully located and well kept.

From this point we went north through the Saranacs to Martin's, and took stage for Lake Placid. The best hotel is on the hill, and commands a magnificent view of mountain and lake scenery. The name of the hotel has escaped us, but we have not forgotten the dinner, and we can simply say: Take the *large hotel on the hill*.

From this point we went to Keene Flats, and stopped with "Beede." Some six or eight years ago we visited Beede on our way from Plattsburgh to Mount Marcy, and we were delighted to see that he had outgrown the quiet farm house, and now finds himself proprietor of the best conducted hotel of the Adirondacks, accommodating 100 people. It is a charming and healthful spot, and only five miles from the "Lower Ausable Pond." These ponds, the "Lower" and "Upper," are unrivalled in beauty and grandeur. They lie at the foot of Mount Marcy, Haystack, the Gothics, and Mount Bartlett.

From this point we took Beede's stage for Elizabethtown and Westport, and so, *via* the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company to Saratoga, made the round trip in about two weeks.

We would suggest that the tourist from Beede's go over Mount Marcy to the Deserted Village and then up through Indian Pass to Lake Placid, which would make a fine trip for four or five days. We have also made the trip *via* Schroon Lake to the Deserted Village, and so over Mount Marcy to the Ausable Ponds and Beede's; but the trip which we have here indicated, *via* Blue Mountain Lake, is in every particular the pleasantest way to get into the North Woods, and then persons can exercise their own preference as to keeping quiet and resting in some shady retreat, or taking wider excursions.

We have not space, in these brief pages, to express our love and enthusiasm for the Adirondacks. One of these vacant months we hope to put it in forty or fifty pages, for nothing less than this can do it real justice. It is the sensible thing to do. For, ten days among the Pines and Greenwood, at an altitude of 2,000 to 5,000 feet, is worth more to restore health and vigor, than a month in other Resorts.

THE ADELPHI.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Wm. H. McCaffrey, Proprietor.

*One of the pleasantest, coziest
and best managed Hotels in
Saratoga.*

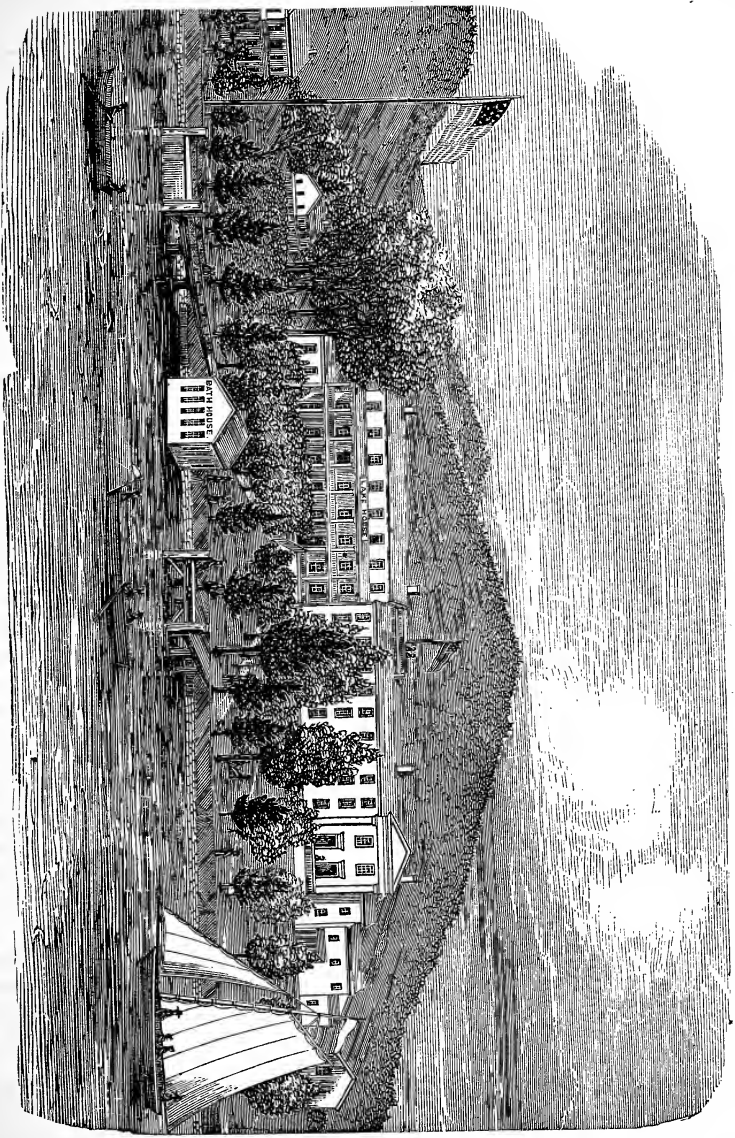
A MODEL OF NEATNESS, AND A
FAVORITE WITH ALL.

LAKE GEORGE.

THE LAKE HOUSE—THE PLEASANT HOTEL OF CALDWELL.

From Saratoga the traveler will pursue his journey to Lake George, via Fort Edward and Glen's Falls, and then nine miles by stage, a pleasant route, or via Fort Ti, and four miles rail to the Lake, and so up the Lake to Caldwell. The traveler, however, generally makes the round trip via Glen's Falls, and so down the Lake to Fort Ti, and this not only gives variety but takes one through a beautiful country, and by many points of historical interest. Between Fort Edward and Glen's Falls, is the tree where Miss McRea was killed by the Indians, and after taking the stage, the traveler will see Bloody Pond, the Williams Monument, and many other points connected with the history of the Revolution and the French and Indian wars.

THE HOTELS.—The Lake House, a view of which is given on the opposite page, has a delightful location, and taken all in all, presents to our minds the greatest attractions to the tourist. It seems to have been the object of those interested in certain hotels, to blind the eyes of those traveling so that they might conclude that there was only one hotel at the Lake. During the last four years we have spent many days at Caldwell, and tested the entertainment of all the hotels, and we give without reserve, the verdict to the Lake House. In days like these, which try men's pockets, the traveler wishes to get the worth of his money, and this he will be sure to do at the hotel we have indicated. Therefore, if some enthusiastic porter insists on taking charge of your baggage at the ornamental front of some other house, remember it only occupies thirty seconds to have him "put it back," and only two minutes thereafter to be driven to the Lake House. The trees and grounds of this hotel are very tasty, and the pleasant cottages are an attractive feature. The Proprietor, Mr. F. G. Tucker, has made extensive improvements, and there is no finer table in the United States. The hotel is 300 feet long, with piazzas fronting the Lake and Street, with an open porch on one side. shaded with maples, and lawn sloping toward the Lake. Terms \$2 per day for June, \$2.50 for July, August and September. All steamboats leave the Lake House dock, and stages leave the door connecting with trains. As stages start from here, outside seats are readily obtained.



LAKE HOUSE, CALDWELL, N. Y., LAKE GEORGE.
F. G. TUCKER, Proprietor.

CROSBYSIDE—LAKE GEORGE.

CROSBYSIDE HOTEL.—F. G. CROSBY, PROPRIETOR.

After leaving the Lake House landing the little steamer crosses the Lake to Crosbyside, with its attractive grounds and magnificent location. We regret that we have not a picture to help us express our admiration of this charming place. The view from the veranda commands the Lake for fifteen miles, with Tongue Mountain in full view, and Dome Island, Long Island, and Recluse Island in the distance. It is admitted by every one that no house on the Lake has such a fine prospect. It seems to be located in just the right place, and every guest says, in just the right hands. Mr. F. G. Crosby has gathered to himself, by his personal qualities, the best people who visit Lake George. As Mr. Stoddard has remarked in his Guide : "Crosbyside is to Lake George, what the Clarendon is to Saratoga, having an unostentatious but select class of visitors." It has capacity for accommodating about 200 guests, and the same old faces are drawn back again, year by year, not only by the delightful surroundings, but as has been well said, by "the bountifully supplied table, made inviting by its crisp purity and dainty niceness." The natural park near at hand, is also a pleasant feature, and the broad piazza and cheerful drawing-rooms are suggestive of comfort and repose. It is a quiet, beautiful spot, and almost every day some visitor to the Lake says : "if we had only known of Crosbyside before." It is one of the few hotels which exist without advertising, or rather it needs no other advertisement than the good words of friends who come annually, to make themselves and Mr. Crosby alike happy. It is natural that the stages should prefer to stop at Caldwell, but they are willing to take the traveler without extra charge, to Crosbyside, and we are sure the tourist will consider it worth something to be in the hands of a gentleman *who is always himself*, and in a condition to take care of his guests. Board from \$10 to \$20 per week, depending upon size and situation of rooms. Go there if you can get past the runners, and you will find it harder still, to leave such a home.

For all points down the Lake we refer the traveler to Stoddard's Guide of Lake George, giving an accurate description of the Islands, Mountains, and everything, in fact, which the traveler wishes to know. His Handbook to Lake George and the Adirondacks, leave little to be desired in

the way of information and suggestion; and we will only add, that we have yet to see a person who was not charmed with Lake George. The trip through the Lake connects with the Railroad for Fort Ti., and the tourist often comes and goes by that way, avoiding the stage line; but for ourselves, we like the "round trip," and the carriage ride from Glen's Falls. We might also add, that the tourist can stop at the charming Rockwell House, Glen's Falls, and have a fine morning ride to the Lake, connecting with the steamer, which is a great convenience if the traveler is worn or tired. This affords the visitor an opportunity of visiting points of interest about Glen's Falls, without losing any points of interest on the Lake.

The reader who does not visit Lake George may feel that he is switched off on a side-track at Fort Edward, and returning to his rescue, we proceed again via the main line through Dunham's Basin, Smith's Basin, Fort Ann and Comstock's Landing, to

WHITEHALL, a village of six or seven thousand inhabitants, with a romantic location at the head of Lake Champlain. This village is the centre of a large lumber trade, and has a location quite like an infant Chicago. The best hotel is Hall's Opera House Hotel, well built and well managed. The Opera House is one of the finest in Northern New York, having a seating capacity of about 1,500. It was completed and opened by Edward Hall, in the Fall of 1875.

NEW YORK AND CANADA RAILWAY.

From Whitehall the traveler has two routes before him for Montreal, one via Port Kent, Plattsburgh, and Rouse's Point; the other via Rutland, Burlington and St. Albans. The new route via the New York and Canada Railroad, completed in the Summer of 1876, opens up a romantic and delightful country for Summer travel. It crosses all the thresholds for the Adirondacks, and shortens the journey to the mountain districts. It passes through five mountain ranges, the most southerly, the Black Mountain range, terminating in Mt. Defiance, with scattering spurs coming down to the very shore of the Lake.

The second range is known as the Kayaderosseras, the terminations of

which lie along the shore north of Ticonderoga, culminating in Bulwagga Mountain.

The third range passes through the western part of Schroon, the northern part of Moriah and centre of Westport, ending in Split Rock Mountain. The fourth range, the Bouquet Range, ends in high bluffs on Willsboro Bay. Here the famous Red Rock Cut is located, and the longest tunnel on the line.

The fifth range, once known as the Adirondack Range, as it includes the most lofty of the Adirondack Mountains, viz.: McIntyre, Colden and Tahawas, end in a rocky promontory known as Tremblau Point, at Port Kent. These facts, which we know will be of interest to the traveler, are found in the *Plattsburgh Republican*—the great Thesaurus of Tahawas matters. The historical sketch of this road, written by Mr. G. F. Bixby, its able editor, was highly complimented, and re-printed by the officers of the Road.

No wonder with these mountain ranges to get through that the subject was agitated year after year, and it was only when the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company put their strong shoulder to the wheel that the work begun to go forward. For these mountains meant tunnels, and rock cuts, and bridges, and *cash*. Leaving Whitehall, we pass through the tunnel near the old steamboat landing, across the marsh, which must have suggested the beginning of the Pilgrim's Progress, for it seemed almost bottomless, we are wheeled along the narrow end of the Lake, still marked by light-houses, where steamers once struggled and panted "like fish out of water," and fulfilled the Yankee's ambition of running on a heavy dew. Winding in and out along the shore we proceed to

TICONDEROGA, 23 miles from Whitehall. Here terminates the first range of the Adirondacks, to which we have already referred, viz.: Mount Defiance. Steamers connect with the train at this point on Lake Champlain, also a Railroad for Lake George. Near the station we get a view of old Fort Ticonderoga, where Ethan Allen breakfasted early one morning, and said grace in a brief and emphatic manner.

The Lake now widens into a fine sheet of water, and crossing the Lake George outlet, enters a deep rock-cut which soon deepens into a tunnel some 300 feet long.

CROWN POINT is 34 miles north of Whitehall, with its blast furnaces and branch railroad to Hammondville mines, some thirteen miles in length, up the Valley of Put Creek. Passing along the shore of Bulwaga Bay, we come to

PORT HENRY, 40 miles from Whitehall, where there are more blast furnaces and another private Railroad, seven miles long, to Mineville, we pass through another cut and another tunnel some 300 feet long. A few miles above this the railroad leaves the Lake at Mullen Brook, the first departure since we left Whitehall, and we are greeted with cultivated fields and a charming landscape.

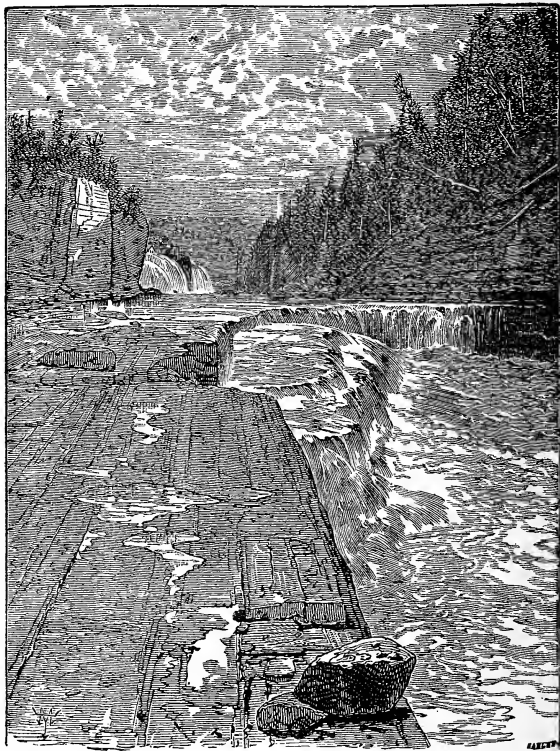
WESTPORT, fifty-one miles from Whitehall the Railroad station for

ELIZABETHTOWN, the county seat of Essex. It is about eight miles distant from the station, and we know of no pleasanter village nestled among the mountains. A county consisting mostly of mountain scenery could have no happier location for a head-centre. The Mansion House is the finest hotel in the village. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was at Elizabethtown in the Summer of 1876, and dedicated a church for a friend. It is related that his principal occupation for several days, was walking up and down the veranda and saying to himself: "Isn't it grand—this circle of mountains?"

Passengers, however, who are en route for Keene Flats and the mountain district, will always remember that the best route is via Port Kent, Keeseville, and the Ausable Chasm, as there is a daily stage from the Lake View House, Ausable Chasm, to Keene Valley. It is, without doubt, the best conducted stage line in the United States.

KEENE FLATS is to our mind *the* point of the eastern slope of the Adirondacks—only four miles from the Ausable Ponds. Smith Beede has the largest and most commodious hotel the nearest to the Lakes, and on the highest ground, some 1,300 feet above tide-water. When a person gets to Beede's he has a right to say he is in the "country," and on the shore of Lake Avalanche, he might say he was in the "wilderness." A short distance north of Westport we enter the well cultivated Boquet Valley, and after a pleasant run we come to Wellsboro Falls, where we enter seven miles of rock cutting. The road is about 90 feet above the lake, and the cuts in many places are from 90 to 100 feet high. After

leaving Red Rock Cut, we pass through a tunnel 600 feet long. Crossing Higby's Gorge and around Tremblau Mountain, we come to



HORSESHOE AND BIRMINGHAM FALLS.

PORT KENT, to which Keeseville, an enterprising village, connects itself by a well-managed stage line, owned and managed by Mr. Harper. There is a good deal of progressive life about this pleasant town of 4,000

inhabitants. The scenery is charming and romantic on every side—we remember only one mountain, however, by name, to wit : the “Poke O’-

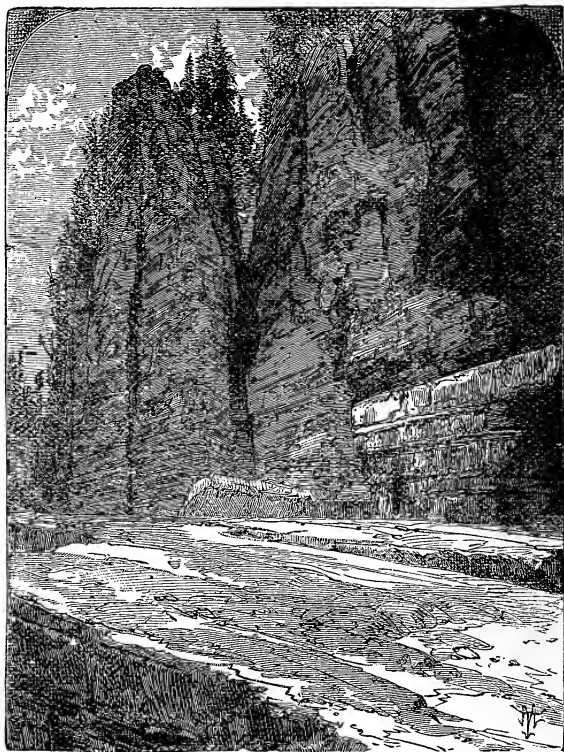


CATHEDRAL ROCK.

Moonshine,” and “thereby hangs a tale,” as a lady observed on the stage when we last visited this section. Perhaps Mr. Harper knows the story, as we saw him smile—ask him !

But the crowning point of interest is the

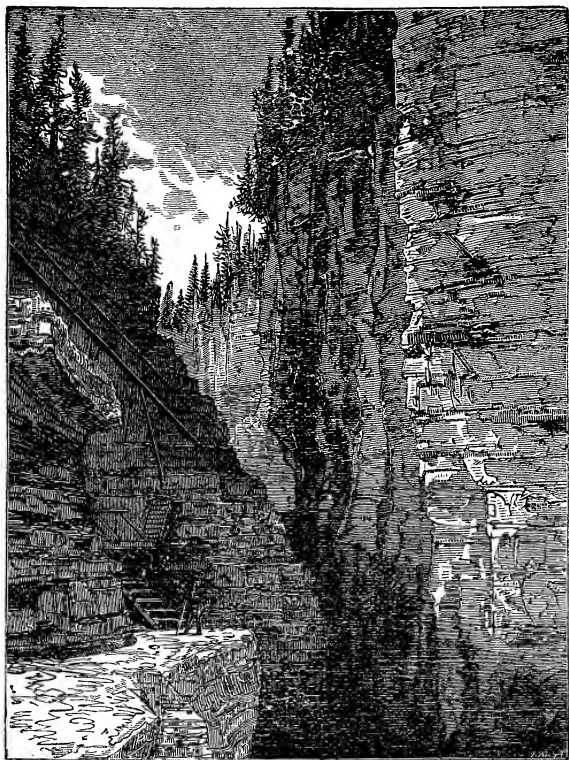
AUSABLE CHASM, a mile and a-half from the village of Keeseville, or five miles from the station or landing at Port Kent.



THE SENTINEL AND TABLE ROCK.

THE LAKE VIEW HOUSE has a very fine location, and is *par excellence* the hotel of the place. The house is four stories high and has a fine out-

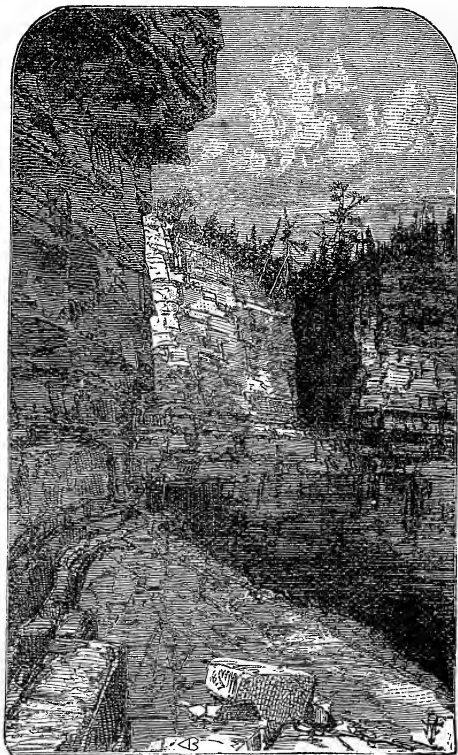
look over the Lake, commanding an extended view of the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains of Vermont.



ENTRANCE TO THE FLUME.

It is now three or four years since we visited the Ausable Chasm, but the pictures are still stamped upon our mind clear and definite—the ledge under Birmingham Falls, the Flume, the Devil's Pulpit, and the

boat-ride on the swift current. Indeed, the entire rock-rift, almost two miles in length, has left an impression which subsequent views have not



THE BASIN.

effaced. Since that time it has been my good fortune to visit Watkins Glen, Trenton Falls, and the Flume of the Opalescent, on the western side of Mount Marcy, but their wild beauty and grandeur are all blended

in this wonderful chasm. We advise every northern tourist not to pass by this *feature* of the trip. Save a day or half a day somewhere else on



DOWN FROM HYDE'S CAVE.

the route, and see the Chasm of the Ausable. The one thing which we remember more definitely than any other, was the illusion that we were floating up stream, that the river, compressed in these narrow limits, had

"got tired" of finding its way out, and thought the easiest way was to run up hill and get out at the top.

The views here given were furnished us by Mr. Joseph Angell, Gen'l Passenger Agent of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, of Albany, N. Y., and we take this opportunity of thanking him for his courtesy. The conveniences for enjoying a visit to the Au Sable Chasm, were never so complete as this season. The new Truss Bridges and iron railings in the rock galleries, render the trip absolutely safe. The Lake View House. H. H. Van Aranam, Proprietor, is also greatly enlarged, with an extension of 72 feet, four stories high. The dining-room will seat 300 persons, and is without doubt the pleasantest in Northern N. Y. It is, in fact, a model hotel, and a pleasant point to visit *en route* to the Adirondacks.

PLATTSBURGH, the most flourishing town in Northern New York, is 14 miles from Port Kent, and 90 miles from Whitehall. The route to the Adirondack Mountains, via Plattsburgh, is easy and pleasant, via train to Ausable Forks, some 20 miles distant. The Fouquet Hotel is the best hotel, and in fact is without a rival in Northern New York. It is conveniently located close by the station, and travelers on through trains have ample time for meals. We call special attention, also, to the announcement on the opposite page, as it fully sets forth the proper thing for the visitor to do, and it will well repay him to linger a day or more and take the excursions here indicated. The northern part of Lake Champlain offers special attractions to camping parties. The shores and islands abound in excellent sites. Lake Champlain is also replete with interest to the historian. The ruins of Fort St. Anne are still seen on the north end of Isle La Mott, built by the French in 1660. Valcour Strait, where one of the battles of '76 was fought; Valcour's Island, where lovers came from far and near, built air castles, wandered through these shady groves for a season or two, and then vanished from sight, bankrupt in everything but mutual affection; Cumberland Bay, with its victory, September, 1814, when the British were driven back to Canada; and many other points which can be visited by steamer or yacht. We advise every one to linger a day in this charming section, and heartily commend them to the excellent care of Mr. North, of the "Fouquet."

CONGRESS WATER.

This famous Water is a well-known specific for Constipation, Indigestion, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, etc. Other *coarse-crude* Mineral Waters, *foreign* and *domestic*, not only aggravate such disorders when they exist, but, being *irritants*, *positively induce* them by their effect on the mucous membrane.

Congress Water contains none of those deleterious ingredients found in so many of the foreign imported waters, which intelligent foreigners carefully avoid, as do the intelligent residents of Saratoga, the coarse, irritating waters found in some of its numerous springs.

All Mineral Waters that are dangerous *irritants* may be known by their *acrid-acid* like *after-taste*.

For sale, in bottles only, by all leading Druggists, Grocers and Hotels.

CONGRESS & EMPIRE SPRING CO.,

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

TO MONTREAL *via* RUTLAND AND BURLINGTON.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

At Whitehall one branch of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad bends to the east and passes through Fairhaven, Hydeville, Castleton and West Poughkeepsie to Rutland, 244 miles from New York. This is the centre of the great marble trade, and one of the prominent railroad centres of Vermont. The Bardwell House is the finest in Rutland, complete in all its parts, and handy to the station. Mr. J. W. Cramton is well known through New York and New England as a popular landlord and thorough business man.

Leaving Rutland for the north, we pass through Sutherland Falls, Pittsford, Brandon, Leicester, Salisbury, Middlebury, Brookville, New Haven, Vergennes, Ferrisburgh, Charlotte and Shelburne to Burlington, which we noticed on the previous page, with its pleasant location on the Lake. The "Van Ness House," D. C. Barber & Co., proprietors, is a fine hotel, central in location, with a nice outlook upon lake and mountain. It is the largest in Burlington, and will rank as one of the most convenient and thoroughly appointed houses in New England.

THE PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURG RAILROAD.

VERMONT DIVISION.

From Burlington there is a new and pleasant route, which forms the connecting link between Northern Vermont and the White Mountain region, extending from Lake Champlain to the Connecticut river, and from the Connecticut through the Crawford Notch to Portland.

Passing, as it does, through the most romantic part of the State, in full view of the Adirondacks and almost the entire Green Mountain range, the scenery all along the route is varied, grand, and imposing. The road passes in full view of Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, rising 4000 feet, and overlooking the entire country between Mount Washington in New Hampshire, and Mount Marcy in New York. At Morrisville stages connect with trains for Stowe and Mount Mansfield, eight miles distant.

From Morrisville we pass through Wolcott, Hardwick, Walden, and Danville to St. Johnsbury—the "model town" of New England. Under

PORTLAND AND OGDENSBURG R. R. LINE.

Vermont Division.

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE ROUTE BETWEEN LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE *WHITE MOUNTAINS.*

The Only Line Running Cars Through
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Arrangement of Trains for season of 1880, gives close connections between the following points :

New York, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Plattsburg,
Adirondack Mountains, Ogdensburg, Alexandria
Bay, Montreal, Burlington;

AND

Mount Mansfield, Newport, White Mountains, North
Conway, Portland, Old Orchard Beach, etc.

For Information, Time-Tables, etc., address

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C. H. STEVENS,

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ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

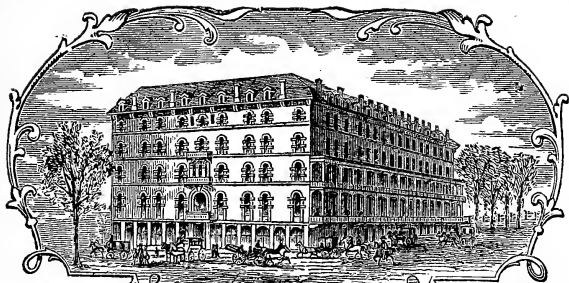
the wise and successful management of the Messrs. Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury has developed into the best governed and best educated village of New England. Here the railroad intersects the Passumpsic Railroad, connecting for all points north and south—Montreal, Newport, Springfield, Boston, &c. In our Guide Book "From New York to the Summer Resorts of New England," we make further and more complete reference to this pleasant route. But we must not forget that some of our readers are on their way to Montreal, and we therefore pursue our northern journey through Essex, Milton, Georgia, and minor stations to St. Albans.

ST. ALBANS.—This village is situated about two miles from and overlooks Lake Champlain. It is a town of about 7000 inhabitants, and was made famous during the rebellion by a Canadian raid. It is a central point for persons *en route* for Alburgh and Sheldon Springs, and has a large and magnificent hotel—the "Welden House," Thomas Laverder, proprietor.

We present, on the opposite page, a view of the Hotel and the fine Park on which it fronts, also a picture of the Railroad Depot. Every traveler will find St. Albans a pleasant place to linger in for a day or a week. It certainly will gratify every one who has an eye for the beautiful, to obtain a sunset view from the hills which encircle the village. From "Aldis Hill," referred to in *Norwood*, we get a wide view of the Lake, a genuine page of *Picturesque America*. One beautiful Sabbath evening we visited this commanding eminence; the sky, with broken clouds, seemed like a sea crowded with golden islands, as if the lake itself were caught up and transfigured along the entire western horizon. The "children of the forest," who lived in sight of the Catskills and the Adirondacks, caught a truer revelation than many of our own generation—

"Of the islands of the blessed,
And the land of the hereafter."

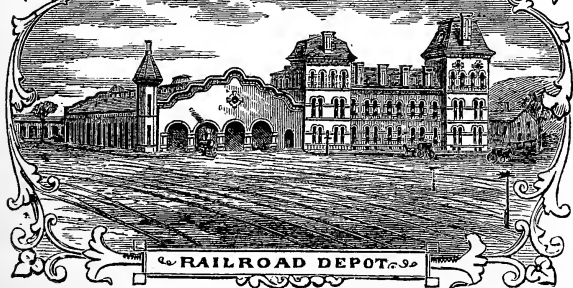
There are no finer sunsets in the world than at Burlington and St. Albans. From the top of the Van Ness House at Burlington, we once saw the beautiful bay, with its wide expanse reflecting on earth the glory of heaven. St. Albans is three hundred and forty-two miles from New



WELDEN HOUSE



THE PARK.



RAILROAD DEPOT

York by the route we have indicated, *via* the Hudson River, Saratoga, Rutland, and Burlington; two hundred and sixty-four miles from Boston, and sixty-five miles south of Montreal. St. Albans is a natural centre to the tourist *en route* for Sheldon, Highgate, Alburgh Springs, etc.

The Central Vermont Railroad have a pleasant route to Ogdensburgh, where a person can connect with steamers for Thousand Islands and return *via* St. Lawrence Rapids to Montreal.

THE RAPIDS.—The first rapid below Ogdensburgh is near Chimney Island; the next, the rapids of the Long Sault, nine miles in length. Here the river runs twenty miles an hour. Then the Coteau Rapids, below Grand Island; then the Lachine Rapids, below the town of Lachine, only nine miles from Montreal.

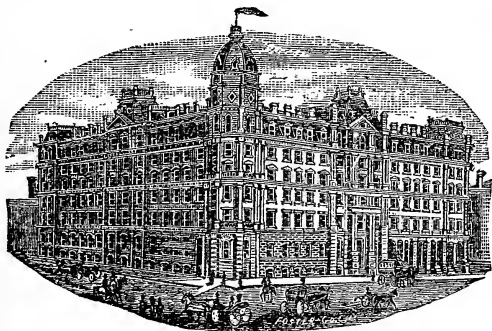
ALBURGH SPRINGS, is a pleasant resort for boating, shooting, and fishing, seventeen miles from St. Albans *via* this line. At Rouses Point connections are made with Lake Champlain steamers on the south, and Montreal on the north. Going north, *via* the direct line to Montreal, we pass through Highgate Springs, with its pleasant Franklin House, St. Johns, and towns of minor importance to

MONTREAL, three hour's run from St. Albans, four hundred and twenty miles from New York. The city is built on an Island of the St. Lawrence. The Island being thirty miles in length and ten in greatest breadth. The Victoria Tubular Bridge is one of the "eight wonders" of the world, being two miles in length. The spans between the piers are about 250 feet, and the cost of the bridge was almost \$7,000,000. The cars cross the bridge in about six minutes. There are many fine buildings in Montreal and much that will interest the tourist, which we will here indicate in brief. The Church of Notre Dame, was opened for public worship in 1829. The ceiling was elaborately gilded in 1876. It is said to have the largest bell on the continent, and is capable of seating 10,000 people. The Church of the Jesuits is noted for its beautiful frescoes, paintings and its musical services. The New Post-Office, the Bank of Montreal, the new City Hall, the Bonsecours Market, and the Custom House, will claim the attention of the visitor for the beauty and solidity of their architecture.

There are many Business houses in different branches worthy of mention, viz.: Savage, Lyman & Co.'s well-known Jewelry establishment, Gibb & Co., Merchant Tailors (established in 1775), Brown & Clagget's Dry-Goods house, &c.

There are many fine drives about the city, especially to the summit of Mount Royal. This mountain, named by Cartier in honor of his king, gave the name to the pleasant city, and during the last few years has been laid out in an artistic and beautiful park.

WINDSOR HOTEL.—In the pleasantest part of the city, and fanned by the breezes of Mount Royal, is located the magnificent "Windsor," whose name is already favorably known in two continents. In fact, taken all in all, there is no finer hotel in the world.



WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL, R. H. SOUTHGATE, MANAGER.

This magnificent new hotel, unsurpassed in America for comfort and luxury, and incomparably the finest in Canada, occupies an airy site on Dominion Square, close to the breezy heights of Mount Royal. The appointments of the Windsor Hotel embody every modern invention for the safety and comfort of guests. The *cuisine* and service are carefully maintained at the highest standard of excellence, and no pains are spared to make the stay of visitors pleasant and enjoyable. Rooms with baths attached may be had singly or *en suite*.

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

—
"OUR TRIP—1879."
—

NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA.

OUR "Hudson by Daylight" guide has expanded slowly year by year, so that last season it reached Niagara Falls, Montreal, Harrisburgh and Pittsburgh, for we imagined that the traveler on the Hudson might occasionally go somewhere also, and it was our purpose to give him the full value of twenty-five cents. This season we feel constrained to give him twenty or thirty pages "Across the Continent," as the result of a three months visit. Our trip was via the Pennsylvania Railroad, and we hope to divide the journey up in readable sections of easy stages, and the first section we style "New York to Philadelphia," and as we have not yet referred to Jersey City, which has the honor of guarding the west portal of the Hudson, we will say that it was originally known as Paulus Hook, was incorporated as a city in 1820, and is now a city of almost 100,000 inhabitants. We took one of the two hundred trains which go daily to and fro over this division of the Pennsylvania Railroad; were whirled through

NEWARK, at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, and would hardly have believed it was a city of 110,000 people if we had not seen the fact once in a Guide-book, and some years ago lingered an hour in its pleasant streets. It is situated on the right bank of the Passaic River, about four miles from its entrance into Newark Bay; was settled in 1666, and the site of the town purchased from the Indians in 1667. In 1836 it was incorporated as a city.

ELIZABETH, fifteen miles from New York, is one of the pleasantest places of residence, and has grown rapidly during the past ten years. Population about 25,000.

Passing through Linden and Rahway, a city of about 7,000, settled in 1620, and we reach

NEW BRUNSWICK, located on the right bank of the Raritan River; incorporated 1794. The town was settled in 1730, by several Holland families from Albany, who imported their bricks, tile, &c., from the

“Fatherland.” Population about 16,000; (seat of Rutger’s College and the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church). The next town of interest is

PRINCETON, a pleasant place, two miles from Princeton Junction, one of the historic points of our country, where Washington, with a handful of men, out-generaled Cornwallis. The College of New Jersey is located at Princeton, and takes rank with Yale and Harvard, as one of the best and richest institutions of the land.

TRENTON, the capital of New Jersey, fifty-seven miles from New York, was settled in 1790, and incorporated in 1792. Population about 25,000. This was also the field of one of Washington’s strategic battles. Where Washington, that memorable 8th of December, retreated across the Delaware, and recrossed it again on the 26th, completely surprising and routing the enemy. Passing through Bristol and many smaller stations, we find ourselves in West Philadelphia, ninety-four miles from New York, “a run of two hours and five minutes.”

PHILADELPHIA is a charming city, and possesses a happy combination of good qualities, perhaps in greater degree than any city in our country. It is full of historic landmarks, well laid out, well governed, has a good record for honesty and integrity, has more home-life and less boarding-houses than any city of its size; is noted for its hospitality and business enterprise, and is said to have more of the social and less of the artificial than other large cities. Perhaps there is something in the mild and gentle atmosphere, for it is said that the Indians who inhabited the country bordering on the Delaware were a superior and peaceful race. They were called the Lenni Lenapes, which means “the original people.” The city was laid out by William Penn, in 1682. The records of the Dutch settlers in 1623, and the Swedes in 1637, are full of interest to the student of our early history. Philadelphia was organized as a borough in 1684, and on the 25th of October, 1701, it received a city charter. Among the old buildings still standing, we would mention Penn’s Cottage, in Letitia Court, between Market and Chestnut, built in 1702. The old Swedes Church on Swanson street was built in 1700. Christ Church, on Second street, north of Market, whose chime of bells has perhaps “told more years and events” than any in our country, Independence Hall,

on Chestnut, between Fifth and Sixth streets, built in 1734. The old bell, with its prophetic inscription,

"Proclaim Liberty through all the Land to all the Inhabitants thereof,"

is one of the "souvenirs" of '76, and Carpenter's Hall, where Patrick Henry made his immortal speech. During the Revolution Philadelphia was regarded the centre of the United States, by virtue of its location and population. and Germantown and Brandywine, Red Bank and Valley Forge, tell of the struggle, triumphs and disasters of a century ago. The public buildings, the parks and drives, show the enterprise of the last twenty-five years.

FAIRMOUNT PARK is known all over the world, and the views on the Schuylkill and Wissahickon have been sketched and painted again and again. The Park encloses about three thousand acres. It will be remembered that 450 acres of this park were set apart for the Centennial Buildings. The University of Pennsylvania is a beautiful building, and the new Masonic Temple is the finest edifice of the kind in the world. The population of Philadelphia is now about 800,000.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has offices at Broad and Chestnut Streets, at Ninth and Chestnut, and 116 Market street, where tickets are sold to almost every point in the United States. The station in West Philadelphia is well appointed, bright and cheerful, and the waiting rooms are a great improvement on the old style of depot architecture.

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO PITTSBURG.

We lingered one night at Philadelphia, and took in for the twentieth time, Independence Hall, with its venerable relics, and for the one hundred and fiftieth time, more or less, the pleasant show windows of Chestnut street. Passing through Havreford and Bryn Maur, (a model of taste and beauty,) Rosemont, Villanova, Radnor, Wayne, Eagle, Keeseville, Paoli, Downingtown, Brandywine, Coatesville, and other places indicated in the Official Guide, and we reach

LANCASTER, sixty-nine miles from Philadelphia, located in the most fertile of the wealthiest agricultural counties in the United States.

Franklin and Marshall College is located here, and the most flourishing Normal School in the State is at Millersville, only two miles distant. Population of Lancaster about 25,000.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON AMERICAN MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATION.

The beauty of the wood engravings in American Magazines is attracting the attention of the art-critics of the world. The following recent notices of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS, taken from papers of high standing in England, may be of interest.

The London Graphic,

Considered the best illustrated paper in the world, says in its issue of April 10, 1880:

"WE know of no English magazine which can in any way compete with SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY in the matter of illustrations."

The Queen (March 13, 1880.)

"SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is remarkable for its illustrations, the peculiar excellence of which is due to the combination of artistic and mechanical skill."

The London Saturday Review.

"The impartial critic who is asked where the best wood-cuts are produced has, we fear, but one answer possible—neither in England, Germany, nor France, but in America." For the proof of the truth of this "reluctant admission," the *Review* asks "a comparison of any recent number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and the *Cornhill*."

London Weekly Times (February 8, 1880.)

"The midwinter number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is a really magnificent triumph of American pictorial art and literary genius. There is no English magazine which in any way approaches "SCRIBNER" for the beauty and variety of its illustrations, or the freshness and vigor of its text." * *

Illustrated London News (February 7, 1880.)

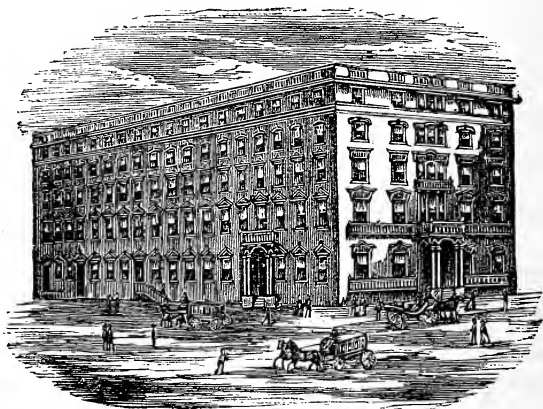
"This magazine is one of the marvels of the day, on account of the number and beauty of the illustrations."

The Penny Illustrated Paper.

"In the production of illustrated monthly magazines, New York is far ahead of London, SCRIBNER'S, with its inimitably finished gems of drawing and engraving, being still the wonder and admiration of the art world."

After leaving Lancaster we pass through Dillersville, Landisville, Mount Joy, Elizabethtown and Middletown, to

HARRISBURG, the capital of the State, a pleasant city and a great railroad centre. The city is beautifully located; on the north the Lebanon Valley, on the south the Valley of the Cumberland. The first settlement was made in 1725, by John Harris, a native of Yorkshire, England. It became the capital of the State in 1810. The capitol buildings occupy a beautiful position on the hill. The Halls of the House and Senate are well arranged and perfect in acoustic quality. The Library will well



LOCHIEL HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa.—GEO. W. HUNTER, PROPRIETOR.

repay a visit. Population about 35,000. The best hotel is the Lochiel House, conveniently located in the very heart of the city. It is within five minutes' walk of the capitol, or the depot.

The "Lochiel" is under the excellent management of Mr. Geo. W. Hunter. A view of the hotel is here presented, and we cordially commend it to the tourist and traveler.

From Harrisburg the tourist will find pleasant excursions in many directions—one via York and Hanover Court House and Gettysburg. It will be remembered that York was at one time the capital of the nation,

FROM NEW YORK TO BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON.

VIA HARRISBURG.

Although the general course of this article is westward, we propose to insert a pleasant parenthesis by taking a run from Harrisburg to Washington. To a person from New York or the New England States, the word "Gettysburg" sounds a long way off; whereas it is only five hours' run on the cars from Philadelphia to the most historic battlefield of the war, and it does not occur to the tourist *en route* for Washington, that it scarcely takes an hour longer to go *via* Harrisburg to the Capitol and have the opportunity of standing upon the field where the "Boys in Blue," with desperate bravery, made their stand against some of the boldest charges recorded in history. Cemetery Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top and Seminary Ridge, are names not to be forgotten, and we advise every one to make themselves acquainted with these localities. The Soldiers' Monument is noble and artistic—perhaps the best specimen of monumental art in this country. York, to which we have already referred, is about one hour's run from Harrisburg. Gettysburg is about two hours, and it is certainly worth while, even in a busy life, to pay respect to the memory of those who died that our nation might live. Returning from Gettysburg to

HANOVER JUNCTION—some fifteen or twenty miles—we pass through Glenrock, Freeland, Cockeysville, and Hollins, to

BALTIMORE, known as the "Monumental City"—population about 300,000. The best hotel is the Carrollton, presided over by Mr. F. W. Coleman, who is already recognized as among the leading "hotel men" of this country. If the well known leading proprietors of this country were to be counted on the "ten fingers," we would find among the ten the manager of the Carrollton. The hotel is admirably constructed—the most convenient and latest built in Baltimore. All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors. A large elevator runs continuously to all floors.

The three principal features of interest to the visitor in Baltimore are the "Johns Hopkins University," the "Peabody Institute," and the

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International Review	} One Year \$9.50	Historical Magazine	} One Year \$5.75
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A collection of Essays, taking opposite sides on the so-called Questions at issue between Science and Religion, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, Prof. P. G. TAIT, of the University of Edinburgh, and Dr. E. A. WASHBURN, of New York.

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3.	The Labor Question. Political and Social Essays on Co-operative Stores, Wages in England, &c. By THOMAS HUGHES, THOMAS BRASSEY, Judge COOLEY and others.	.40
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THE NEW DEPARTURE IN COLLEGIATE CONTROL.

By PROF. MILLS, of Wabash College. 8vo., paper. 30 cents.

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“Park.” The Johns Hopkins University is located in the heart of the city, but the prospective site of the College is some two miles distant. It is the best endowed university in our country, having some millions of dollars at its command. It has a fine corps of professors, and it is “prophetic of the future.”

The Peabody Institute was founded on the 12th of February, 1857, by George Peabody, of London, and endowed with a fund of \$300,000. This fund has since been increased to \$1,240,000. The Institute consists



CARROLLTON HOTEL, BALTIMORE, MD.

(Rates reduced to \$3.00 and \$2.50 per Day according to Location of Rooms.)

F. W. COLEMAN, MANAGER.

of five departments: 1. A Free Reference Library, in which the books do not circulate. 2. A Lecture Department, for which a small admission fee is charged. 3. A Conservatory of Music. 4. A Gallery of Art. 5. A Distribution of Premiums, amounting to 1200 a year, to the graduates of the public High School of the city and of the School of Design of the Maryland Institute. The collection of books was begun in 1861, and the Library now contains 67,000 volumes. The Library Hall is 84x70,

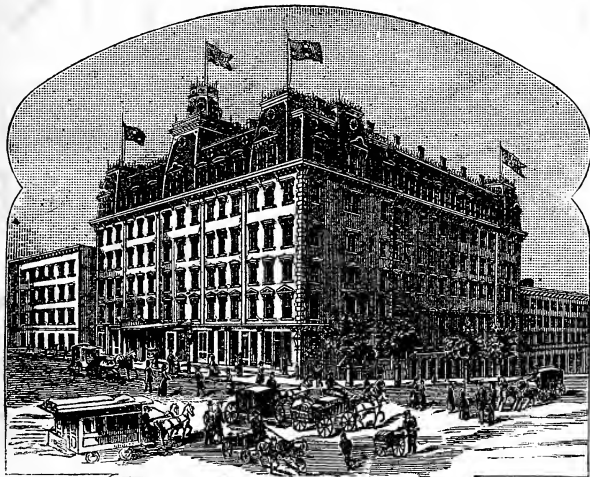
and 61 feet high. The alcoves rise in six stories, and is literally *mirrored* with books. From Baltimore we continue our trip to

WASHINGTON, which every one ought to visit once, unless we except some of our Congressmen. It would be foreign to the purpose of this Guide to go into details. We have a right, however, to give advice as to the best hotel, which is the result not only of our own experience, but the experience of those that we have met in our ten years' pilgrimage. For central location, for the best *cuisine*, for the pleasantest rooms, the new Ebbitt House—a picture of which is here presented—stands without a rival in this “unrivalled city” of Washington.

We hardly know whether we are glad or sorry that we have no statistics at hand of the Capitol, the Treasury Building, the White House, or the Patent Office. We are compelled to draw from memory; but like every other good “American,” we consider the Capitol the finest building in the world, and we believe Charles Dickens admitted it. We believe that no other building in the world contains such growth of practical ideas and display of greater ingenuity than the Patent Office. We believe that no ruler in the world has such a simple and democratic home as the President of the United States. We believe there is no Treasury Building in the world that represents more brain and muscle and productive energy. We believe that there is no Park more beautiful than the one between the Potomac and Pennsylvania avenue; and lastly, we believe in the “Washington Monument,” as the crowning work of the Nation's Faith. This, in brief, is our “creed.”

Returning to Harrisburg, we have another pleasant excursion *via* the Northern Central Railroad to Ithaca, Elmira and Watkins' Glen. Going north from Williamsport, the tourist will find a pleasant resort at Minnequa Springs. There is also much of interest about Ithaca. Watkins' Glen is known the world over. These beautiful “side attractions” make this the most popular route for Niagara. In fact, there is no finer round trip than this. Take the Day Boats up the Hudson, then to Niagara over the New York Central, returning *via* Watkins' Glen, Williamsport and Harrisburg to New York.

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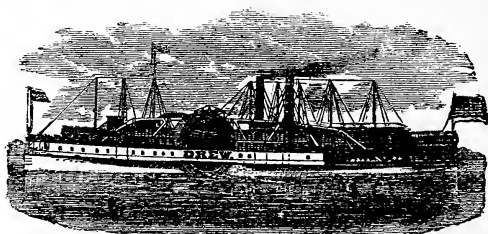
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Connecting at ALBANY with trains of the New York Central, for the West; D. & H. C. Co's roads, for all points North; Albany and Susquehanna, for BINGHAMTON; Boston & Albany and Boston Loosac Tunnel & Western R. R., for the East.

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Leave NEW YORK from Pier 34, foot of Harrison Street, daily (Sundays excepted), at 6 P. M.
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Fare to Catskill, ONE DOLLAR. Berths Free.

Through Tickets from NEW YORK to any point in the Mountain Region at very low rates.

The "CITY OF CATSKILL" is a new steamer of the most approved construction, built in 1880 specially for this line, and fitted up with all modern improvements and in the best style known to steamboat building. Her consort is well known as a favorite with *the traveling public*.

Breakfast on board from 5.30 to 7 o'clock.

Stages leave at 7 A.M.

No charge for transferring baggage from boats to stages.

Special attention paid to the transportation of Horses and Carriages.

Direct telegraphic communication with all parts of the mountain region.

N. B.—From July 1st to September 15th the Sunday night boat will leave Catskill at 7 P.M. instead of 6.

Staterooms secured in advance, or information obtained by application to

WM. DONAHUE,

Catskill, N. Y.

ROCKVILLE, where we reach the Blue Ridge, the first of the great Allegheny range. At this point we cross the Susquehanna River on a bridge almost four thousand feet in length. Passing through Marysville the first station in Perry County, we come to Duncannon, fourteen miles from Harrisburg. Here are extensive iron works; the town has a picturesque location, population about one thousand. The Juniata flows into the Susquehanna about one mile above the village. The Island at the mouth of the river is known as Duncan's, and contained at one time a large Indian town.

The Railroad now leaves the Susquehanna and follows the Juniata.

Passing through Bailey's, Newport, Millerstown, Thompsontown, and Perrysville, we come to Mifflin, the county seat of Juniata County.

LEWISTOWN, the county seat of Mifflin County, is sixty-one miles from Harrisburg. It was settled in 1755, six years after the settlement of the village of Mifflin. This section suffered much from the Indians, and the local history of this county abounds with tales of cruelty and daring. The Lewistown Narrows will be noticed by the tourist just before entering the town. Here the mountains rise abruptly more than a thousand feet. We now pass through McVeyton, a flourishing borough a short distance from the Railroad, Newton Hamilton, near which the Juniata Valley Camp Meeting Association Grounds are located, Mount Union, at the entrance of Jack's Narrows, a wild and rugged gorge, Mapleton and Mill Creek, to

HUNTINGDON, seat of Huntingdon County. The site of this town was surveyed in 1756. The scenery around it is very beautiful, and it is a compliment to the good taste of the Indians that they seemed to regard this place with special veneration. It is said that a stone column with strange hieroglyphics, fourteen feet high and six inches square, stood on the flat where Stone Creek enters the Juniata, and it is believed that the stone was carried west by the tribes in 1755. It is also said that the name "Oneida," one of the Six Nations, means Standing Stone. Perhaps if the column could be discovered it would be as valuable as the celebrated Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, and we could set it up in some public square and have a Cleopatra's Needle of our own. Another stone was erected upon the spot by the white settlers

and a part of it is now in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Huntingdon was laid out by the Rev. Dr. William Smith, and he named it in honor of the Countess of Huntingdon, who had contributed liberally to the University of Pennsylvania. Five miles north of the town are the "Warm Springs," with hotel accommodations for one hundred guests. About four miles distant are the Pulpit Rocks, isolated columns of sand stone, so called from their peculiar formation. Population of the Borough a little over three thousand. Passing through Petersburg, Barry, Spruce Creek, Union Furnace and Birmingham, we reach the next express station,

TYRONE, 117 miles from Harrisburg. This town owes its existence and growth to the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is a large shipping point for Clearfield and Centre Counties. The Sinking Cave, near Tyrone, is a natural curiosity, and well worth a visit. A creek known as Sinking Creek, emerges from the Arch Spring, and then loses itself again and again. It then enters a large cave and disappears, and no outlet for the stream has ever been discovered. Passing through Tipton, Fostoria and Bell's Mills, we come to

ALTOONA, 131 miles from Harrisburg, 117 miles from Pittsburg. The location of the principal workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad have created this flourishing city at the base of the Alleghenies. Its name is suggestive of *altitude*, and it is appropriately named, as it is located 1168 feet above tide-water. The site of the city was selected in 1849, and its growth has been the most rapid of any on the route. Thirty years ago, the valley between Tyrone and Altoona, known as the Logan Valley was little more than a wilderness. In 1854 the celebrated "Logan House" was built, one of the finest hotels in our country. It is a pleasant place for the weary traveler to rest. The open station, built of iron, and paved with slate flagging, will at once attract the attention of the tourist, and indicates at once the prosperity and liberal management of the Railroad. The Company occupies 122 acres in the heart of the city. Population of Altoona a little over 10,000.

Soon after leaving Altoona we commence the ascent of the mountain at a grade of ninety feet to the mile, but the track is laid with such skill that the cars wind up the mountain and around Kittanning Point without

a jar or jolt. The track seems as solid as the old mountains themselves. The view from the "Horseshoe Curve" is grand in the extreme, and the view from the Summit a few miles beyond, takes in a wide range of mountain scenery. We are now two thousand feet above the tide, and are whirled through a tunnel 3612 feet in length, which brings us safely to the Western slope of the great range of mountains which for so many years interposed a barrier to western commerce. The old route is still in the memory of many travelers when the Portage Road with its inclined plane was used to unite the eastern and western divisions—a tedious trip, especially in the long winter nights when the winds howled through the mountain passes. Passing through Gallitzin we come to

CRESSON, a popular summer resort. The fine hotel, its altitude 2,000 feet—Springs of medicinal water, and fine drives, all contribute to make this one of the most attractive and healthful resorts on the route.

Passing through Lilly's, Sonman, Portage, Wilmore, Summer Hill, South Fork, Viaduct, and Mineral Point, we reach Conemaugh, at the base of the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains. We next pass through Johnstown, a prosperous borough with a beautiful location, at the junction of Stony Creek and Conemaugh River. The Cambria Iron Works located here, are said to be the largest in America. Population of Johnstown, a little over 6,000. Passing through Nineveh, New Florence, and Bolivar, we come to Blair's Intersection, where connection is made for Indiana, a pleasant borough of four or five thousand inhabitants, county seat of Indiana County. Four miles from the Intersection we pass through Hillside, with its well-known "Great Bear Cave," a great "subteranean series of chambers," where persons can travel for miles. In fact, it has only been partially explored.

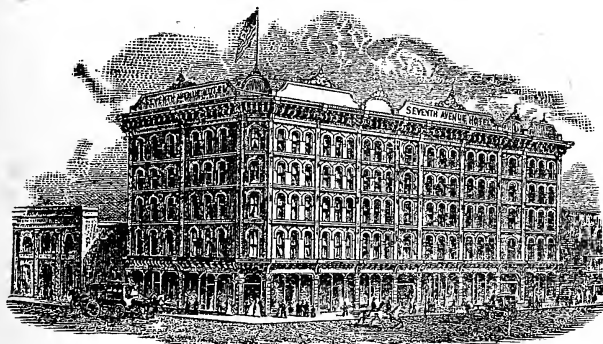
Passing through Millwood, Berry, St. Clair, Latrobe, Beatty's, Comeys and George's, we come to

GREENSBURG, 217 miles from Harrisburg, 31 from Pittsburg. This county seat was named after General Greene, of the Revolutionary Army. The town has a beautiful location, and is flourishing in these later years. This is the junction with the South-west Pennsylvania Railroad, which takes the traveler to

UNIONTOWN, the county seat of Fayette County, a pleasant and flour-

ishing borough. The surrounding country is charming, and speaking from the experience of two visits during the last six months, we know of no place better suited for a pleasure and health resort. One pleasant morning we drove over the old Braddock Road, known in brief, as "the Pike," and had a fine view from the mountain summit. This is the Braddock country, and the old hero's grave is close to the road, about ten miles from Uniontown. We also had the pleasure of taking a drive to California, some sixteen miles distant, with Professor Cooke, County Superintendent of Fayette, on a visit to the Normal School.

The country in south-western Pennsylvania abounds in mineral resour-



SEVENTH AVE. HOTEL, Pittsburg.—E. J. UNGER & CO., PROP'S.

ces, and possesses a charming climate. Returning to Greensburg, we pursue our route west through Penn, Irwin, Carpenter, Wall, Brinton, Braddocks, Copeland, Hawkins, Swissvale, Wilkinsburg, Homewood, Liberty, Shadyside, Millvale and Lawrenceville, to

PITTSBURG, 248 miles from Harrisburg, 345 from Philadelphia, 444 from New York. This city was incorporated as a borough in 1804, and a city charter was granted in 1816. Steam navigation in 1811 made her the centre of a large trade, and her growth was sure even before she was known as the Iron city. Allegheny City, on the west side of the Allegheny River, is connected with Pittsburg by three fine bridges. The

city reminds one something of Glasgow, and is still beautiful, though smoke-stained by the soft coal here used in the iron works and in private residences. It is said there is no more healthful city in America. The public buildings are numerous and imposing. The educational facilities good, and in every particular deserves to rank second to Philadelphia. The best hotel is the Seventh Avenue Hotel, a cut of which is here given. It is centrally located, only five minutes walk from the depot, and is now flourishing under the care and direction of a well-known and deservedly popular landlord, formerly of the Keystone Hotel Company.

FROM PITTSBURG TO CHICAGO.

VIA PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.

From this point west we are compelled to be more definite, as we find we are limited to fifteen or twenty pages. Passing through Rochester, 26 miles west of Pittsburg and New Brighton, along the banks of the Ohio River, we soon find ourselves in the Buckeye State. Then through Alliance, Massilon, Orrville and Mansfield to Crestline, the highest point on the Fort Wayne Road, Here is a fine hotel and restaurant, which we can commend to the traveler as one of the best in the country. From Crestline we pass through Forest and Lima to Fort Wayne, 320 miles west of Pittsburg. Columbia, Warsaw, Plymouth, Wanatah, Liverpool, and other towns and villages, with names familiar to the traveler, in Ohio, we passed through in the night and arrived at Chicago at 6:20 in the morning. We learned that the land in the eastern part of Ohio was worth from \$75 to \$100 per acre, and that it was not only a fine farming country but also enriched by coal deposits. In the eastern part freestone crops out along the hillsides, but in the western part of the State we see what is known as the Ohio limestone. The towns looked prosperous and flourishing for the most part, and we found the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad a worthy continuation of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Some years ago, on a trip to Chicago, we took one of the northern routes via Albany and Rochester, but we believe that the route via Philadelphia and Pittsburg is pronounced the pleasantest for all seasons of the year, and the courtesy which the traveler receives, is in marked contrast with some of the competing lines.

CHICAGO.—The traveler will find it to his pleasure and comfort to locate here for a few days, and note the enterprise of this marvellous city. It seems impossible that a city of six hundred thousand should have grown up in the last thirty years, a city even more compactly built than London or New York. And in no feature is the enterprise of its people so marked as in the various hotels that seem to have attained perfection not only in beauty of architecture, but also in excellence of management and perfection of *cuisine* ; and we venture to say, and we have tried at least three of them, there is no pleasanter hotel between the Windsor, of New York, and the Palace of San Francisco, than the GRAND PACIFIC OF CHICAGO. The tourist who desires to see life and study human nature, will find no better point of observation than the grand Office and Exchange of this hotel. Here the tourist from every country, the merchant, the man of business, all gather, and the whole life of this great continent seems to ebb and flow through the great corridors. It is pronounced the most elegantly furnished hotel in America. The building is massive, symmetrical and graceful in appearance, a monument of solidity, and one of the greatest ornaments of this beautiful and rapidly increasing city.

FROM CHICAGO TO OMAHA,

VIA CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD.

We left Chicago Tuesday morning, the 25th of March, and now felt that we were really "off." We had spent eight days thus far, *en route*, stopping here and there by the wayside, but now we were really started for the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Pacific. Passing through the pleasant suburbs of Chicago, through Cook and Du Page Counties, we come to Geneva, a beautiful town of 2,000 inhabitants. St. Charles and Batavia are flourishing towns near at hand. Ashton, 84 miles from Chicago, was the scene of many thrilling incidents during the Black Hawk war. Dixon, 98 miles from Chicago, on Rock River, is a city of seven thousand inhabitants, and this part of the State is called the "Western Eden." A little more than an hour's run from Dixon, or 137 miles west of Chicago, we reach the Mississippi River, and cross a magnificent iron

MANSION HOUSE,

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One Block and a-half from Steamboat Landing,

And on the direct route to all the Railroad Depots, which are only one and a-half blocks north of the House. You do not need to take any of the so-called "Free Omnibuses"; we are so near the Depots and Boats we need no Omnibus.

Our Terms are only \$2 per day—not \$3 or \$4—and on settling your bills there are no "extras" for Omnibus Fare or Porters.

The Proprietor will spare no pains to make the traveling public comfortable, and the House home-like, and those who desire a comfortable and pleasant stopping-place will find it at this House.

The Proprietor only desires to accommodate those who desire a good, substantial Hotel and pleasant Rooms, as the price will intimate—not those who prefer SHOW to COMFORT.

This House has been newly furnished and refitted throughout, and in connection will be found

Barber-Shop, Billiards, Bath-Rooms, Bar, and Stabling.

WARM SUPPER FOR FIFTY CENTS

On the arrival of the Boat, and ample time left to reach
SARATOGA and NIAGARA TRAINS.

bridge in length 4,219 feet. On the western bank of the river we halt at the flourishing city of Clinton, population 11,000. Continuing our journey we pass through Camanche, De Witt, Mechanicsville and Lisbon, to Mount Vernon, the location of the Cornell College of the West. We are now in Linn County, celebrated for legends and stories in Indian days, and one of the prophecies now written in verse seems rapidly in course of fulfillment :

" In the fullness of time, with wings shall come
An angel race from the rising sun ;
Myriad in number, like light in their thought,
Time shall not end till their destiny's wrought,
And grace and prosperity with them shall reign."

Perhaps the descendants of the old Indian prophets failed to recognize the "angel race" in the form of the Western Pioneer, but one thing is certain, they have angel descendants, for we saw them now and then at the stations, and here and there in stray buggies with seats "just wide enough for two."

CEDAR RAPIDS, 219 miles west of Chicago, is one of the most important cities in Iowa, located at the head of the Rapids on Cedar River, a manufacturing town in the heart of a fertile and well-settled country. Blainstown, 244 miles from Chicago, is a town of 1,500 people, in Benton county. The surrounding country is well watered and productive. Tama, 270 miles from Chicago, is built on the north bank of the Iowa River, a town of 2,000 inhabitants. We next pass through Boone County, well watered and well wooded, to Glidden, 389 miles west of Chicago, a section known as the "Sportsman's Paradise," abounding with all sorts of game. The next station is Carroll, 396 miles from Chicago, in Carroll county, one of the finest counties in Iowa, whose rich, alluvial soil we saw fresh in furrow that pleasant afternoon. The season here is at least three weeks earlier than in Pennsylvania, and four or five weeks earlier than in New York State. Six miles west of Carroll we reach what is known as the Big Divide, or the water-shed between the Mississippi and the Missouri. Arcadia is the next station, and twelve miles from this point is "Wall Lake," fourteen miles in circumference, entirely surrounded by a wall, which is said to suggest the work of human hands.

Dinsmore, 424 miles west of Chicago, is the county seat of Crawford

County, in the beautiful valley of the Boyer River. At Woodline we reach the wide valley of the Missouri River, and on an elevated bluff across the river we soon see the city of Omaha, crowned with its magnificent High School building. It speaks well for our Western civilization when we find the Public School buildings the pride and ornament of their towns and cities.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, 488 miles from Chicago, is situated, as it were, in the gorges of the bluffs, and has not from the railroad the sitely appearance of Omaha; but when visited, it is found to be a finely built and flourishing city. The site of this city was selected by the great gypsy procession of many wived elders, who style themselves the "Latter Day Saints;" but fortunately for Iowa, they soon moved bag and baggage to the great valley of Salt Lake. Council Bluffs is the great transfer station, and the scene in the baggage room at the hour of weighing and checking the baggage is interesting to a person who wishes to study traits of character in his fellow passengers. But the system is admirably arranged, and so carefully supervised, that no mistakes are made. We spend here one hour. Found an excellent breakfast in the dining room connected with the depot. The population of Council Bluff is above 10,000, and the city is rapidly growing.

OMAHA, not so much a rival as a twin brother, is four miles distant, or two miles from Council Bluff station. We cross the Missouri River on a magnificent bridge, half a mile in length, with approaches of a mile, and find ourselves in the pleasant depot of the live town of Nebraska. The city now claims a population of 24,000, and it seems like a dream when we read that the first "claim cabin was built here in 1854," and that twenty-five years ago the first post-master of Omaha used his hat for a post office. The present Post Office and Court House building cost \$350,000. Here are located the general offices of the Union Pacific Railroad Company—a company that employs about 5,000 men. From this point west we will measure our distance from Omaha.

Eleven o'clock A. M., our train is off. We had reached at Omaha an altitude of 966 feet. From this point our motto is *Upward and Onward*. Passing these beautiful prairie lands and little villages, some of them hardly ten years old, but with evidence of thrift and prosperity, we come to

ELKHORN, 28 miles from Omaha, with an elevation of 1,150 feet. Here we get our first view of the Platte River to the South. Crossing the Elkhorn, which some years ago was suddenly stocked with a carload of fish, which here emptied itself on its way to California, and passing through the "Valley," whose surrounding country is well filled with wind-mills, a peculiar feature, by the way, of Iowa, to the timber from the East—and through Riverside we come to

FREMONT, 46 miles from Omaha, the county seat of Dodge County, with a population exceeding 3,000, fine location at the junction of the Elkhorn and Platte Valleys. Columbus, 91 miles, altitude 1,432 feet, at junction of Loup Fork and Platte Valleys. Thus far, in Nebraska, we have found a fine country—in fact, farms too prolific to be harvested, great fields of oats ungathered from last season, corn fields husked last fall, but the stalks still standing—farmers plowing by machinery which resemble a Buckeye mower. The telegraph wires, which farther East seem like the wires of an immense harp, are now reduced to a couple of strings, the fields are unfenced, the prairie on every side seems eloquent of the future, rich with the possibilities of the coming century, the little towns have a family resemblance, and we hardly read their names in the Guide Book—Clark, Lone Tree, Chapman, Grand Island, Alda, Wood River, Shelton, have all glided East. We are 180 miles west of Omaha. The Platte River, three miles to the south, is just seen in the gathering twilight. We reach Kearney Junction, altitude 2,150 feet, and now we see our first Prairie Fire. The whole horizon on the South seemed at first like the encampment of a great army reaching for miles along the horizon. We came nearer until it seemed like a great burning city; nearer still and it seemed then what it really was, and which no language can describe, a rushing, whirling, unrestrained fire, one hundred miles in extent, suggestive of the fury of the elements, compared with which the force of man seemed weak and futile. The dark smoke reflecting the glare gives a lurid glow, and it would require no stretch of the imagination to feel that a person were near the edge of Pandemonium. We lay for hours in our berth looking out upon the glowing plain, and fell asleep to see it still pictured in our dreams. We passed during the night, through Plum Creek, a place distinguished for many conflicts with

the Indians while the railroad was being built. Willow Island, where the Grand Duke Alexis enjoyed a lively Buffalo hunt. We passed through McPherson and Gannett, and the Valley of the Platte River where, it is said, cattle and horses "can be grown and kept the year round without hay." We passed through North Platte, with its far famed Chimney Rock, which we have to take on trust, as it was 2 A. M., and we were sound asleep. Passing through minor Stations we reached

SIDNEY, about half-past seven, where we found a good breakfast. After taking our seat in the train we were all stirred up to a good pitch of enthusiasm by the statement that the engineer had seen a Buffalo that morning, but our enthusiasm was slightly cooled when we learned afterward that the Buffalo was *cooked*. We are now 414 miles from Omaha and 4,073 feet above the sea. Our Guide Book thus far abounds with more Antelopes, Coyotes and Prairie Dogs, than one is liable to see from the car windows, but we are assured by the old traveler that they are all there except the Buffaloes. At Hillsdale we obtain our first view of the Black Hills of Wyoming. We are now nearing

CHEYENNE, known as the "Magic City of the Plains," 516 miles from Omaha, elevation 6,041 feet. This is the largest town *en route* between Omaha and Salt Lake. Here some of our Eastern friends turn aside to Denver, which we will refer to on our return trip, as we only stop in our Western trip 30 minutes for dinner. Cheyenne is also the best point of departure for the Black Hills. Passing our way westward we rise rapidly the remaining two thousand feet of the Rocky Mountains, pass to Sherman, the highest point on the great railroad that spans the Continent, 8,242 feet above the sea. We get out a moment to try the rarity of the air, and we are free to say that we would not care to run more than a mile the first day of our arrival. Crossing the Date Creek Bridge, two miles west of Sherman, we see, on our left, the great Laramie Plains. Fourteen miles west of Sherman we reach Red Buttes, having descended almost one thousand feet. The formations on the right have peculiar shape, and have probably been named again and again by the traveler. One looks like a peacock, and two or three like the witches of Macbeth.

LARAMIE, the next station, is one of the largest *en route*; population

3,000, and known as the "Gem City of the Mountains." Poetry seems to be indigenous in this western clime, and we see that we are gradually nearing the Golden Gate. Passing through Wyoming and a number of minor stations, well decorated with wind-mills and Indians, we come to Creston, and reach the "summit of the divide which separates the waters of the oceans." A few miles further and we come to remarkable formations, conspicuous among which are Castle Rock and the Twin Sisters. Green River, 846 miles from Omaha, we remember for its specimens of petrified shells, fossil fish and moss agates, and also a well furnished table, which the traveler always appreciates. Fifty miles from this point we cross a high ridge of the Wintah Mountains, and pass through long sections of well-constructed snow sheds. At Aspen we reach the altitude of 7,835 feet, the second highest elevation on the road.

EVANSTON, 957 miles from the Missouri, is a town of 1,500 people, and we have still in mind a picture of the "Mountain Trout Hotel." The section about Evanston abounds with Mormons and game, and at the hotel we find a score of "Chinamen" waiters, who certainly know how to take care of a table. Thirteen miles from Evanston we enter Echo Canon, and standing on the platform of the car we take in the panorama of grandeur. Down through Castle Rock station, and Hanging Rock, past the Thousand Mile Tree and the Devil's Slide, our train glides on rapid grade through Weber Valley and along the Weber River, to Ogden. I stood two hours with pencil in hand, but did not attempt to make a note or observation. On my return trip, by the way, I succeeded in noting some points that may, perhaps, be of interest to the reader, and still, in the midst of scenery like this, we remember the old Spanish proverb: "Speech is silver, silence is golden." We stopped at Ogden one hour, long enough to know that it has a fine eating-house, and also to learn that it was more of a Mormon town than Salt Lake City, as here five-sixths of the people are "Latter day Saints," while in Salt Lake hardly one-half enjoy this proud distinction. The trip from Ogden to Salt Lake was very enjoyable, although the car was not luxurious, the beautiful evening, the clear atmosphere, which converted ones eyes into telescopes and made mountains twenty miles distant almost near enough to touch, the Great Salt Lake bathed in the glory of sunset, left little

room for other thoughts, and we lived out of doors all the way for 40 miles, forgetting that in the very next seat in front of us sat one of the elders of Zion, harrassed perhaps with a difficult question, what roof was to shelter his defenceless head that night, a subject on which our own mind was comparatively clear, as there are only two really first-class hotels in Salt Lake, and they are both *proprietored* by the same man. Our choice, therefore, was Hobson's, and perhaps the Mormon's wasn't.

SALT LAKE CITY has a beautiful location, altitude about 4,000 feet, and completely surrounded by mountains which, in our mind, have the most beautiful outlines of either the Rocky, Wahsatch or Sierra Nevada Ranges. When we saw them they were entirely capped with snow, and we understand that snow is seen on one of the peaks the entire summer through. The streets are wide, in fact almost too wide for so small a town. The population, if we remember correctly, is about 20,000. It seems to be flourishing, but has none of the sense of thrift which belongs to an Eastern city. Individuals seem to lack enterprise. In fact the town is troubled with too much corporation. Its religion seems to have become a matter of business, and the principal points of the sermons consist of injunctions to pay the tithes. We saw the great organ, and heard its sweet music. We saw the New Temple, and Endowment House. We had a Mormon Guide, who was a Scotchman, and had various views of his own, and talked quite freely of the abuses of the Church. He said the Elders could say what they wished, the "much married women fought like cats." We saw Brigham Young's grave already converted into a lot for empty oyster cans, old bottles and other refuse ware. The lot contained a few other mounds, *members of his family*, but not a single head stone. We saw two well-dressed Mormon women, one, the last and favorite wife of the great Leader, and another individual, who created the last "sensation." The prevailing dress of the "Female Saints" seemed to be a dingy black, without a frill or ruffle. The great Co-operative Store seems always busy, but other establishments are beginning to flourish, and the power of the Gentiles is being felt. But bad as the picture is here in this fair city of Zion, it must be remembered that the life of the 200,000 Mormons of *rural* Utah, is still more

deplorable. It must be remembered that this is their Jerusalem—but go out through the borders and see the misery of those who are crowded in “one-room dwellings.” Surely civilized life has no such parody and stain as seen in this distant territory. The drives about the city are very pleasant—particularly to Camp Douglas and the Sulphur Springs. The Walker House is a pleasant hotel, well kept, complete in all its appointments, in fact the best between Denver and San Francisco, and Salt Lake is without doubt the best place to rest, on the entire route. Returning to Ogden we pursue our Western journey.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD. Taking the “Silver Palace Cars” of the Central Pacific we are soon off for the great American Desert, and soon pass Promontory Point, where the last tie was laid, and the last spike driven, May 10, 1869. How much has been accomplished in ten years? It hardly seems possible that this well-equipped road, in fact the smoothest and best ordered on the continent, has been completed only one decade. How much our country owes to the sagacity of the men who projected this great enterprise from San Francisco to Ogden, and from Ogden to Omaha. It sometimes seems to us that the most dramatic thing in history is the account of the great railroad wedding, and the driving of that last spike, and we call up the sentiment of Victor Hugo or Carlyle, written long before it was accomplished—viz: That a grander event than another Waterloo, would be a “hand of granite” from New York pointing West with the word “San Francisco,” and another in San Francisco pointing East “New York”—and we will add by way of parenthesis, that the Pennsylvania Railroad, not only has the best route, but the best rock, in which to cut the “granite hand.” On through desolate sand wastes and serrated mountains, which form pictures never to be forgotten—through Elko, where the traveler will find a good breakfast. The Wahsatch and Humboldt Ranges keep us steadfast company, and we feel thankful to the person who called the Humboldt the “Ruby Mountains.” It seems to plant a little poetry and sentiment in this desert of sage and alkali. It is indeed a vast and desolate land, a plain that looks like some dried up sea—and now, as we read the lines of Joaquin Miller’s “Ship of the Desert,” we realize the truth of his vivid description—

The solemn silence of that plain
Where unmanned tempests ride and reign,
It awes and it possesses you,
'Tis, Oh, so eloquent. The blue
And bended skies seem built for it,
With rounded roof all fashioned fit,
And frescoed clouds, quaint wrought and true.

Some silent red men cross your track,
Some sun-tanned trappers come and go,
Some rolling seas of buffalo
Break, thunder-like, and far away
Against the foot-hills beating back,
Like breakers of some troubled bay,
But not a voice the long, lone day.

A wide domain of mysteries,
And signs that men misunderstand;
A land of space and dreams; a land
Of sea, salt lakes, and dried up seas.

WINNEMUCCA. We are now within 463 miles of San Francisco, named after the chief of the Piutes. We met at this place a talkative Indian, a rare sample. He had traveled west, he said, to a "heap water," where there were great boats that went with wheels, and east as far as Salt Lake City. His description of the Saints was unique and brief. He said: "Heap women, heap children." The noble red man is not an impressive object at short range. He looks better in pictures and novels than in his every day clothes. The wigwam is more poetic in Cooper than at Winnemucca. We saw one in a "Beaver Hat," of an antique pattern, and he seemed to consider it the principal part of his accoutrement. Some supplies, we remember, were handed off a few stations back, and we saw the "Big Indian" load up his "spouse," first an army blanket on her shoulders, then a horse saddle, then a bag on this, well filled with something, and on top of this a Pappoose, hanging on for dear life, and the noble red man smoked peacefully and the procession moved on. We had some of them for traveling companions most of the way. They are allowed to ride free on the platforms of the cars, and they seem to consider the railroad a very good institution. It is something to see the primeval Indian on his native heaths. The babies tied up like mummies, are visible at the rate of ten cents, and the mothers drive sharp bargains with travelers for a glimpse of the "Pappoose." Passing through Rose Creek, Raspberry and Mill City, we come to

HUMBOLDT, the "oasis of the desert." Here we see the first tree since

leaving Ogden. In front of the hotel a beautiful fountain is playing, and gold fish enjoying the spray in the basin below. Surely the proprietors of Humboldt House receive the hearty and warm thanks of every traveler on the Plains—and by the way, the table is worthy of the surroundings. Here we find a garden, and quite a thrifty orchard, but it costs much time, trouble and money, to make a wilderness like this bud and blossom with fruit and flowers. In front of this hotel, if we remember correctly, is a high mountain, known as Stark Peak, about 10,000 feet high. The altitude of Humboldt is 4,236 feet above the sea. Passing through Rye Patch and Oreana, we pass westward between the Antelope Range and the Humboldt to Lovelocks. The Humboldt River at this point seems to be wandering about like a lost child. Passing through Granite Point, Brown's and White Plains we come to Mirage, where visions of lakes and mountains are sometimes seen, like those recorded in the "Ship of the Desert," from which we have just quoted. Passing through Wadsworth, a live station of 400 inhabitants, and crossing the Truckee River, we come to

RENO, 293 miles from San Francisco. We are now rising the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. Passing through Verdi and Truckee, of which we will speak on our return trip, we soon reach the summit, emerging from the snow.sheds the view is grand in the extreme, for while there are mountains in other parts of the world, we never realized what the word "slope" meant, until we saw the great canons of the Western Sierras, and their walls of living green. At Cape Horn we stopped a moment to take in the extended view, and picked up a pebble as "souvenir." This point is said to be 2,000 feet above the river. The streams used in placer mining will interest the Eastern traveler, his first "presentment" of the land of gold. Passing through Colfax, where we breakfasted, Grass Valley, Nevada, we come to Auburn, and now the eye is busy on every side, for we are in a new country—a land of summer, and only one thousand feet above the Pacific. Passing through Sacramento, with its fine Capitol Building and pleasant streets; and Stockton, which reminds us more of an Eastern town than any other west of Omaha, we come to

LATHROP, which we remember especially, for its good dinner, and

large bear in a cage, near the platform. The valley of the Sacramento is literally carpeted with flowers, or at least it was the first of April last, and it seemed as if we were fairly precipitated from desert sands into a land of beauty. Passing through Oakland, embowered in trees, and on over the long dock, we take ferry of seven miles across the beautiful Bay, and remark quietly to ourselves, Across the Continent. The sun was saying so too, for the many thousandth time, as it lit up the Golden Gate with beauty borrowed from the sky.

"Well, how do you like San Francisco?" is the first question that greets the visitor, and the first question for us to answer. Perhaps we have answered it already more than a hundred times, and unless there happened to be a fog or a gusty afternoon, we have met the enthusiastic question with responsive enthusiasm. It is, in fact, gratifying to the average American to know that the people of San Francisco rival Boston in their love for their own city, and in this way, with Chicago for a centre, manage to keep the "teter-board" of the continent moderately level. The city has been accustomed to flattery, and it deserves it. To have accomplished so much in thirty years—to have gathered together 300,000 people from every quarter of the globe, to have organized order out of chaos—to build and support the "Palace Hotel" of the world—to convert a sand lot into business streets, and plant mansions on the summits of almost inaccessible sand-hills—to have accomplished this and much more beside in these few years, are facts hard to realize, as we stand here to-day and find the work completed, or rather, still going on. Yes, we like San Francisco, and perhaps it is not much worse than other cities of the same size in other States, east of the Mississippi, but there are some things which it might be well to dispense with. And the people who cry out to let the Chinaman go, would do well to close up one alley which leads past barred windows and open doors of which Dante never dreamed and Talmage never preached.

But we have no time to elaborate; we visited the schools, pronounced as good as the eastern public school system; we visited the commercial houses; we saw a steamer off for Japan; we visited the new Court House—a "white elephant" when painted, about half as large as the new Capitol, in Albany; we succeeded after long and patient inquiry, in discov-

ering three of the most prominent churches, but noticed that the people were so absent minded that they hired their pews in the California Theatre; we picked a sprig of ivy from the grave of Thomas Starr King, under the shadow of the church which he organized, and here and there we found persons who spoke kindly of him, and remembered his soul-stirring eloquence, but the memory of men soon passes away in this kaleidoscopic condition of society. People here seem to feel intensely the supreme power of the present tense, caring little for the past, and like Macbeth, "jumping the life to come." Here money is king, and it is perhaps natural that it should be in a land of gold and silver. And it is not at all unusual to find men, *and women too*, discussing the value of stocks and counting up their profits and losses on fingers well loaded with diamonds. In a state of sudden changes it is quite possible that society should be a little mixed, and perhaps jewelry is worn slightly in excess, but persons need some clothing, even in a warm climate, and every little helps, even at a fashionable dinner, or an evening party.

After lingering about two weeks in San Francisco, we resumed our travels, by taking steamer to Santa Barbara, a voyage of 360 miles down the coast. We averaged ten knots an hour, and arrived at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st of May. We were met at the landing by friends from the Hudson, and still remember with great pleasure that two days' visit—the quiet boarding-house, half covered with roses, or, to verge on the poetical, rose embowered in reality, as well as in memory, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, formerly of Baltimore, a quiet, home-like place, which I here particularly mention as a pleasant house, or semi-hotel, for the visitor to tarry in, either in pursuit of rest, health or pleasure.

Santa Barbara is well styled the Palestine of America—a combination of mountain, sea and valley, with here and there vineyard hills and groves of orange trees, olive and pomegranate. The Rev. Mr. Hough, formerly from Jackson, Mich., and a Yale graduate, drove us all day through this charming country, and we wish we had time and space for a special chapter on "Santa Barbara."

From this place we took private conveyance to Ojai (pronounced the O-hi), one of the most healthful valleys in the State—and here we met by chance, a number of Dutchess County people in pursuit of health.

The valley is held in a half-circle of the To-Pa Mountains, and completely sheltered from the sea breezes. Mr. McKie's cottages and hotel have a delightful location, situated in a beautiful grove of live oaks miles in extent. The valley seems Arcadian in its character, and here we found a real Sabbath, and as California elsewhere seemed to be without a Sunday, here the days seemed in their quiet character, a succession of Sundays without a week-day.

From this point we continued our journey to Newhall, passing a famous Castilian Rancho, where we had our first full taste of the beauty of an orange grove. Moreover, the fruit was picked fresh from the tree by the hands of a sweet Castilian girl, and we thought that the day might not be far distant when she might pick orange blossoms from the same tree, and listen to the old, old story, which six thousand years have not been able to wear thread-bare. At Newhall we found a new hotel, kept by a Mr. Field, of Wallingford, Conn., a pleasant village near New Haven, familiar in College days, and here we will say that California, although separated from the east by great mountains and deserts, more than any other State, *belongs to the Union*; for here more than elsewhere we find persons from every town and city from Maine to Florida, all drawn by golden dreams to this fair El Dorado.

From Newhall we took cars to Los Angeles, the quaint city of the State, with old Spanish houses still standing. We lingered here a day, and visited the large Orange Groves; had our carriage half filled with oranges, for they lay upon the ground like apples in our apple orchards at home. We are now almost five hundred miles south of San Francisco, or a greater distance than from New York to Richmond.

The best hotel at Los Angeles, is the Pico House, (Francisco Pico, Proprietor; John Whitney, Manager). At the solicitation of porters on the train we were driven to the other, (the name escapes us), but after we had looked it over, we summoned another hack, and finally reached the Pico. It is located in the centre of the city, and presents to the visitor who enters, a certain Oriental, or tropical vision, with its fountain, court filled with orange trees, grapes, roses, limes and bananas. From Los Angeles we started at 1:30 P. M., for the Big Trees and the Yo Semite. Soon after leaving the station we pass through a long tunnel, about 6,000

feet in length, and soon found ourselves on the plain of the Mojavie Desert, (pronounced Mohavie), and this was desolation made desolate. The Great American Desert was nothing to this climax of sandiness. The wind howled across this plain to such an extent that a gentleman from Maine in the next seat remarked, that a Bangor winter blast was gentle music in comparison, and that same man, in less than half an hour, at the supper station, in attempting to hang on to his wife and hat at the same time, missed his hold of the latter, and consumed his "twenty minutes for refreshments" in the exhilarating recreation of dodging that hat around a thousand acre lot of sage bushes. But he finally secured it. (The moral is: Don't jest with the breezes of the Mojavie).

THE NEW STAGE ROUTE FOR THE YO SEMITE.—In the morning, 4:30, we arrived at Madera, found a good breakfast at a new hotel near the station, and at 6 A. M. took our places in the finest coach we have ever seen, either in the Old or the New World. They are styled the "Kimball Coach," and it bears the same relation to the other Yo Semite coaches, that an elegant Pullman car bears to an emigrant caboose. They are elegant in every particular, and the route to the Yo Semite is now rendered a delightful experience. The new road, completed June 1, '79, is *the* route, and the shortest stage line for the valley. The traveler, who has only a limited time, can drive through the "Mariposa Big Trees," via this route, and thereby save one day, although the Big Trees are certainly worth a day by themselves. We arrived at

BIG TREE STATION, where we found a new hotel, which has a delightful location on a branch of the Merced River. We lingered here three days, one day on our way to the valley, and two days on return trip, and we would have been delighted to have spent three weeks. This is the very heart of the Sierras, only twenty-two miles from the Yo Semite, and the air seemed to possess more health and vigor than any point of the western coast. 7 A. M. we were off for the Big Trees, and a picturesque party of thirteen took the trail for a visit to the monarchs of the forest. After a pleasant ride of an hour or so we reached the four trees that guard the threshold, named, New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont, But we haven't time to indicate by name, in fact it would take a volume by itself to describe the 640 trees which make up the most

wonderful "orchard" of the world. Each tree would be worthy of a page, and we would have a volume of 640 pages—and we are limited to twenty lines. We rode through trees lying prostrate, and out through a knot hole. We walked over trees where a person could drive a coach with six horses. We stood, all twelve of us, on horseback in the hollow of a tree still standing. We rode into one tree, known as "Bruce's Telescope," and looked up 120 feet at the sky and floating clouds. (The tree was named after a gentleman who accompanied us, brother of one of the hotel proprietors of the Big Tree Station, and the incident, I believe, was this: Two or three years ago Prof. Barker and a party of scientific persons were visiting the trees, and told this Mr. Bruce where they noted the last eclipse, and he told them that he would show them his place of observation for matters of that kind, and took them to this tree, and it has been known as Bruce's Telescope from that day). We saw the Lady of the Forest dressed in satin bark; we saw the old Grizzly, one hundred feet at the base, whose branch one hundred feet from the ground is larger than any tree we have seen on the Atlantic coast. We saw the Poets, standing together like "Boston Greatness" in a *group*. We took dinner near the great tree known as Andy Johnson, (as it fell the week of his death), and we still remember the clear spring and the rustic table; we visited "Inspiration Point," No. 1, with its grand view of mountain and canon, and returned that night with pictures stamped in memory never to be effaced. That one day alone is well worth the trip across the Continent. There are one or two other groves in the vicinity of the Yo Semite, but we understand from those who have visited both, that the Mariposa Grove is the grandest in extent, and the one to be seen by the tourist.

THE YO SEMITE.—One morning about 7 o'clock, we left the Big Tree Station for the Yo Semite. It was rather early in the season, about the 11th of June, if we remember, and we encountered quite a snow storm *en route*. But the combination of snow, forest, rocks, and at last, sunshine, made a very complete picture. About noon we came in sight of El Capitan Mountain, and halted at Inspiration Point. The view here is grand, glorious and impressive. Now we begin the descent, and in an hour of skillful and rapid driving, pass from an altitude of 7,000 feet to

the level of the valley, which is 4,000 feet above the sea. On our left is the sheer wall of El Capitan, on the right the Cathedral Spires. Farther on to the left, we see the Three Brothers and the "Yosemite Fall," and again on the left, the "Bridal Veil" and Sentinel Rock. Under the shadow of Sentinel Rock we stopped at Black's hotel, which, taken all in all, we consider the pleasantest place for the Yo Semite visitor. It has the grandest and most picturesque location of any in the Valley. The "Yo Semite" is directly in front, falling 2,600 feet, (or half a mile perpendicular). The Sentinel Rock, rising 3,200 feet in the rear, like an immense stalagmite of a mammoth cavern, and on all sides of the great amphitheatre which opens out in front of the hotel, great walls of rock rise halfway to the sky. We located here, sat up until midnight to see the moon rise, and got up at sun-rise to see "Mirror Lake," and we are not sure which hour is the loveliest, Yo Semite by moonlight, or in the gray light of morning. On our right we see Union Point and Glazier Point, and on the left we pass close to the Royal Arches and Washington's column. Before us now we see the great South Dome, 5,100 feet above the valley, which looks as if it had been cleft into by the stroke of "Thor's Hammer." Farther on up the Valley we see Cloud's Rest, 6,000 feet, and Watkins, and on our left the "North Dome," almost 5,000 feet above us. We stop at Mirror Lake just a minute before sunrise. The reflection in the Lake is very perfect, and there is no drive in the Yo Semite more charming than this; and one thing we are sure of, whoever patronizes the line run by Mr. Marcus Hedges, will get a goodly quantity of Yo Semite information, provided he feels as talkative as he did that special morning.

GLAZIER POINT.—We started one morning at 7 A. M., for Glazier Point, a well kept trail, and perfectly safe. We had for guide, a man well informed on many subjects, Mr. L. G. Wharton, who, by the way, is Justice of the Peace in the Valley, and therefore a safe man to have along. Whether he is "up on the law" or not we cannot say, but he is certainly well up on the mountains, as he knows every trail within sixty miles. He gave us enough material on that trip to write a quarto on the Yo Semite, and we have the notes tied up somewhere, so there is no danger of their getting loose. The view from Glazier's Point reverses the Val-

ley view. From the valley the visitor has to look straight up. From the Point he has to look straight down. The Merced winds through the valley as crooked as the Connecticut through the meadows of Hadley. It seemed very prosaic to eat dinner in the midst of so much beauty, but we were hungry, and it is said that even artists eat once a week in this section. But the view from this open air dining-room helped out the bill of fare amazingly. The Vernal and Nevada Falls on one side, and the Yo Semite on the other, and all around us mountains from 10,000 to 13,000 feet above the sea. We met on our trip persons who had just visited the Alps, Englishmen, too, who said that there was no comparison, that the Yo Semite stood alone in grandure and sublimity. But there is only one more page left for us to get home in, and we return at once to San Francisco. We would like to speak of Belmont, where we passed a pleasant Sabbath. Of beautiful Santa Clara, where it seemed like home, in the company of one whose name is well known to many in the Hudson Valley, the Rev. Quincy Collins, who has genuine love for the Pacific slope. I would like to speak of Lake Tahoe, where we passed a quiet and happy day, (a lake 6,000 feet above the sea), some 20 or 25 mles in diameter, but we have no further space, if we keep our promise, in reference to Denver, where we stopped on our return trip. We run down from Cheyenne, and had a pleasant time in this flourishing city. We found a pleasant place to rest at the "Alvord House," which is, without doubt, the best of the three claimants for patronage. The great travel for Leadville has given new impetus to the city, and the streets showed great thrift and prosperity. Denver has long been noted as a health resort, and for those who need dry mountain air, there is no better place for the invalid. We returned to New York via St. Louis and the Pan Handle route to Pittsburg, and if the reader is in doubt, after reading these hastily written pages, whether we had a good time or not, on this western trip, we will assure him right here, *that we had.*

ILLUSTRATED POEM,

"THE YO SEMITE,"

By WALLACE BRUCE,

WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT OCTOBER.

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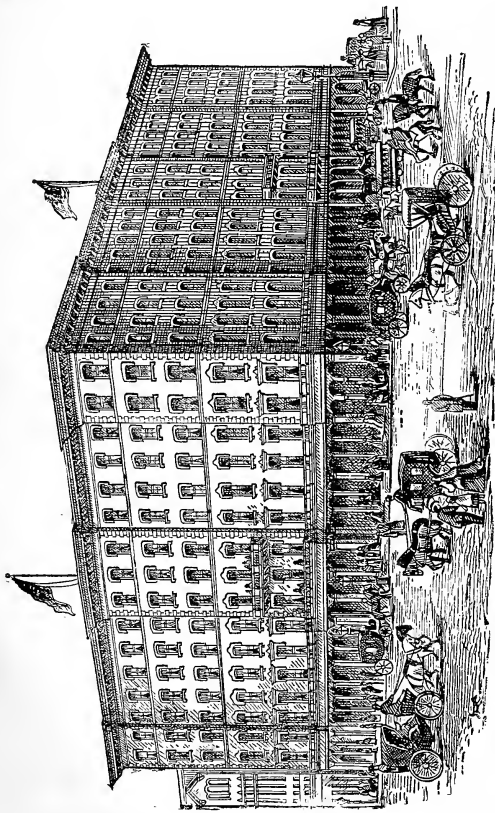
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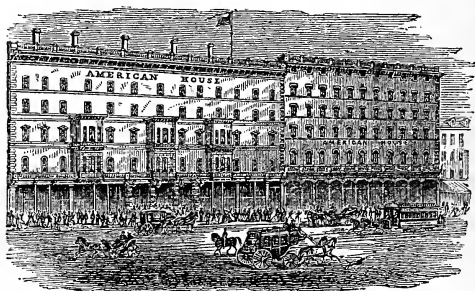
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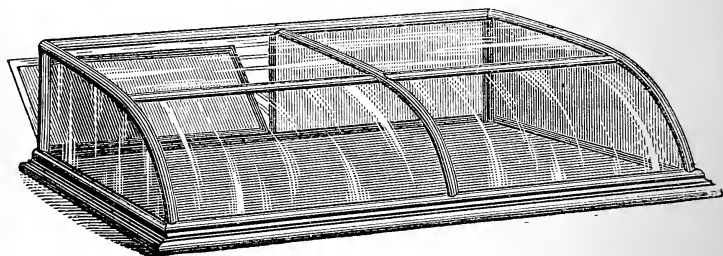
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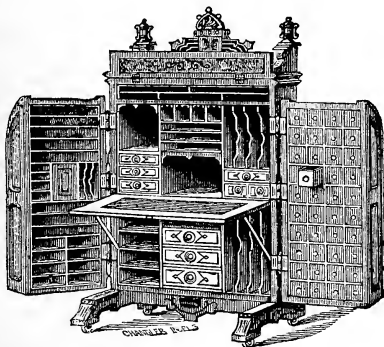
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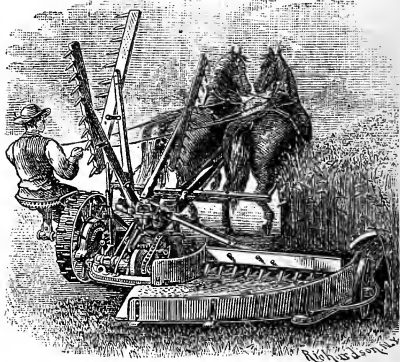
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DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS FORWARDED BY MAIL.

“THE ALBANY,”

The Floating Palace.

Our Guide was in the press before the “Albany” made her first trip up the Hudson, but we have reserved the prominent page of our Map to present a brief description, which will be of interest to the tourist. The steamer is 300 feet in length, and 73 feet 3 inches in width over the guards. (Length on the water-line 285 feet, with width of beam 40 feet.) The hull is of steel, divided into four water-tight compartments without connections, so that it is next to impossible for her to sink. The engines were built by Fletcher, Harrison & Co., of New York, on the vertical beam description, with cylinders 73 inches and 12 feet stroke. The Dining Room is on the main deck, and superb in its appointments. It is safe to say that there is nothing which approaches it in “taste and beauty” in any steamer in the world. The Grand Staircase aft is elegantly designed, and at the head of this staircase is Palmer’s exquisite piece of sculptured marble, “June,” while fore and aft of the staircase are paintings by Bierstadt and Cropsy. It is fitting that Palmer’s “June” should greet the tourist on the “Albany,” for Palmer’s home is in the city which has given name to the new steamer, and as it is a “Summer Boat,” “June” is a fitting embodiment of the season. The saloon is grand and beautiful, and the wide semicircle of windows to the front will hold hundreds of admirers of the Palisades and the Highlands. The staterooms on the “Promenade Deck” are as beautiful as a “Chinese Box,” and the “Hurricane Deck” has room for a thousand promenaders.

One page is not enough to do the “Albany” justice. Her first trip up the river was a perfect ovation. The Landings were crowded, bells were rung, cannon fired, and there were “nine hours of whistling” from New York to Albany. It proved the popularity of the Day Line, for nothing like it ever occurred before on the Hudson.

THURSTY MCQUILL.

but also dishonestly advertised that he received an average of 95 out of a possible 96, the examining Judges certify that he reached an average of 90 $\frac{3}{4}$ only, ranking but **THIRD** on Square pianos, and **FOURTH** on Parlor Grands.

The above certificates can be seen at **STEINWAY & SONS'** warehouses, as also the "Official Reports" of the U. S. Centennial Commission, containing the verdict of all the group Judges, just published in book form.

STEINWAY & SONS,

HAVE ALSO RECEIVED

THE NATIONAL GOLD MEDAL OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, 1868.

FIRST OF THE GRAND GOLD MEDALS OF HONOR, Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

TESTIMONIAL MEDAL, from "The Societe libre des Beaux Arts." Paris, 1867.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, World's Fair, London, 1862.

ACADEMICAL HONORS, from the "Royal Academies of Arts" at Berlin and Stockholm.

Of their immense number of Testimonials, **STEINWAY & SONS** beg to submit the following

GRACEFUL TRIBUTE FROM MADAME ANNETTE ESSIPOFF,

THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN PIANISTE:

NEW YORK, MAY 16th, 1877.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS,

NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN:

Intending to sail for Europe next Wednesday, permit me to tender you my sincerest thanks for the many courtesies extended to me during my concert tour throughout the United States and Canada for the past six months.

I also take this opportunity to express to you the great pleasure and gratification I have enjoyed from the use—both in public and in private—of your really matchless pianos, with which I am more in love than ever.

Component parts of tone are clearly and distinctly perceptible to sensitive and cultivated ears and I frequently detect immense mistakes in what is designated a

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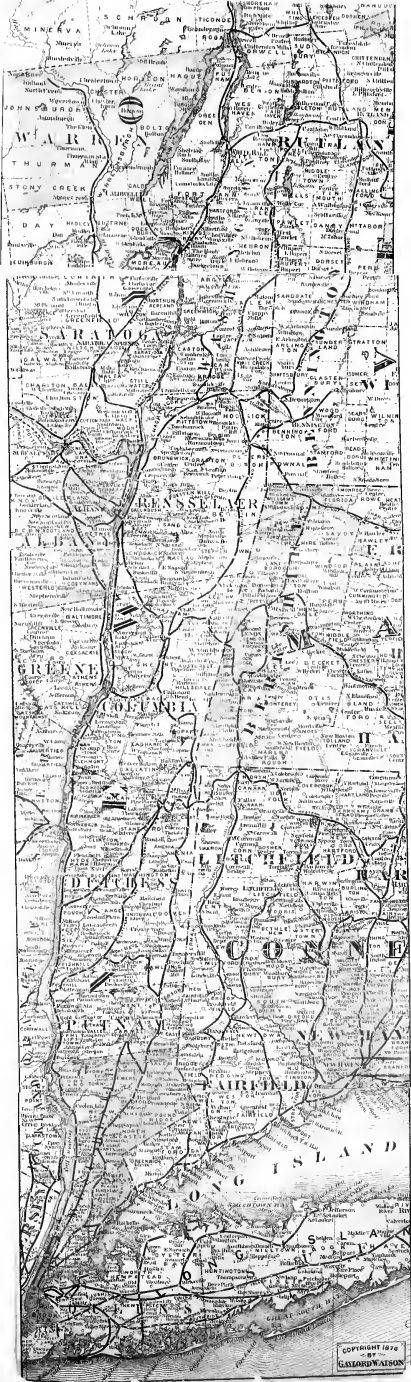
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BLUE OR AMBER GLASSES

Time Table of the **ALBANY** and **C. VIBBARD** for 1880.

UPPER GLASSES

GOING NORTH.

New York:	A. M.
Vestry St.....	8.35
24th St.....	9.00
Nyack Ferry.....	10.25
West Point.....	11.50

	P. M.
Newburgh.....	12.25
Po'keepsie.....	1.15
Rhinebeck.....	2.10
Catskill.....	3.25
Hudson.....	3.45
Albany.....	6.10

GOING SOUTH.

Albany.....	8.30
Hudson.....	10.40
Catskill.....	11.00

	P. M.
Rhinebeck.....	12.25
Po'keepsie.....	1.20
Newburgh.....	2.15
West Point.....	2.50
Nyack Ferry.....	4.05
New York:	
24th St.....	5.30
Vestry St.....	5.50

A Guide kindred to this in style and description, "FROM NEW YORK TO THE SUMMER RESORTS OF NEW ENGLAND," will be forwarded, postpaid, to any address for 25 cents, by addressing the Publisher,

GAYLORD WATSON, 61 Beekman St., N. Y.

so, copies of "THE HUDSON BY DAYLIGHT," at the same price.

MAPS

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